THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1913 WINNIPEG, CANADA

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Mention the name when you buy Tea. Otherwise there is a chance that you may not get Blue Ribbon, which is guaranteed superior to other Tea. If you are not fully satisfied with it you merely have to return the packet to your grocer and we authorize him to refund your money at once.

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Winnipeg's Greatest Piano House Makes It Possible For Every Home To Have One

IT has always been a recognized principle in every line of enterprise that the larger the volume of business transacted, the greater the ability to offer better values.

This is especially true in the case of music houses and is well illustrated in the case of the house of McLean.

THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

has established a reputation as the best value giving and most dependable music house in Canada and their system of selling pianos enables them to offer prices that any home can afford.

Their policy of upright, honest dealing ensures satisfaction in every transaction and the out-of-town customer can buy as satisfactorily by mail as if a personal visit were made to the store.

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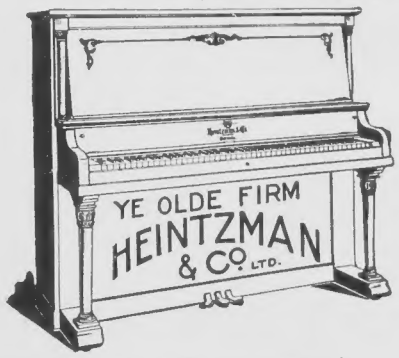

The House of McLean has pianos at prices to suit the requirements of every person.

If you are not prepared to purchase a new piano at the present time, you can secure a second-hand piano at an unusually low price.

The House of McLean is continually receiving second-hand pianos in exchange for Heintzman & Co. Pianos and Heintzman & Co. Player-Pianos, and when these instruments have been carefully overhauled they are sold at once.

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The House of McLean owes a large share of its success to the Heintzman & Co. Piano and readily recommends it to everyone looking for the best in pianos. Dollar for dollar the Heintzman & Co. Piano is the best piano value on the market.

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The Victrola, New Style X is the latest achievement of the famous Victor firm and represents the best value it is possible to obtain in musical instruments—it is another evidence of the ability of the Victor Company to maintain its supremacy in the artistic excellence of its instruments as well as in their musical superiority.

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The House of McLean carries a complete stock of Victor Records and orders will be filled the same day as received.

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Just before retiring, soak your hands for at least five minutes in hot water and a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Then rub them briskly for a few minutes with a rough wash-cloth or stiff brush. Rinse in very cold water and dry thoroughly.

This treatment, continued regularly, softens the rough dead skin and soon causes it to disappear. In its place will be a new skin of delicate texture, formed with the aid of the beneficial properties of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

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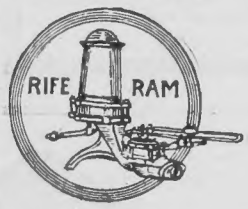

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIV. Published Monthly **No. 11.**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1 a year or three years for $2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash or the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

Our Christmas Issue

AS YOU read these lines, the whole staff is busy getting our big Christmas issue under way. And how you will enjoy that number! For some time past we have been busy commissioning prominent writers from all parts to send us seasonable articles and stories and we believe that we can safely guarantee an unexcelled pot-pourri of Christmas cheer. Getting together a Christmas number is not such easy work as many people think. Some publications are content to merely insert a few Yuletide verses here and there and an occasional sprig of mistletoe at the end of a story, but The Western Home Monthly has always endeavored to make its Christmas number seasonable from cover to cover, and seldom can you find an item—be it an article, story, illustration or verse—that is out of harmony with the all-prevailing spirit of Noel. No attempt is made to publish any matter of the "heavy" variety, neither do we resort to the frivolous, for we know by experience that our readers' idea of a Christmas number is one which is BRIGHT, first, foremost and all the time—not sad in tone but just sufficiently reminiscent to cause us to remember and dwell upon former Christmases spent with the Old Folks in the days of our youth.

Contents

Under the following headings many matters are dealt with in the November number.

This issue will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive, as all the departments are dealt with by specialists. The aim of the publishers will be to make every issue eclipse its predecessor in interest.

Editorial—"Signs of Culture"; Story Department, twelve pages; Correspondence; Temperance Talk; Sunday Reading; Woman's Quiet Hour; Music; General Information; The Philosopher; The Young Man and His Problem; The Young Woman and Her Problem; What the World is Saying; What to Wear and How to Wear it; Fashions and Patterns; Work for Busy Fingers; Woman's Realm; About the Farm; The Home Doctor; Household Suggestions; Round the Evening Lamp; The Young People; The Children; The Home Beautiful; In Lighter Vein; all Departments brightened by fine Western illustrations.

The Articles

We hope our fiction-loving readers, after devouring the stories, do not fail to peruse the articles. To be quite candid, we are more proud of the articles than of any other department in our magazine. Every woman in the land should take to heart the valuable advice given in those sterling features, "The Woman's Quiet Hour" and "The Young Woman and Her Problem". We daily receive letters from young girls—many of them strangers in a strange land—who recognizing the sympathetic interest taken in their welfare, as manifested in these two monthly articles, write to us for assistance in surmounting the battles of life, and we are glad to say that every letter receives individual attention and the desired information is always forthcoming.

Then we have "The Young Man and His Problem" and "The Philosopher"—both written in a trenchant manner by two of our most able writers, who take a veritable pride in knowing of their popularity and of the good work they have been able to accomplish among Western readers. Don't think that our articles are heavy and monotonous like others you may have read. We pride ourselves on all Western Home Monthly reading matter being in a field by itself.

Oakland, Aug. 14th, 1913.

Dear Sir:

I am a subscriber to your very valuable paper. I received the August number, but as I have a large family who read it, it has got soiled, and as I wish to send one to Scotland, I would feel greatly obliged if you would forward the August copy to the address enclosed. My brother-in-law is a member of the Ayrshire Constabulary Force, and was also in the British Army, and I know he will be greatly pleased to get the August copy.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS ROY.
Atchelitz, B. C.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed fifty cents and coupon for The Western Home Monthly. I have been getting it from a neighbor to read and was so interested in it that I am subscribing to get father interested, so he will send in a longer subscription.

Yours truly,
MISS P. IRWIN,

A Word from a Great Advertising Agency

"You most certainly must be pleasing your constituency, or your circulation would not be increasing as it is, and we believe you are bringing results to your advertisers or they would not be staying with you and new ones constantly entering the field.

"We may add that the October issue is a pleasant surprise, and since its receipt we have had the opportunity of mentioning it to several advertisers as the best issue we have yet seen of The Western Home Monthly and a credit not only to the West, but to Canada as a whole."

That Renewal

This is the time of the year when most people fill in a subscription blank and forward it to the office. This means you. We do not claim to be a purely philanthropic institution, and we feel sure that our readers do not expect us to be. A dollar is a mighty small sum to pay for all the pleasure you derive from reading twelve big issues of The Western Home Monthly, and we know you readily admit it.

So send us that dollar to-day.

And if you are proud of the magazine, enclose another dollar as a year's subscription for a friend.

Incidentally we might remark that a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly would make an excellent Christmas present for some one in Eastern Canada or beyond the Seas. Send it to your mother, father, sister, brother or sweetheart, or better still to all of them. You will be well repaid by their enthusiasm for what will become their favorite publication also.

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Don't Think any dentist good enough for you. Like many other professions the really good ones are few and far far between. It doesn't cost any more for the best and the job is done once and for all.

Don't Think teeth cannot be extracted painlessly. The DOLA METHOD discovered and used only in this office guarantees painless extraction.

Don't Think your teeth too soft to save. Our New Method of supplying teeth without plates saves the teeth you now have and gives new teeth in the place of those lost. They are as solid as your natural teeth, look better, wear better and last longer. Samples may be seen in this office.

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New Method Dental Parlors

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Established 1865

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Total Assets, over 70,000,000

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Collections made in all parts of the Dominion, and returns promptly remitted at lowest rates of exchange.

Two Central Offices in Winnipeg—Main St. and William Ave., D. M. Neeve, Mgr. Portage Ave., cor. Garry St. (adjoining Post Office), F. J. Boulton, Mgr.

Other Branches in Winnipeg as follows:—Corydon Ave., Logan Ave., North End, Sargent Ave., Portage Ave. and Arlington St., Sargent Ave. and Arlington St., 490 Portage Ave.

The New Season

At the start of a new season's grain business we desire to thank all who have employed us in the past in looking after and disposing of their carlot shipments to Fort William and Port Arthur.

We have endeavored to give all shipments of grain entrusted to us our very best personal attention. In checking the grading of cars to get the very highest grades possible, we have had several instances of reinspection in which we succeeded in getting the original grade raised to the one above it. In selling we have studied how to secure the very highest prices obtainable according to the state of the market at time of sale; and in giving advice to our friends in regard to selling or holding for a higher market we have honestly used our very best judgment for their advantage.

That we have succeeded in a large measure in thus serving our clients is testified by the numerous unsolicited letters we have received from time to time expressing approval and satisfaction with our way of doing business. In our next advertisement we will publish a number of these letters giving names and addresses of the writers, all of whom are farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, so that farmers who have not yet entrusted us with the disposing of their carlot shipments, can obtain independent evidence of our ability to get for them the highest prices and to give their business prompt and satisfactory attention.

Farmers should keep themselves informed about market prospects and possibilities by writing to and consulting us; we are promptly and always at their service in all matters pertaining to grain business. Write to us for shipping instructions and other information. Address all correspondence and inquiries to

Thompson, Sons & Co.

Grain Commission Merchants

700-703A Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Canada

Style 105.

Your Money and That Piano

There is no question about the **sterling** value of your money: Nor should there be any question about the **lasting** value of the piano you are going to get for it. There will **not** be if you buy a

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

Here are the **plain** facts. There are only a **few really great** pianos made. The hidden parts of these are **identical,** and--the **Sherlock-Manning** is **one** of them. So **lasting** and **brilliant** is the tone of this superb instrument that competent, unbiased judges call it

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

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The Gift Pen of Quality.

"LITTLE WINDOWS" to show you pen filling and to know when to refill.

THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Practical Presents for Particular People. Those on your Xmas list who are the most fastidious and exacting will be most pleased with a practical present. Practical, useful gifts are now the rule. The "Swan" Fountpen combines the practical and the beautiful in a remarkable degree. Your friends will be delighted with it as a gift. No doubt you would appreciate one yourself Christmas morning. A reliable, easy writing pen that will not leak or soil your fingers. The pen with the "Ladder Feed."

Made in many styles and sizes to suit all requirements. Standard $2.50 and up, Safety, $3.00 and up, Self-filler $3.50 and up. Appropriately packed for Xmas gifts, At all stationers, jewelers and druggists. Write for illustrated folder.

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Signs of Culture

One of the signs that a city has passed through the stage of crudeness is a movement of the people looking towards aesthetic improvement. The city of Winnipeg is just beginning to show her desire to stand for something more than material prosperity. In a way she has been an educational centre from the very earliest days, but that was rather the result of accident than conscious effort on the part of the city. Now, however, there is a real awakening. In the first place, an Art Gallery has been established in connection with the Industrial Bureau. The citizens of Winnipeg and the Province are to be educated to know and love and perchance create the beautiful. They are to be lifted out of the low level of the actual—and nothing but the actual, into the higher region of the imagination. They are to become people with ideals. No one can foresee what this Art study will mean to architecture, manufacture, home decoration and civic beauty—but it is safe to say that the Winnipeg of to-morrow will not only be more beautiful than the Winnipeg of to-day, but the people because of their nobler outlook will be of a much superior type. Western Canada needs workmen, homemakers with taste; it also needs people with souls tuned to noble strains. So we are glad to know the Art Institute is opened.

There has also been a movement looking towards a permanent Symphony Orchestra. This is a costly venture, but the people of Winnipeg are musical, and they may be depended upon to throw their heart into this movement. The only thing that can stand in the way of success is the jealousy of professional musicians of mediocre ability. The solution is a man with outstanding power. The effect of good music upon the life of a city can hardly be measured. To appreciate and to employ the universal language is a worthy ambition for any people. Good music means culture, good thought and supreme delight; bad music means coarseness, vileness and uncontrolled desire. If Winnipeg realizes her ideal in this matter she will have done much to ensure her permanent happiness, and will place herself among the cities of culture, which on this continent are none too many.

The third evidence of Winnipeg's desire to escape from primitive ugliness is the well-intended scheme of the Town-planning Commission to straighten out some of the tangles occasioned by the ignorance or lack of foresight of early surveyors. So far this scheme has not realized anything, and it may be the first effort was too ambitious. Yet, it is a hopeful sign to find the people of a city looking in this direction. Broad thoroughfares, suitable lines of travel, secluded and carefully protected residential areas are what every city should strive to possess. The time to get things right is in the early days. Every subdivision that is added to a city should give a free park and a free school site. Most Western cities have exercised commendable foresight. Now that town-planning has become a science they will do even better.

The All-sufficient Remedy.

Here is a statement which is not wide of the truth. "In Canada, forty-two men *control* about four billions of capital. These men are primarily railway magnates, but they are also bank-managers and presidents of manufacturing concerns. Nine of them are in the Senate, and three or four are ordinary members of Parliament." Now any one can see how great is the power of these forty-two men, and it is probable they have used their power to their own advantage. As railway owners they work for high freight rates, as bankers for high rate on loans, as manufacturers for excessive tariff, and as legislators for laws which will guarantee them a perpetuation of their privileges. Yet let no one be misled. As a body of men they are probably as honest, as just and as honorable as any other forty-two Canadians taken at random. This is quite evident from the fact that the highest ambition of the average Canadian is to be in the same position as one of the forty-two. If this is a libel on the average Canadian, we shall stand correction. Selfishness and cupidity are just as common in the ranks of the poor and the fairly well-to-do as in the councils of the wealthy. Organized capital and organized labor are shot through with self-interest; worldly ambition has crept into our churches and is the outstanding motive in polite society. The elementary public school is about the only institution which does not worship Mammon.

So, while it is right enough to lament the fact that in a democracy any forty-two men should have such power, since it makes for general hardship, disloyalty and dissatisfaction, the real thing to worry over is that the money ideal and the spirit of selfishness are so common. It is not forty-two men we have to fight, but the system which permits these to have such power; and yet in a way we are all upholders of the system, since we are using practically the same methods as the forty-two, but with very much less success.

The only remedy under the circumstances is Christian socialism,—a manner of living that has never got more than a half-chance in this world. Yet it is the one influence which to-day is keeping the old world from utter confusion. If we really wish to attain to permanent happiness and prosperity as a people, we must preach and practice a little unselfishness and love for the other fellow. Then shall we demand that love become the common law of life, so that into our legislatures will enter a new class of men, and into our legislation a new spirit and content. Then and then only will it be impossible for forty-two men to hold their love-feasts while the suffering millions look on with anger in their hearts—an anger born of hunger and indignation.

How to Settle a Dispute

Two Winnipeg papers fail to agree as to loss to the Western farmers because they cannot sell their grain at Minneapolis prices. Sometimes it seems the Winnipeg prices are in advance of those in Minneapolis and sometimes below. There is an easy way to find out whether there is a net loss or gain. Just now there are over a million and a half bushels a day passing through Winnipeg. For all of this the farmer could obtain at Minneapolis about four cents more than at Winnipeg. The loss is then about $60,000 a day to Western farmers. Next summer the figures will be the other way, in all probability, but the sales will not be over a few thousand bushels of the higher grades. This is not altogether a fair way to reckon—but it is pretty nearly fair as far as the farmer is concerned. Reciprocity may be good or bad as a general policy, but certainly an open market in wheat would mean many millions to the farmers of the Canadian prairie. The gain in the case of barley and flax would be enormous. The gain on the price of stock can already be felt, since the passing of the Underwood Bill is assured. But what about the consumer in Canada? We shall pay more for our meat. If we had reciprocity the price of flour would advance a little. No one would care much about the advance in price of flax and barley products.

The Temperance Question

One of the most cheering symptoms of progress in Canada is the awakened interest in the temperance question. Whisky drinking does not pay—financially or morally. It does not pay socially. No country can afford to waste untold millions every year in intoxicants There is absolutely no compensating income. No country can afford to suffer the misery and degradation wrought by rum. There is no compensating happiness. Nor can the people of any country afford the loss of manhood that follows from the social custom of treating. There is nothing that can take the place of the virility and independence which are destroyed. What do the people of Canada pay for liquor every year? Seventy-five million dollars. What percentage of criminals owe their lapse from virtue to liquor? Eighty per cent. What per cent. of insanity is due to the same cause? Sixty per cent. No one has ever been able to compute the heart anguish, the physical discomfort, the intellectual inability that follows the use of intoxicants. It is time the bar was banished. It is not worthy of a respectable community. It is disgusting. Its toleration is due to two things—the intense zeal of those who profit by its existence and the apathy of the general public. That the public is awaking is a hopeful sign. Let no man think the legislators will act of their own volition in this matter. They are right in acting only in response to public pressure. It is for you and me to become active.

Where to Place the Blame

When things go wrong, especially in civic matters, it is the custom of many men to lay the blame upon the men in office. The late Mayor Gaynor, of New York, had something very interesting to say about this, and the substance of his remarks will bear repeating. In every form of organized society each member is responsible for the conduct of affairs. It is getting altogether too common for men to use "*They*" instead of "*We*"— in discussing the management of affairs. Here is Mayor Gaynor's letter to a man who asked him to institute reforms:

"I am in receipt of your letter saying that all clubs should be closed at ten o'clock at night, also all saloons, and also that piano-playing and singing should not be allowed at any hour of the night, especially in summer, when people cannot close their windows so as to shut the noise out.

"I hereby authorize you to carry out all of these reforms. It may be that you will first have to get elected to the Legislature, and pass laws therefor, for you know this is a government of laws, and not of men; that is to say, those put in office may not do as they like, but may only carry out the laws as they are passed by the Legislature. Did you never hear of this before?"

Political Conditions

Consider our political affairs. It has not been altogether well with us. Men whom we have respected and honored have shown themselves unworthy of confidence, yet there seems to be a real awakening of the people. There is a growing feeling that our political life cannot be rooted in dishonor and intrigue. For the awakening of the people let us give our thanks, and let us determine afresh to concentrate ourselves to the task of purifying public morals. Let us not be content until the direction of public affairs is committed only to those who are "true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report."

Looking Forward

For the blessings of the year in other ways it is not necessary to speak. The tendency is towards a lessening of the liquor traffic, towards the suppression of vice, towards organization for the lessening of the evils of poverty, towards more humane treatment of criminals, towards improved methods of education. The hands of the clock have been moving forward — sometimes not so fast as we might wish—but yet they have been moving.

Tailored in the Homeland

and supplied at

LESS THAN HALF CANADIAN PRICES

If you want full value for every dollar you spend in clothes, if you would have your suit made in cloth of quality, then send for our patterns of famous 'Lion' cloths. They are world renowned for their hard wearing qualities and when made up by our expert tailors they represent the best suit service you can obtain.

We tailor your suit in Canadian or English styles as you prefer.

Our lowest price for a smart strong sac suit, made to measure, is only—

$10 Carriage and Duty Paid.

For the man with the longer purse we can supply suits up to $20

Don't be afraid of the distance. Our self-measurement system is simple and we stand by our guarantee—

MISFIT MEANS MONEY BACK.

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How our Grandfathers Lived

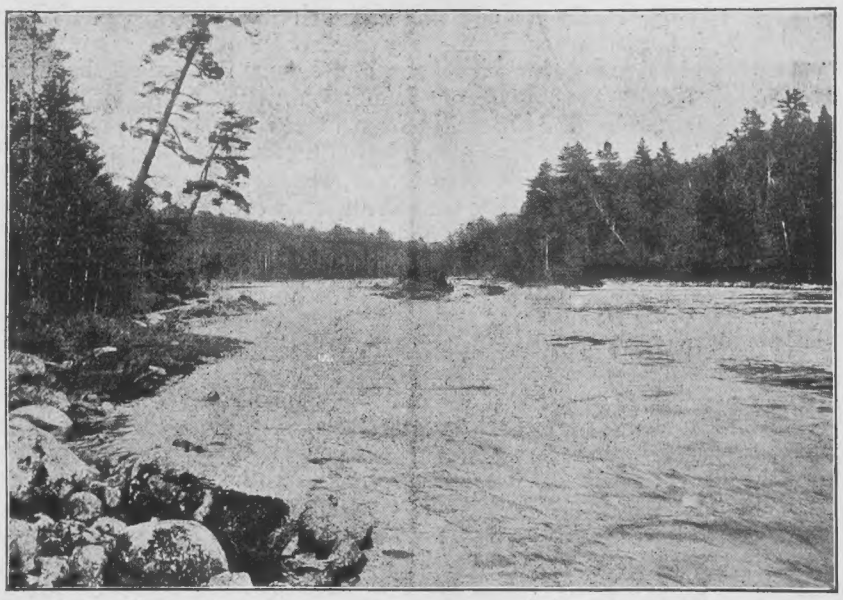
Or, Glimpses of Canadian Pioneer Life

By Frank Yeigh

BUT a century has been required to revolutionize the way of living in the English speaking part of Canada. Rural Quebec has felt the revolution to a much less degree, but in Ontario the change from the conditions of life of a hundred years ago has been a radical one. It is, indeed, difficult to realize in this age of rapid transportation, applied science and ready accessibility to the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, that these simpler times of our forbears are not more remote.

Goldwin Smith bridged his span of life when, in a reminiscent mood, he was able to say:

"I have talked with a man who talked to the man who was Premier of England in 1801—to Addington about Pitt. I remember the rejoicing in England over the Reform Bill. I remember seeing the farm-buildings near my father's house burned by raiders who opposed the introduction of threshing machines. I recall, as a lad, seeing the servants light the fire with a tinder box. I have seen a man in the stocks. I have heard the curfew. I taught his present Majesty King Edward English History when he was a lad."



The Maligne River. Quetico game and forest reserve. Rainy Lake district. Named Maligne River by Laverandrye, the discoverer of Western Canada, who discovered this canoe highway which was later used by the Government as a route for the bringing in of settlers to Western Canada. On line Canadian Northern Railway.

In like manner there are thousands still living in our own land who have passed through experiences similar to those here related; there are many more, of a later generation, who have had the domestic life of the early nineteenth century brought vividly to mind by these aged eye-witnesses.

The advantages in thus recalling some of the ways in which our grandfathers lived are obvious. The comparison will serve as a basis for estimating the distance we have advanced in little more than two generations. It should, moreover, lead us to recognize more fully the debt we owe to those valiant pioneers for the brave battles they fought under adverse conditions. If Canada should ever have a Hall of Fame or a Roll of Immortals, these humble foundation-builders would deserve a niche equally with the heroes of the battle-field or the leaders of State.

One may further realize the former days by recalling that Canadians of 1800 had no railways, no steamboats, no highways, in the modern sense, no telegraphs or telephones, no harnessed electricity, no "horseless horse cars," no automobiles (thank Heaven!). They were practically without clergymen, doctors, judges or lawyers, and the schoolmaster was not yet abroad in the land. The abundant crop of parliamentary representatives of today (over 700 in all the legislative bodies of Canada) had not then begun to sprout in earnest. There was little money in circulation with which to carry on business; there were no stores to speak of, and consequently no bargain days! There was no gas and no such thing as a match; the flint and steel, or the brimstone-tipped pine stick was relied upon for starting the flame. There were no envelopes, no blotting-paper, no steel pens, and the sand box was in requisition to dry the ink; in fact, there was a sad lack of what we in this wiser generation regard as essentials.

But there were compensating advantages: a simplicity and wholesomeness of life that ensured health and length of days; so long a life that an old family record speaks of the "premature" death of a man of 84! There was a rational enjoyment of God's best blessings of nature, a hearty, unaffected social life, and a sound moral sense of right and justice. There was mutual self-help, a hospitality that was not measured by motive, a burdened table of good things where it was bad form to refuse what was offered, no matter what nature's penalty might be. In a word, a sane mode of life was lived that produced strong men and brave women.

Brave in truth were our grandmothers—brave in what they endured in the loneliness and isolation of pioneer life; in the dangers, too, when the weird howl of the hungry wolf was heard in the forest near the clearing, or when the stealthy-stepping Indian would glide like an apparition, unheralded and unannounced, into the log home. Brave were they in the spirit in which sorrows were borne and testing trials met.

The ladies of a century ago did not, fortunately, have to rely upon the fashion-plates of a daily paper. Native feminine talent transformed their limited material into serviceable garments. At first the hides of the fur-bearing animals, obtained from the Indians in barter, were the chief source of clothing supply. One can easily imagine that a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-built lassie of 1800 would, when clad in deerskin petticoats and skirts and squirrel-skin bonnet, break masculine hearts quite as disastrously as if she had worn creations of a modern modiste. And the utility of a deerskin petticoat, that could not be torn by a rough journey through the woods, or the turning of a deerskin suit into a warm bed-cover at night, will commend itself to every feminine descendant of our mothers' mothers.

No fancy-pointed patent shoes dressed their feet, for there were no tanners, and for many a year no shoemaker, until itinerant St. Crispins came on the scene—shoemakers on circuit, like the preacher and the schoolmaster of the early days. They were the days, indeed, when the settler was a many-sided char-

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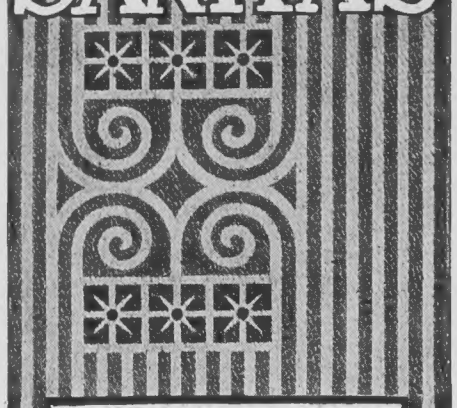

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WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(à la Quina du Pérou)

"A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world." *Locke.*

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Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine, a big bracing tonic, will renew your flagging optimism because it clears away yesterday's cobwebs from the brain, conquers nerve exhaustion, corrects and strengthens weak digestion and assimilation, and permanently energizes and invigorates the flaccid muscles. Doctors know!

165

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE. ALL DRUGGISTS

acter, for he was perforce carpenter and blacksmith and shoemaker and tailor if need be rolled in one.

Let us draw back the curtains of Time and peep into a pioneer log home. The rough-walled retreat is but rudely furnished and its floor is carpeted with skins or rag-carpets. A ladder leads to the attic, where any number of men-folk can be stowed away at night-time. The hearthstone is the altar of the home, and seated in a semi-circle around it are its priestesses. Busy, busy, always busy are the women-folk, amid a buzz of talk that mingles with the hum of the distaff or the song of the spinning-wheel.

There sits Grandmother in front of the deeply recessed fireplace which glows cheerily red from the giant back log that required the strength of a horse to draw it to the cabin door. A benediction is in Grandmother's placid face, an inspiration in her smile, and evident peace of heart under her quaint starched cap. Stirring tales the dear old mother can tell—of the flight of her Loyalist family from the New England home to the shores of Quinte, involving hardships that show what stuff Grandmother was made of! Tales too of the trials of the first days in the new land, when a fresh start in life had to be made.

There too sits the dear Mother in homespun, and even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so Mother, by the loadstone of love, attracts her brood to her skirts. All the bonny children are early taught to work. That we can see as we gaze into the interior, to spin and sew if they be girls; to fashion tools and implements if they be boys. To the right is a group of daughters, breaking, scutching and spinning flax from which will come the table linen and wearing apparel that will last a lifetime. Sewing and knitting machines are unknown, but Nature's deft hands are the imple[illegible] that produce the best of goods. So work away the lassies.

What a wonder-palace the log-ribbed room is! Who would ever dream that such an inventory of articles could be crowded in the little apartment! On the fireplace shelf are the heirlooms in crockery, travelled crockery mind you, for it has seen foreign lands and crossed the Atlantic in a clipper ship and afterwards heard the cannon of a Revolution. The light of the burning logs is added to by the tallow dips and the candles, and there, sure enough, is the candle box and the candle mould. The gourd dipper hangs from its nail, and the skimmer for use in the sugaring off is its neighbor. They have often worked together in the maple woods. Shining warming pans speak of warm feet. Waffle irons too, and I'll warrant the waffles tasted as good as the word suggests. And by the same token, I'll wager the handmade tooth puller gave as much pain as its black outline and size indicate. Strong enough it appears to pull the molar of a mastodon.

Ah, what is this? Shocking, shocking, —a toddy ladle, as brazen in its boldness as the capacious punch bowl itself! Pewter plates, mugs and spoons are in a military line. Spoons of wood, too, and forks of iron and buck-handled knives that saw action three times a day. And there is a contrivance for cutting loaf sugar in the days when it was sold in large chunks.

All these utensils and many more are dignified by a place on the shelf. Above hang hand-made lanterns. Old guns that invariably kicked—and killed. Powder horns, discolored with years of use. A tin dinner horn of prodigious length that has called many a laborer from the stump-strewn fields to his meals. Axe heads, a score of them it seems, and the oldest boy over in the corner, whittling something, can sink the biggest axe of the lot up to its hilt in a soft elm or maple at one blow, for those were the days of muscle—applied muscle.

The apple-parer and bone gouge for coring the apples bring up visions of the days of the social bee—apple bees, husking bees, quilting bees, logging and clearing and barn raising bees—all of them times of social gaiety, especially when the wandering fiddler could be waylaid for the events. Good old-fashioned fun did our grandfolks get out of life on these great occasions, even though the wag-at-the-wall clock solemnly ticked its disapproval.

The bushy-browed settler bends to stir up the slumbering fire with the long-handled poker, for a fierce heat is radiated from the deep bed of embers, and as the eye follows his movements it catches sight of the world of pots and pans and kettles that swing from the great cranes. If we are patient we will later have a glimpse of the sacred hour of cooking in the old log cabin palace of peace; we will see, too, how the mothers of the former time did without new fangled cooking stoves and gas ranges and patent ovens and cook books and ready-to-be-eaten mysteries. In this old bake kettle is being placed a big batch of dough, and kettle and contents are then buried in the red-hot ashes, and covered, lid and all, with the glowing embers.

What stores of goodies issue from the hearth! Cookies—what a world of meaning the word still holds! Cakes, corn and wheat and honey and pound cakes. Pies, deep, luscious, abiding! Pasties, meat pasties at that, the receipt for which came from Devon. And the pasties have the finest of browned juice on the curled-up edges of the paste. Honey in the comb. That implies bees and bee-keeping, and the blowing of horns and pounding of tin cans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. But there are more good things in this ancient menu, such as apple tarts and apple sauce, and dried-apple dishes in galore; pease puddings, sourkrout, ginger bread, fat fowl roasted on the turning spits, meats fried in the long-handled pans to a cheerful tune from the spluttering gravy, like unto the succulent sound that Tiny Tim must have heard when the pudding sang in its kettle on that mythical Christmas of long ago.

Curtain Falls. Got its name from an Indian story which stated there was a passage way behind the Falls by which the river could be crossed dryshod. According to the Indians' notion every fall had a recess at the back, in which the Spirit of the Falls lived. The higher the Falls the bigger the recess and the greater the Spirit tossed up the turbulent water. On line Canadian Northern Railway.

A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic over a well known food

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 34 Harriet St., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says: "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. **And it did.**

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BENGER'S is the most easily digested Food obtainable.

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It is prepared with fresh new milk and forms a dainty and delicious cream, which fully satisfies "hunger-faintness," and soothes internal discomfort. Benger's is the *safe* food in illness, and in convalescence promotes rapid recovery.

Delicate infants thrive on it.

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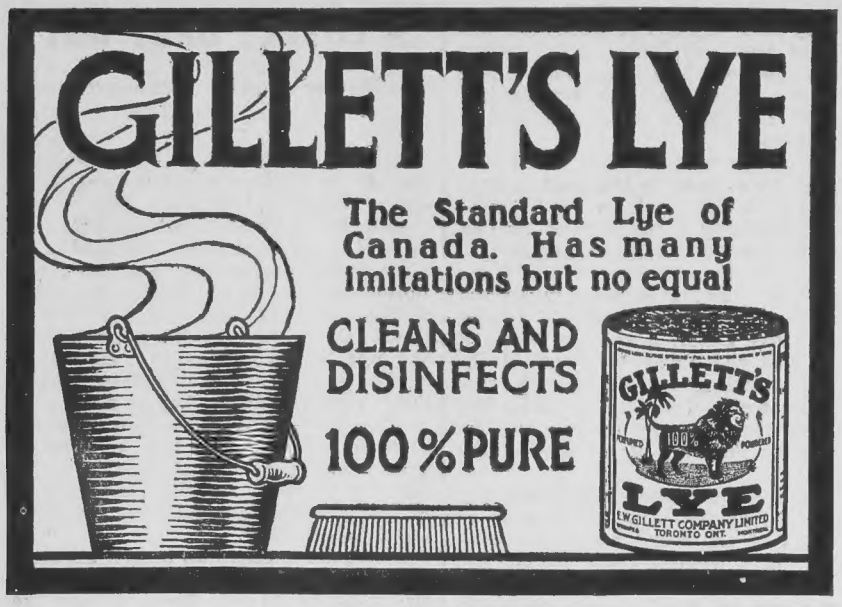
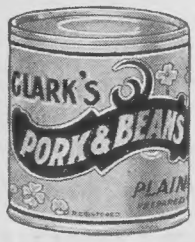


CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

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BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

And now the family surround the table, when one realizes that the solemn words of Governor Simcoe were true, "that the spirit of the young country seemed to be in favor of men who dined in common with their servants!" Poor Simcoe, and he trying to plant a modified aristocracy in the land by appointing military officers to government positions!

These early century menus sometimes meant sacrifice and cost, when the settler had to carry his limited store of wheat a hundred miles or more to the nearest mill in order to bring back a precious supply of flour. Nature, however, was often prodigal in her gifts of food when the wild fruits were in abundance, and game and fish abounded. But there was not always a full pantry. Terrible must have been the experiences of the Hungry Year of 1788 in Canada, when the frogs saved many a life from starvation, and the newly-planted potato had to be dug up and eaten. There were times, too, when the wheat froze in the head and wheat bread was in consequence an absent article of diet. On other occasions the government supply trains were overtaken by the winter and frozen up, as a result of which the settlers who were depending upon the expected stock were compelled to have recourse to the buds of basswood trees, and beef bones were loaned from neighbor to neighbor as stock for soup. Both the white men and the Indian relied much upon the animal and fish life. The waters teemed with fish as the air with birds, and the woods with small game as well as deer and moose. There was no limit to the wild ducks, especially along the water stretches of the Quinte shore. Famous sport had our grandfathers when they were young, shooting black squirrels, trapping wild pigeons, spearing salmon, or scooping them up in prodigious numbers. The skilful red man was wont to spear the fish by torchlight as he stood alert in the prow of his canoe. The hunting of the larger game and the attempt to exterminate the wolves also led to many an exciting adventure in the depths of a Canadian forest.

Eating has ever gone with drinking, and the toddy ladle we saw in the cabin home forces the further truth to be chronicled that in the beginning days of Canada's life whisky drinking was not unknown; when, in fact, it was consumed by the bowl full, and when a man's standard of capacity was placed at two quarts. At twenty-five cents per quart the cost was not excessive. For years there was but one distillery between York and Kingston, and as an accessory to the stronger liquid, as soon as orchards began to bear, the cider jug was a feature of the capacious cellars, along with the barrels of winter apples and the bins of roots and vegetables.

Drinking was a feature of the various "bees." On the occasion of a barn raising a man would mount the top plate of the skeleton structure, swing a bottle three times around his head and throw it in the air. If it fell unbroken it meant good luck, evidencing one of the many superstitions prevalent in the early times. Other forms of superstitions were the supposed sight of a winding sheet in a candle flame, or that the howling of a dog at the moon meant trouble for the inmates of the house, or when a sudden shudder came over one it foretold that an enemy was walking over the spot which would later be one's grave. May was regarded as an unlucky month in which to be married, and it was equally unlucky to kill hogs in the wane of the moon.

Speaking of weddings reminds one that there was marrying and giving in marriage in the same pioneer times. The courting was sometimes carried on in Indian fashion, when the fair Hebe would run through the forest in a pretended effort to escape the pursuing lover, who invariably caught his victim. A kiss was the sign of victory, and the wedding soon after closed the romantic chapter.

There were difficulties innumerable in the way of these trusty hearts of old. For years there were scarce half a score of clergymen of the established church in Upper Canada authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. A few magistrates held the same power. Today all that a modern lover needs is a two-dollar bill for a license—and a girl! But in 1800 and thereabouts the happy couples were sometimes compelled to travel long distances on foot or on horseback to wait on minister or magistrate. An interesting tale of early Canadian life records the fact that rings were as scarce as clergymen or magistrates. One official, rather than turn away an ardent couple that had walked twenty miles to his settlement, found on a primitive pair of skates a rough steel ring. Though a homely substitute the bride was told she must perforce wear it to make the ceremony binding, and wear it she did for many a long year thereafter, and the trophy is a highly-prized heirloom among her descendants to-day.

It is interesting to read in this connection of the dowries of our grandmothers. A generous one was a piece of land, a colt, a heifer, a yoke of steers, two sheep, some pigs, a linen chest with bed and bedding and feather ticks, crockery and cutlery and some handmade furniture. The wedding fee stood for a long time at one dollar.

All the furniture of the time was perforce hand-made, such as chairs with elm-back seats, tables of rough hewn boards, and bedsteads—four posters—cut from the native lumber. Sometimes the baby's cradle was the sap trough of the sugar season, but lined with blankets and resting on rockers, our pioneer babies slept soundly and never did the trough hold a sweeter burden.

Practically all the implements were hand-made—the reels for winding yarn, the hand looms, the trunks made of bark and the beehives of plaited straw, the plows with wooden frames and wrought iron mould boards, the primitive harrows made of the butt end of a tree which the oxen hauled around the stumps in the process of "bushing in." Scythes, cradles and flails were the precursors of mowers, reapers and threshing machines. The wheat was sometimes ground at home by pounding or crushing it in the burnt-out hollow of a stump, a block of wood attached to a springing pole acting as a pestle in the mortar cavity.

The ways our grandfathers travelled is in interesting contrast with modern methods. The horseback way was for years the only means of covering long distances through the bush, with the oats in the saddle bags, a gun or tomahawk for weapons, and provision for camping out if night overtook the traveller. Journeying by water was in bateaux or flat-bottomed Durham boats. After a time, along with better roads, came the springless waggons with boxes resting directly on the axles and chairs for the use of the passengers in the body-racking journey. A writer describes the old waggons and stage coaches "as rolling and tumbling along a detestable road, pitching like a scow among the breakers of a lake storm, with road knee-deep in mud and an impenetrable forest on either side." It of necessity took weeks of time to cover the distance, for example, between York and Kingston and Niagara.

The market prices for commodities also throw a suggestive light on the days of our grandfathers. An ancient price list of 1804, quoted by Canniff Haight, reads as follows: A gimlet 50 cents, a padlock $1.50, a jack knife, $1, calico, $1.50 per yard; tea, eight to ten shillings a pound, Halifax currency; needles, a penny each; ball of cotton, 7d.; board of pigs, $1 a week; an axe, $2.50; salt, 6d. a lb.

The early store was a departmental store in miniature, and bartering was the chief feature of trade. An old lady of my acquaintance has told of buying a farm with a saddle, and a yoke of oxen in another case was traded for 200 acres of land. Butter, cheese, homespun clothing, lumber, pork, ox hides, molasses, shingles and potash were a widely varied list of articles used in trading. In the Talbot Settlement in 1817 it took eighteen bushels of wheat to buy a barrel of salt and one bushel of wheat for a yard of cotton. The first clocks were $40 each. Before the clock days a line was cut in the floor, and when the sun's rays reached the meridian height they were cast along this mark through a crack in the door to indicate the noon hour.

Pens cost thirty cents each, but the easily secured quill long held its supremacy. Postage was payable according to distance—not exceeding sixty miles, 4d.; 100 miles, 7d.; 200 miles, 9d and greater distances in proportion.

One should not forget in this picture of pioneer life the first church, with men and women sitting on opposite sides, when the circuit rider made his infrequent

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ARE MADE FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED COTTON.

The nap is short and close. No injurious chemicals are used.
Quality, designs, and colourings are unequalled.

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See the name "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge every two yards.

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION yards.

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visits and preached sermons of a length commensurate with the rarity of their delivery. One of the humorous bits of the early Upper Canadian archives is the request sent to London that a "pious" missionary be sent out to the benighted settlers of Upper Canada. The first log school houses also deserve a word, with the huge box stove in the centre around which long wooden benches were ranged, too high for the feet of the toddlers to reach the floor. Tired and sleepy, the tiny students sometimes created a panic by tumbling off their uncomfortable perch!

The administration of justice was accomplished under arduous conditions. There were few gaols or courthouses; accommodation for jurors, lawyers and others was most limited, and many a trial was held under the trees or in a tent. Jurors were often compelled to journey fifty mile or more, and to take ten or more days before returning home. When the first gaol was built in York it was made large enough to hold debtors as well as criminals of a deeper dye, the gaoler receiving 5s. a day salary, and 1s. 3d. daily for the maintenance of each prisoner.

Such are some of the glimpses of early Canadian days. All honour to our sturdy pioneers for the work they accomplished, the characters they evolved, and the rich heritage they passed on to their children. May we of the twentieth century be as true to our conscience and country as our grandfathers—and grandmothers!

Freak Parties

Society is always calling for novelty—novelty in all things—and for some time freak parties and dinners have been all the rage.

A short while ago a company of sceptics formed a Thirteen Club in London, as a protest against superstition. A large dinner was held to celebrate the event, and on the way to the feast the members passed under ladders. They sat down in thirteens at separate tables, broke mirrors, opened umbrellas over one another's heads, spilt salt and helped their neighbors to it, crossed knives and forks, and did many other equally foolish things, to "kill" superstition.

The "very latest" At Home, in America, took place at the bottom of the Pacific, and all the guests—eighty in number—attended in diving dress.

Enormous amounts of money are often spent at these parties, the pies and different dishes often containing valuable jewellery, etc., but the record is held by H. Hart of Connecticut, who used 2,200 dollars stock certificates as name cards and souvenirs at a dinner party to thirty children and grandchildren. When the guests entered the dining room, each found a certificate for forty shares of Stanley Works stock, quoted at 65 dollars, on his plate. The total value of the gifts was $66,000.

The sumptuous mansion of the Comtesse Aynard de Chabrillan in Paris was for a night converted into a scene from the "Thousand and One Nights". An immense tent was erected in the courtyard, and it was hung with superb Persian stuffs and tapestries, while the *elite* of Paris assembled in gorgeous Oriental costumes. The Comtesse herself presided, and the Princess d'Arenberg came mounted on an elephant richly bedecked with Indian trappings. Other guests came in gold cages, Egyptian canopies, and other Oriental equipages. The chief events of the evening consisted of Oriental music and dances.

A number of Chicago society folk organized a "Cave Man" dinner where there were no knives or forks, finger bowls, tables, etc. Whilst in Moscow, to celebrate his golden wedding, a mining magnate sent invitations made of pure beaten gold with the lettering done in enamel. There were two hundred guests, and each card weighed two ounces, the gold used coming from the magnate's own mines in the Ural Mountains. The invitations alone cost 1,000 pounds.

A banquet of another kind was indulged in by sixty-six persons at Gorleston. This was on a huge "sea-pie," which weighed 200 pounds. It was prepared by an old smack-skipper and was built in three storeys. The foundation consisted of beef bones and inside were six large rabbits, half a dozen kidneys, thirty pounds of beef-steak, half a hundred-weight of potatoes, half a stone of onions, and three stones of other vegetables. After the feast the remains of the pie went to the making of several gallons of soup, which were distributed to the poor.

On a gigantic watermelon, seventy railroad employees recently feasted, at Fort Worth, Texas, and all had their fill. The melon, one of the largest ever raised in the United States, weighed 140 pounds.

After the last big English coal strike an extraordinary dinner took place at which pieces of coal were handed round to the guests as souvenirs. The dinner was held in connection with the Studios Club at a well-known Bohemian restaurant in London. The ladies and gentlemen, some forty in number, were dressed in Grecian costume and wore sandals. The menu was in Greek, and the waiters were dressed like Roman priests, bare-footed, and with olive leaves entwined round their heads. During the course of the dinner the chef entered dressed as Bacchus and mounted on a donkey, and distributing pieces of coal wrapped in gold leaf, inscribed on which were the words, "In memory of the coal strike."

A novel festivity was engaged in last season by the numerous visitors at Matlock, in the form of a topsy-turvy banquet and ball. For one whole evening they learnt what it was to be domestics, whilst their places were taken by their servants at the different establishments. After the banquet, the ball took place, and whilst this was in progress the new waiters and waitresses did the washing-up. Nothing was left for the original staff, even the tablecloths being laid ready for the next day.

A family at Southend celebrated the coming of age of the eldest son in an unique fashion. The son is said to have been the victim of a succession of misfortunes, and the event took the form of a "13" dinner, with a view to counteracting the "bad luck" previously experienced. Thirteen members of the family sat down to dinner. The menu consisted of thirteen items, and a programme of thirteen songs and toasts was carried out.

Last November five thousand sportsmen from all parts of the United States participated in a feast at Agricultural Park as the guests of Sacramento. For a week prior to the feast scores of hunters were engaged in providing the 1,500 wild geese served in the big stew. Immense brick fireplaces were built, and big iron kettles provided for the stew. In the pavilions plates were laid for 2,000. It was necessary to serve the guests in relays, the first 2,000 sitting down at 1.30. An hour later these gave places to another 2,000 and the feast continued all afternoon.

Nine convicts from the state penitentiary at Florence, Ariz., were recently given a dinner by the governor. The governor made a speech to the convicts, to which one of their number responded, conveying the thanks of the men for the interest shown by the chief in prison affairs, and predicting his re-election. The convict guests were members of a ball-team selected from the prisoners, and the dinner followed a game with a local town team.

A ball, which did not take place, was advertised in Rotterdam at the end of December last. A dancing master of that town, after having circulated hundreds of invitations to a ball which he described as "the wallflower's last chance in the dying leap-year," had to abandon the function because only women came in answer to his call.

The Age of Elizabeth

The class in English History was in session, and the professor was telling of the impressionable age at the time of the Elizabethan Era. After speaking for some minutes on the subject, he turned to one of the young men and asked:

"How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Holmes?"

The young man wore a far-away ex-expression.

"Eighteen, on her last birthday, sir," came the reply

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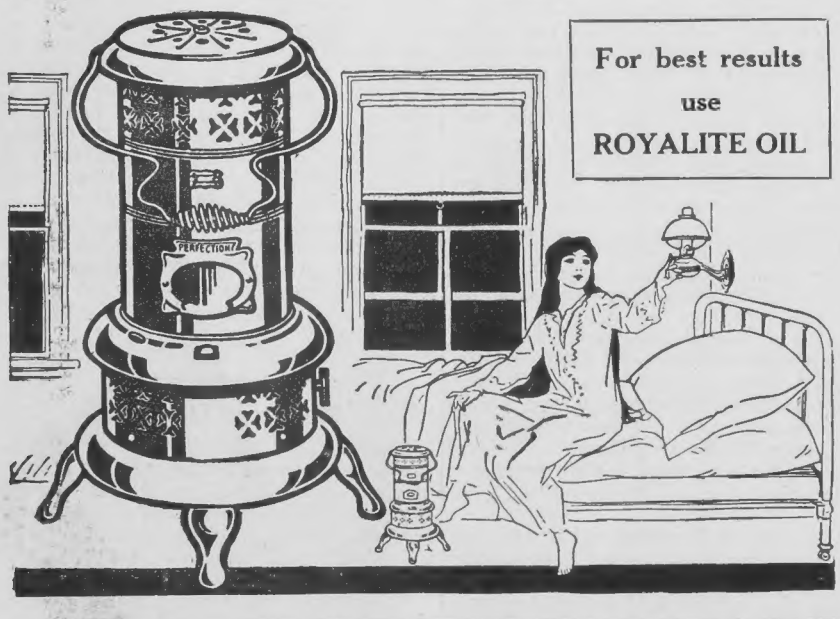

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The Race with a Stampede

By Max. McD.

IT WAS dark and no mistake. The round-up was on the foot-hills of the Canadian Rockies and the prairie as far east as Stand Off and Slide Out had been thoroughly ridden and the beef gathered. We were holding a big herd of steers for a week, getting ready to ship at Peigan Siding, and it was a lazy enough life except the night work. We were camped at Long Bottom on the Kootenay where there was plenty of grass to graze the bunch in the daytime and water where two thousand head could drink at once and never one bog or give any trouble. Two men on "day herd" at a time could handle them easily enough, and as there were nine of us, or enough for three guards of three men each, we didn't have anything much to complain of.

Old Morton was on the "chuck wagon," and, as the Cochrane Ranch Company was putting up the "grub stake," there was nothing lacking in stuff to eat. Morton built pies and puddings that were never excelled anywhere, and occasionally he'd have a plum duff for supper that simply exhausted the culinary art.

The steers were mud fat as the boys say, and were easily satisfied with grass and water long before time for bedding down. Most every night they would take a little run, and it usually took all hands an hour or so to get them back to the bed ground and quieted down, which didn't tend to make us any better natured when the cook yelled: "Roll out! Roll out!" at four o'clock every morning.

It was the month of October and the weather had been fine ever since we started in, but this morning it clouded over and in the west toward sunset, great black clouds crept down the peaks of the Rockies, and overhead little detached patches had gone scudding across the sky, although below on the prairie not a breath of air was stirring. The roar of thunder seemed to be tearing the forest from its native roots, and occasionally a flame of lightning would dart down the mountain side through the rapidly darkening sky.

At eight o'clock, when the first night-herd went out to take the bunch for the first three hours' watch, it was almost black dark. "Alkali Pete," the boss of the outfit, came out with them and asked us how the cattle acted, and told the boys to be careful, and if it rained and the herd drifted to try and keep them pointed toward the bottom if possible for fear of some of them beating back to the Stand Off range and losing them.

As we rode back to camp we both agreed that the very first clap of thunder near at hand would send the whole herd flying, and that if it rained, it would be very hard to hold them. He told all hands not to picket their night horses, but to tie them up to the "chuck wagon" all ready for instant use.

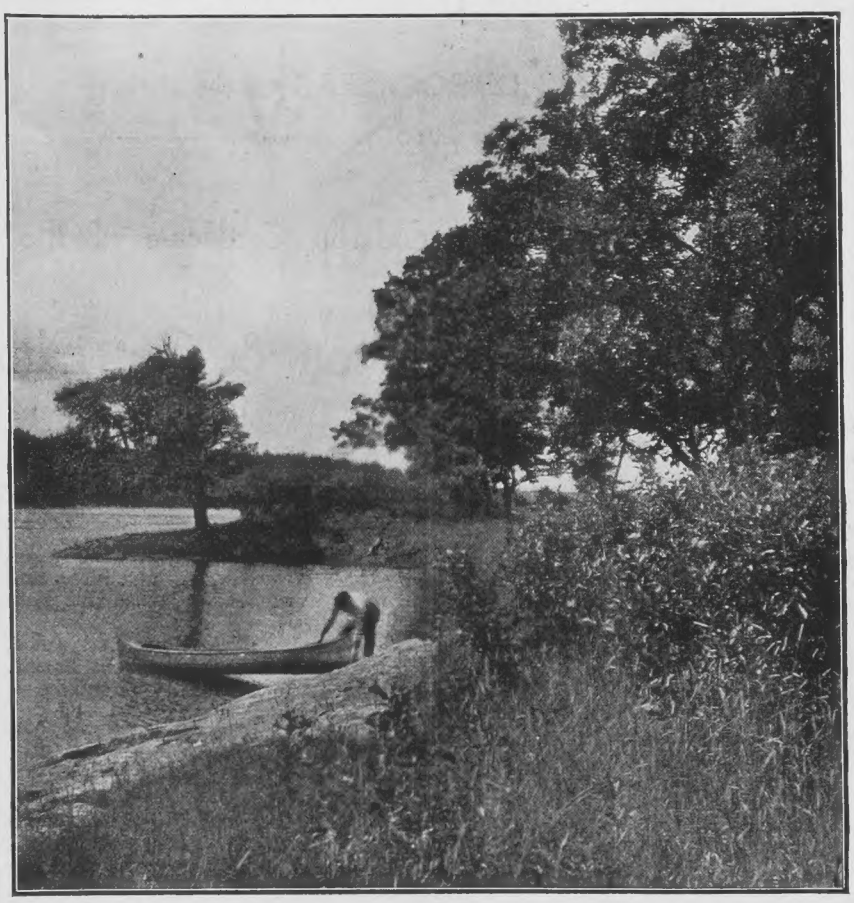
Perhaps I should explain a little about this business, so that my readers may understand what a "bed ground" is, and how the boys stand guard.

At sunset the day herders work the herd up toward camp slowly, and as the leaders feed along to about three or four yards from camp, one of the boys rides out in front and stops them until the whole herd gradually draws together in a compact body. If they have been well grazed and watered that day they will soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably nine-tenths of them will be quietly lying and chewing their cuds. All this time the cow-boys are slowly riding around them, each man riding alone, and in opposite directions, so that they meet twice in each circuit. If any adventurous steer should attempt to graze off, he is sure to be seen and driven back into the herd.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed ground," and it is the duty of the day herders, who have cared for them all day, to have them on to the bed ground and bedded down before dark, when the first guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it was dark, and although it was not raining when they left camp, the boys had put on their slickers, or oil-skin coats, well knowing that they would have no time to do it when the rain began to fall.

The three men on first guard were typical Texas boys, raised in the saddle, insensible to hardship and exposure, and the hardiest and most reckless riders in the outfit. One of them named "Shorty" Holder, was a great singer, and usually sang all the time he was on guard. It's always a good thing, especially on a dark night, for somehow it seems to reassure and quiet cattle to hear the hu-



A September snap-shot in the Rainy River District.

man voice at night, and it's well, too, that they're not critical, for some of the musical efforts are extremely crude. Most of cow-punchers confine themselves to hymns, picked up, probably when they were children.

I lost no time in rolling out my bed and turning in, only removing my boots, heavy leather chaps, and hat, and two minutes after I was sound asleep. How long I slept I can't say but I was awakened by a row among the night herds tied to the "chuck wagon."

It is hard to find words to describe a stampede of two thousand head of long-horned, range steers. It is a scene never to be forgotten. They crowd together in their mad fright, hoofs crack and rattle, horns clash against each other, and a low moan goes through the herd as if they were suffering with pain. Nothing stands in their way; small trees and bushes are torn down as if by a tornado; and no fence was ever built that would turn them. Woe betide the luckless rider, who, racing recklessly in front of them, waving his slicker or big hat, or shooting in their faces to turn them, has his pony stumble or step into a badger-hole or fall, for he is sure to be trampled to death by their hoofs. And yet they will suddenly stop, throw up their hands, look at each other as if to say, "What on earth were we running for?" and in fifteen minutes every last one of them will be lying as quietly as any old pet milk-cow in an east country farm yard.

About half the time you can tell what stampedes cattle, and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night, and suddenly a steer jumps up, sends a great snorting puff from his nostrils, and races off into the darkness. And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life, and apparently scared out of their lives.

One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully, when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled himself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we ranchers have, and proceeded to light up. At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint, a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort, and before you could say Jack Robinson, every other one of those two thousand head of cattle was careering wildly over the plain, rushing with frantic blind terror and a great thunder of hoofs which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night. Men could no more have stopped that stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took ten days to get the herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a man removing a slicker from his saddle. The night was intensely dark and it began to sprinkle. A cow-boy started to put on his slicker—such a coat as fishermen and sailors call an oil-coat. It stuck to the saddle where he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse right in the path of the stampeded cattle, and there was nothing for it but to ride for life. Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled, the terrified animals behind me would trample us into the mud. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and try to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse struck a barbed wire. I heard the wire snap like pistol shots as my horse plunged through the obstruction. "It's all up with me. This is my last herd" thought I to myself. I supposed the wire would have so cut my horse that the animal would die from loss of blood, then the end came. But he kept straight on, and for an hour I rode at terrific speed. Then I knew by the sound of the trampling feet of the herd that it had swerved to one side—at any rate I knew that I was no longer in its path. I was safe but mightily used up, and when I drew rein my poor horse was nearly dead, not from wounds but from sheer exhaustion.

Don't you believe anyone who tells you that a herd of stampeded cattle can be stopped when once it has got fairly going. It can't be done. Before it is under way—at the very first before the animals have got really going—a stampede can be stopped or rather prevented, by a skillful cow-boy; but not after the panic has seized the steers in its grip.

Sometimes it doesn't even take the striking of steel against flint, or even the crackling of a slicker, to stampede a herd. The animals break out apparently from sheer nervous hysteria. Cattle are queer creatures and even we who live all the time among them, do not understand them thoroughly. But I am to tell of another race with a stampede.

I turned lazily in my bed and saw that a huge, black cloud had come up rapidly from the west and bid fair soon to shut out the moon. I snuggled down in my blankets and was wondering if we would have to turn out to keep hold the steers if it rained, when the silence of the night was broken by a peal of thunder that fairly split the skies. It brought every man in camp to his feet, for high above the reverberation of the thunder was the roar and rattle of a stampede.

That broke right down on the camp, and we all ran to the "chuck wagon" for safety; but they swung off about a hundred feet from the camp and raced by us like the wind, horns clashing, hoofs rattling, and the earth fairly shaking with the mighty tread.

Riding well in front of the herd was Shorty trying to turn the leaders. As he flew by he shouted in his dare-devil way, "Here's trouble, fellows," and was lost in the darkness and dust. Of course all this took but a moment. We quickly recovered ourselves, pulled on boots, flung ourselves into the saddle, and tore out into the dark with Alkali Pete in the lead. I was neck and neck with him as we caught up with the end of the herd, and called to him: "Pete, they're headed for the cutbank; if we go over some of us will get hurt." Just then, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" went a revolver ahead of us, and we knew that Shorty had realized where he was going, and was trying to turn the leaders by shooting in their faces.

These cutbanks are curious phenomena and very dangerous. The Kootenay in freshet time becomes turbulent and often carries away tons of gravel and earth only to pile it up further down the stream. At Long Bottom the swift rushing water had dug into a bend in the shore just below our camp, and left a straight cut of fifty feet. From this cut and running back from it some hundreds of feet are a series of ditches or cracks made by the bench water on its way to the river. Some of them are ten feet wide and twenty-five feet deep; others are only a few feet deep and run back for miles on the top land. In the narrow ditches long grass hides the depth so a horse doesn't see them till he is fairly into them, and every cow-boy dreaded that part of the Kootenay range.

Alkali and I soon came to what, in the dust and darkness, we took to be the leaders, and, drawing our revolvers, we began to fire in front of them, and quickly turned them to the right, and by pressing down from that side we crowded them round more and more until we soon had the whole herd running round and round in a circle, or "milling" as we call it, and in the course of fifteen minutes we got them quieted down enough to be left again in charge of the regular guard.

Alkali sent me around the herd to tell the second guardmen to take charge, as it was their time, and for the rest of us to go to the camp, which was near-by, a mile distant, and visible only because Morton, the cook, had got up and built up the fire, well knowing we couldn't get down the cut without it.

Before we got there the rain began, and we were all wet to the skin; but we tied up our ponies again, and five seconds after I laid down I was sound asleep and heard nothing till the cook started his unearthly yell of "Roll out! Roll out! Chuck away." I pulled off the heavy canvas I had pulled over me to keep the rain out of my face, and got up. The storm was over and in the east the morning star was just beginning to fade, and the sky was taking that peculiar grey look that precedes the dawn and sunrise. The night-horse wrangler was working his horses up towards camp, and the three or four bells

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in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool fresh air.

We were all sleepy and cold, and as we sat around the fire to eat, someone said: "Where's Holder?" The foreman glanced around the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where Shorty had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty, and what was more, hadn't been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we had come in from the stampede.

"Well," said Alkali, "it's one of two things; either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt, or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was not an unusual thing we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us, but the men just off guard, struck out to look for him.

Somehow I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I looked along I couldn't get Shorty's hymns out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them around, leaving probably one hundred head out.

Kakabeka Falls, Near Fort William

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out about a couple of miles from me a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also and were hurrying toward them. But between me and the cattle was I knew a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If Shorty had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the cracks my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest place, and my worst fears were realized when I reached it, for there lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers was poor Shorty. The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death, and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack, following it to the river in an attempt to get out.

Drawing my six-shooter I fired two shots, which in cow-boy and frontier sign language means "Come to me." The punchers quickly rode over to where I was, and we managed to get Shorty out from under his horse and up on top. Tenderly we laid his body across the saddle and lashed it with a rope, and taking the man thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of fine sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seems to be fairly overwhelmed with the mystery of death, and seem dazed and helpless and often lose their heads.

But "Alkali Pete" quickly pulled himself together. It was thirty miles to Fort McLeod and with our heavy chuck wagon it would take more than a day to get the body there. Packing it on a horse was out of the question, so we decided to bury him right there.

Shorty had no relatives in Alberta, nor any nearer friends than we rough "punchers," so we thought no wrong would be done anyone by burying him there. We laid his crushed body under a little shady poplar, and Alkali and I went to find out a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from Long Bottom was a big rock which in the glacier age had been deposited with others in a string running southeast and northwest in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. The cattle men of the south had christened it "Lone Rock" and some years after a ranch near it took its name. It was a land-mark for miles around and as Alkali remarked, "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him in the little yard at the Fort."

So we dug his grave, and then wrapped him in a gorgeous Indian blanket which poor Shorty had carried with him to all the outfits he had worked for in late years, and laid him away as carefully and tenderly as in our rough way we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the grave; the cattle were scattered around us, and the cook had taken out the chuck box and used the chuck wagon to bring the body over in.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, Alkali, with tears running down his sunburned face, which he vainly tried to wipe away, slowly and brokenly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and with broken hearts and bowed heads we joined in "Amen," and went back to our beef drive to Peigan Siding.

Not a Matter for Prayer

In a certain town where two brothers are engaged in a flourishing retail coal business a series of revival meetings were held, and the elder brother of the firm was converted.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day, when the elder brother was making another effort, he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"

The Coming of the Crocus

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. Eugenie Perry.

"IT was just twenty-eight years ago this spring," the Captain was saying to the neighbor, who had dropped in for an evening chat, and smoke. "I can see, as plain as if it happened today, the regiments marching down that very road," and he waved his hand towards the old Fort Qu'Appelle trail that ran along the front of his farm. Neighbor Hicks had heard the story of the coming of the troops at the time of the North West Rebellion, many times before, but he had an excellent reason for wishing to keep on the right side of the Captain; yet, while he turned an interested expression, and one ear in the direction of his host, the other ear listened to the clink of dishes in the kitchen, where Caroline was "redding up" after the evening meal.

"I tell you there was swell doin's at Qu'Appelle while the soldiers waited for orders to move on—dinners and dances for the officers, and such goin's on; to no end, and a sentinel walked up and down in front of the house they used for a barracks, and called out 'all's well,' as if Louis Riel and his followers was just over in the bluff, behind, waiting for a good opportunity to pounce on the town, and then one night they did hear a stir in the trees, and there was some excitement for sure—and the sentinel called out bravely 'who goes there?' and shot in the direction of the sounds, and next morning, sure's you're born, they went out to look, and found he'd shot a pig."

It was this fondness for "reminiscing" about the Rebellion, which had earned him his title of "Captain," for the only active part he had taken in the affair, had been the freighting of supplies out to the front of operations, Qu'Appelle having been, at that time the nearest railway point to the scenes of the revolt.

This freighting had proven lucrative employment, and had given the Captain, and his neighbors (few and far between in those days) their start towards a respectable competence.

Caroline smiled indulgently, as she heard her father prosing away at his oft-repeated tale; and knowing that he was safe to forget her existence for some time, she took her brown jersey down off a nail, stuck a brown wool cap on her fair hair; and noiselessly lifting the latch, found herself breathing in the bracing air of a glorious spring evening.

"The crocuses was just comin' out on the hills"—came her father's voice from the slightly opened window—and Caroline caught her breath.

"The crocuses"—would they, could they, be up yet? Turning away from the house, and anxious to avoid being seen from the front windows, she slipped behind the row of Manitoba maples (which her father had planted twenty-two years ago—the year that she was born), and ran swiftly towards Sunset hill.

There, down on her knees, she searched diligently among the ghosts of last year's flowers and grass, but not the sign of a crocus could she find.

"But how could they be up yet?" she consoled herself, "so early in April as it is, and this is really the first warm day we've had; and even our dear brave little first flowers, cannot venture forth without some promise of heat,—But there—there is the promise," she continued, wistfully, gazing away to westward, where the crimson sun balanced himself on the neighboring hills, for his evening dip into the sea of rosy clouds, beyond.

"So perhaps," she whispered, "perhaps—tomorrow." Then she sat down on a large flat stone, and gave herself up to dreaming; while her eyes drank in the beauty of the spring landscape; her ears listened to the spring sounds; and her whole being absorbed the unmistakable feeling of spring in the air.

Below her lay a broad slough, whose waters glowed with the reflections

The elk on sentry in a Manitoba forest

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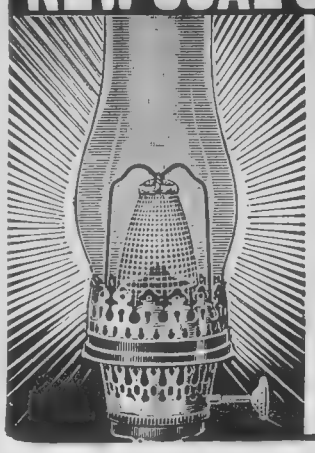

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from the flame-lit sky; and even the dusky willows on its brink seemed ruddier than before. And soon that lingering roseate flush crept slowly over the stubble fields, and up the slope of the hill, to settle lovingly on Caroline's face, and with it's coming came also a warmer glow at her heart. "Oh! he'll come; I know he'll come," she whispered joyously.

"Quack! Quack!" came from a pair of mallards, as they settled on the slough.

"Caw! Caw!" cried a couple of benighted crows, flying past.

"Croak! Croak!" said the frogs, beginning to tune up for their evening's entertainment.

Not cheerful sounds, you may think, but on that sunlit evening, they one and all sang to her waiting heart peals of hope, and joy—and spring.

Then joy upon joy, a meadow-lark (the first that year) stood up on a near-by bush, and trilled gaily forth a dulcet even-song of love.

"He'll come! I know he'll come." she murmured again, and fell once more to dreaming.

Just a year before, they had parted on this very hill; and then the hardy little crocus had nodded at them from every side.

"But you'll never do anything on that old place," she had told him scathingly, "your father never has, and he's been there for twenty years; and your mother worked and slaved to make ends meet, till she died of it—and now you want me to go there and do the same thing over again, I suppose. You know very well I like you better than anyone else, Will, but if that's all the ambition you have for yourself, and me, I guess I'm better off where I am."

A hurt look came over the young man's face.

"You know I'd do the best I could for you Caro," he protested, "and—and new methods—you know—"

"New methods," she scoffed, "get something to try your new methods on. Your father did the best he could, too, but what did it amount to? I tell you, Will, there isn't a living thing on that farm; and anyone else will tell you the same thing."

"But what else can I do?" asked her lover, doggedly, "I want to farm. I'm not one of those guys that are crazy to get into the city. I'd rather farm than do anything else, and I haven't any money to buy better land."

"And never will have, if you stay there," said his sweetheart, shortly.

"You mean—homestead?"

"No, I don't mean you to homestead—that takes too long; and most of the good homesteads nowadays are too far from the railroad. I mean, get out and work. There's lots of ways in this country that a smart young man can earn money in a short time."

Will didn't look very hopeful; but he was made of good stuff, and he saw that Caroline was right, as far as her side of the matter was concerned; therefore, he said goodbye to her, fully determined to try his luck in other scenes.

"And if I get along, why, you'll see me back again—maybe when the crocus comes out, next spring," and he swung away through the springing purple flowers, keeping his back resolutely turned towards the stone where Caroline—determined, ambitious Caroline—was crying her heart out in the fear that he would never, never come back.

"Car'line! Car'line!" she heard her father's voice in the distance. He had evidently come out of the haze of smoke and reminiscence, and wanted Caroline to come and do the polite by the well-to-do neighbor who had come to woo.

But Caroline could snap her fingers at them tonight, for the promise of spring was in her veins, and she remained on the hill until Mr. Hicks had gone grumpily down the road towards his prosperous looking farm.

"I say! What do you mean by traipsin' off that way when neighbor Hicks comes over to call on you?" asked the Captain sharply, when she appeared in the doorway.

"Why, he seemed to be pretty well entertained when I left," said Caroline, innocently.

"Now, none of your pretendin' Miss," said her father, looking rather sheepish, nevertheless; "you know, right well, I was only talkin' till you got them dishes finished, and could come and give us a few toons on the organ. I don't know what you have against Hicks. In my young days a girl would 'a' jumped at a chance like that—all that land, and a first-class house and all."

"But he's so old, father; and a widower with grown children, doesn't look very attractive to me."

"Old," roared the Captain, "why he's ten years younger than I be; and I feel as young as ever I did; and grown-up children's easier to manage than young ones. I suppose you're still hankering after that good-fer-nothing Will Winters. None of that lot ever was any good and he's the worst of the lot, going off to the dear knows where—and good riddance too."

"But," Caroline, interposed to stop this abuse of her absent lover, "what could you do, father, if I left? You don't care much for cooking." Caroline had a shrewd suspicion that the Captain had his eye on a comely widow, near town; but she also knew that as he would not like to mention this fact, he would have no argument to offer in refutation of her last remark.

To his relief, Jim, the hired man, came in from the barn at that moment, and put an end to the conversation for the time being.

The next evening was grey and dull, but Caroline hurried through her work, and ran up the hill to look for crocuses.

Grey and dull was the evening; and grey and dull the sky; while the spring wind of Saskatchewan howled dismally through the dusky willows that bordered the slough; where the waters lashed the shore in agitated gloom, which left no smallest surface, smooth and fair, where searching willow shadows might find rest.

Down on the ground crouched Caroline, and see, at last the furry feathery buds of the crocus, had pushed intrepidly through the chilly ground. But ah! tonight they brought no joy to her waiting heart. They, like the eve, appeared so grey; no hint of color spoke of blossoms soon to cheer the hillside with their bloom.

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"Quack! Quack!" came from a pair of mallards as they settled on the slough.

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"Croak! Croak!" said the frogs, beginning to tune up for their evening entertainment.

Ah! sounds, reverse of cheerful, how they sank, like leaden weights, into her very soul.

"He'll never, never come," she sobbed and the tears crept slowly down her cheeks, so pale in the gathering dusk.

"He's working on the C.N.R. out of Edmonton, his father told me, and he's sure to have met someone before this, who has become nearer and dearer than lonely, distant Caroline."

Where strayed that meadowlark, whose evensong of love, last night had thrilled her heart?

"What's the use?" she thought, "nobody wants me—except Mr. Hicks; and I might as well marry him, and be done with it. Then father can marry his widow, if he wishes and no one can say any more I'm waiting around for a man who doesn't care about me. I'll go right home now, and tell Mr. Hicks I've made up my mind to accept him," and she rose in grim determination, and went home.

In the front room, she found her father, alone, bending over a volume of "Bolton's Scouts," fearing no doubt, he might get rusty on facts concerning his pet subject of conversation.

"Where you been?" he asked, looking up.

"I just went up the hill to look for crocuses."

"Crow-cusses?" chuckled the old man, "no trouble finding crow-cusses this spring. They're buildin' all over the place. Never saw them so thick since the year after the Rebellion," and he went back to his book, still chuckling over his little joke.

"The crocuses will be out now," she said to herself as she hung up the dishpan, but she would not allow herself to think of the other possibility.

And the crocuses were out—hundreds and thousands of them, a perfect carpet of purply mauve, covering the hillside, and in their midst, on the old familiar stone, sat Will Winters, a very prosperous looking Will Winters, awaiting her coming.

"Hello, Caro'," he called, rising as she approached, "I thought you'd never come."

"H'm," sniffed Caroline, in a tone that belied the light in her eyes, "take some yourself, I've been up here time and again; and you didn't come, and didn't come—and I supposed you'd taken up with some bold thing up in Edmonton, and so—and so—" her voice trailed off in gloomy recollection—"and so," she began again, "I made up my mind to marry Mr. Hicks."

"Oh! Caroline!" there was a world of pained reproach in his tone, "how could you? That old hasbeen—and I never heard—and here I was working my fingers to the bone, trying to get some money to buy a farm; and now I've got a payment made on as good a quarter section as there is in Alberta; and I came to tell you I was going right on it to put in the spring crop; for there's a shack on the place, and a few implements, and I've got my old reliable team of plugs over at father's, and in the fall I was going to build an addition to the shack, and come for you. And you went and married that old Hicks."

Will sat down on the stone, and turned his back on her in a vain attempt to regain his composure.

Then the imp of perversity, which had taken possession of his sweetheart fled as precipitately as it had come. And Caroline knew from previous experience that there was room for two, on the old stone; so she slipped down beside him and put her head against his shoulder.

"I made up my mind to marry Mr. Hicks," she said, "but he hasn't been over since. I guess he doesn't want me very much; and father's going to marry the widow—and now you've turned your back on me," her voice trembled pathetically.

"Oh! you hateful girl," cried Will Winters, catching her in his arms, "to go and make me think—" but he never finished the senten

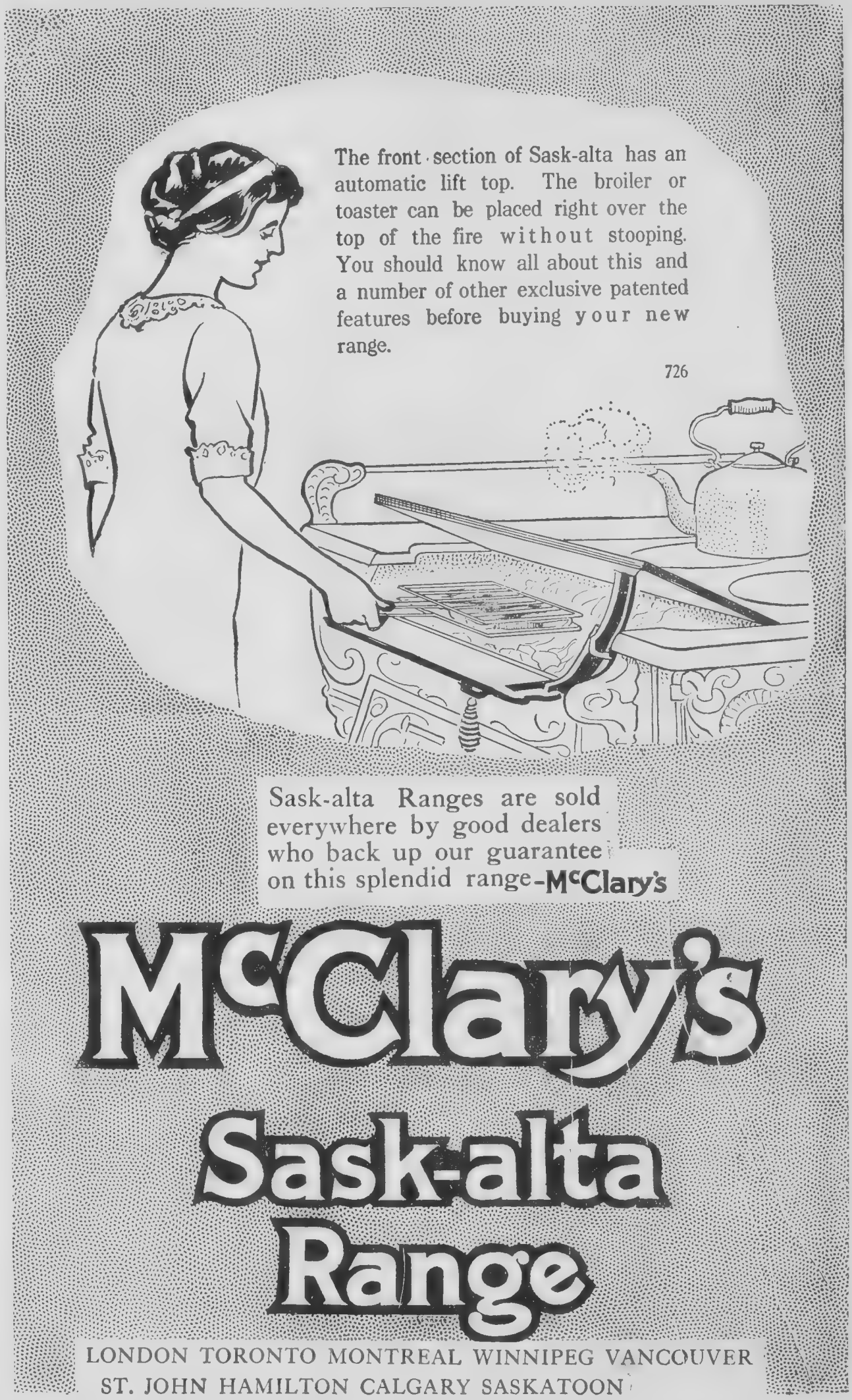
"Quack! Quack!" the drake on the slough called, reassuringly, to his wife, who had shown signs of agitation, as a crow flew over her nest, with a loud "Caw! Caw!" But the crow saw her not; he was flying back to his mate in the willows, to tell her how easy it was to dig up the wheat, which that stupid man had buried that day.

"Croak! Croak!" said the frogs, tuning up preparatory to serenading the lovers on the hill-top.

And then, on a wild-rose bush immediately behind the trysting stone, the meadowlark paused for one short moment, pouring forth his very heart in a dulcet evensong of love.

"Yes, sir," the Captain was saying to neighbor Hicks, as the two sat meditatively puffing their pipes in the front room, "some of those fellows in the Ninetieth Battalion from Winnipeg and the other regiments, had never been on a horse before, and I guess the journey to the front was no joke to them; but some of 'em didn't have to ride back; came back, after the battle of Batoche, feet first, stretched out on the gun carriages, with flags all over them—and was shipped east to be buried Guess they got a decent funeral, too, different to poor Thomas Scott in the first Rebellion—for they do say as no white man knows to this day where his body was laid."

And Mr. Hicks, looking out of the window, saw a couple coming boldly across the fields, and the man had his arm around the girl's waist; so he felt, did neighbor Hicks, that the Captain's tale of death, was but a fitting prelude to the funeral of his hopes.



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Flickerlight

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert.

ONCE upon a time, but not so very long ago, for this is not quite an ordinary fairy tale, a woman sat by the fire. A basket of mended socks and stockings lay by her side, upon the hearthrug; one of her hands was still gloved in the last stocking and the other, armed with a thimble and needle, was crossed over it. Outside a cab had just rattled by with a theatre-fare and the rain murmured the water song in a low, crooning patter.

Inside, the little castle of coals had just collapsed with a tiny explosion at the very minute when the clock on the mantelshelf struck twelve, and because the oil in the lamp had waxed low, the flickers of the disturbed embers danced like flitting coons over the ceilings and the walls, over the bent, grey tinged head of the woman darner, and across the little table set with cloth and laid out with a simple supper.

Perhaps it was because all fairies—real fairies, and dream fairies love midnight, perhaps, too, because the woman had been up early and was very tired, and her boy, for whom she would always wait up was often late in coming home o' nights, her eyes closed, but though she was asleep she still saw the room in its flickering lights and shadows.

And in sleep one sees, of course, lots of strange things without thinking them strange at all, and so it did not strike her as anything frightening or much out of the ordinary that at first dimly, and then quite distinctly, she became conscious that something or some one occupied the other chair by the fireside. The personality seemed half-unknown and yet half-familiar to her and while her mind was busily running over likenesses to persons whom she had known since long ago in childhood, and passing up the years, the figure spoke.

"You are trying to identify me. You are right to hunt the long ago, but not among your friends—Mother."

"Mother?" echoed the woman in wonderment. "I have never been a mother except in longing or in my dreams. This, my son, for whom I am waiting tonight, is a foundling, a foster child."

"Nevertheless you are my mother," reiterated the figure. "From your womb I came, as also did those whom I will show you now."

"Nay, do not mock me, a poor, barren, wasted life;" moaned the woman, but even as she spoke a tiny hand laid hold of her own, gloved in the stocking. Wasted, shrunken, and crippled it was, yet, as it rested on hers, it vibrated with passionate entreaty.

Looking down, the woman saw beside her a wizened elf-figure, with clothes half made, having in the grim, upturned wistful face a promise of beauty, belied by long set-up disease.

The garments the child wore had been of careful cut and fashion, but they were torn and pinned loosely together, showing glimpses of bare skin and bone, for the creature was very emaciated. There was about her, too, a vague atmosphere of scare, a wild pleading for self-expression and development balked, which, child though she seemed, appeared to have been hunted and starved out of her, but was not even quite dead.

The creature gazed up mutely into the eyes of the woman darner.

Just in the flickerlight they looked at each other, the woman and her elf-child.

"Speak," said the figure in the chair opposite, and the elf-child spoke.

There was something strange, rapid, hopelessly intense, in the manner in which she said:

"Mother, have you forgotten me quite, quite? Cared for at my birth eagerly tended and nourished, fed and clothed, and then left and forgotten. A life given birth to and then neglected all these long weary years of waiting. Was it right, Mother?"

The woman started, drew back from the child-speaker, then stooping, lifted the frail little creature in her arms, and looking through it into the fire was silent, while something of dawning remembrance moved in her heart. "You are alone?" she asked at last. "You have been quite utterly alone since you were born, did you say?"

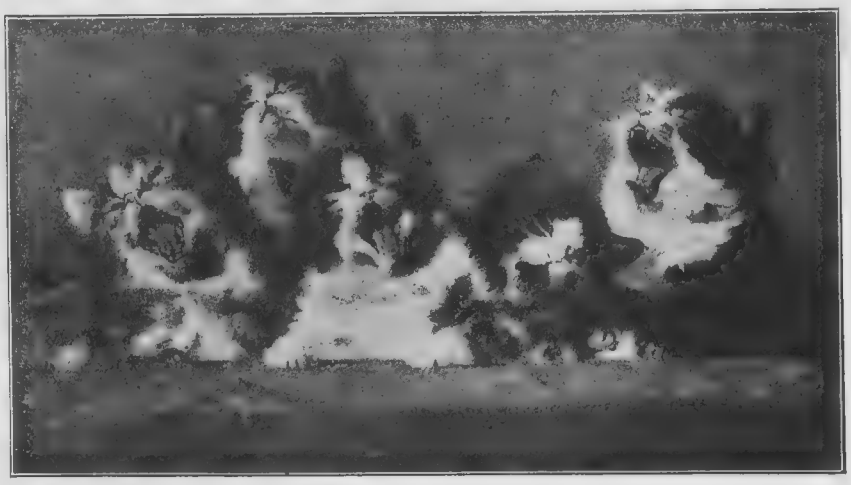
"I have sisters, said the child, but they have been abandoned like me, very early. We have all been forgotten by our Mother."

And as the woman steadily looked at the firelight, the living, dying flames that leapt and danced before her eyes, a procession of little elf-children, many of them beautiful, only each one despoiled by disease, sorrow and neglect, passed across the hearthrug from the darkness where the flickering flame did not reach on the one hand to the same shrouding darkness of the opposite corner.

And as she watched, sorrow, remorse, vague and uneasy, settled down in her heart, and tears came into her eyes, so that she saw no more the elf-child on her lap nor the figure sitting on the opposite chair. She saw only a blurred mist of flame-edged crystals, dancing, wheeling and turning in the flickerlight, and the voice that she heard seemed to come from far away, but it's sound was like the voice of the cinders when they move closer together to whisper confidences as the flames dies low.

"Oh, Mother," she heard the voice say; "Mother who, always longing for a child, has bemoaned fate and beseeched for long years that the gift of motherhood might be yours. Does not something stirring in your heart tell you that we are your offspring. You have thought us, caused us to be, all of us, but for me alone have you cared long enough to bring to strength and usefulness. All these others you have created, and neglected. Think, a mother who has brought up her tender care but one child in so many. They were all God-given children, they might have been doing all these years such great and good things in the world, if you had only been a mother to them always."

"Why do they not die?" moaned the woman, gazing at the fire, but seeing it not. "Surely it were kinder for them—to me."



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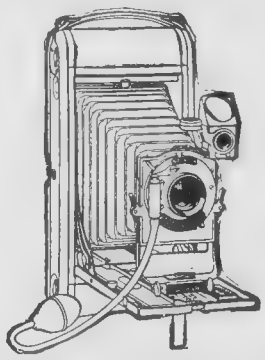

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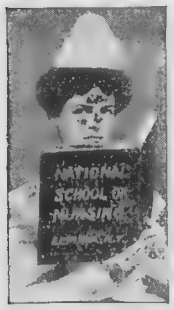

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"They do not die because they cannot, they can only suffer, for no single spark of good can die once you have given it birth," said the voice.

"And these are?" questioned the woman.

"Thought lives," answered the voice. "Listen, long years ago you read in a paper that some poor woman in a certain workhouse needed a piano. You read accounts of their sad, grey lives, you even went and read for yourself on their faces that life had given them few golden sunrises and sunsets to remember. And the thought came to you that, with a little personal trouble and patience and labor, you could bring a little gold dust to lay upon the drab and the grey—could bring a little music into lives deaf and dumb with sorrow. Eagerly you set about doing this, but after a little you dropped the idea. Other matters came uppermost; you said: 'After all, it isn't my business any more than that of anyone else. Somebody will do it and do it better than I could. I'll let things be.' And the thought-life, to which you had given birth and then abandoned, was the elf-child who was seated on your lap ere now, and asked: 'Have you forgotten me quite, Mother?' Dimly you knew that you had not forgotten—only neglected."

And the woman covered her face with her hands, for her heart told her it was true.

And when at last a cab stopped outside her own gate, and a latch turned in her door, and the son for whom she had been waiting up entered, the room in darkness except for just a dim flickering of firelight.

"Why, Mother!" cried the youth. "It's ever so late, and you've dropped asleep."

"It was rather walking than sleeping," answered the woman, laying down the stocking, the thimble and the needle, replenishing the lamp, and uncovered the little supper. "And—and I haven't been lonely, for I've been seeing things and hearing fairy stories in the flicker-light."

"You ought to go out, Mother. You live too much alone, that is why you see things," rejoined the lad.

"Yes," said the woman, with a peculiar smile, which had more of hope and resolve than of sorrow in it; "yes, that's why."

The skipper of the Lone Star. See the thread of the camera over the left foot.

From Shadow to Substance

Written for the Western Home Monthly by W. K. Spence.

IT was the old Schoolmaster that told me the story!

I was on the bandcourt of the exhibition, listening to the band, and watching the crowd, a crowd of smart city people, with here and there a group of country folk. I noticed it was the country folk that seemed to appreciate and enjoy the music most, a thing easy to understand, when one knew, that almost every village round about had its local band, and that every village played the role of critic to the rest. The military band was playing a selection of old tunes, when I noticed him first. There was something vaguely familiar about the old man, as he sat with his back towards me, and I was idly wondering who he was, when the band drifted into an old familiar tune. I saw him straighten up and listen as if entranced. When the music died away, and before the crowd had time to applaud, I saw him raise his hat. I did not need to be told why; the whole action was filled with meaning, that old song was for some reason sacred to him; he could not applaud it with the crowd, so he raised his hat.

A gentleman rose from the seat beside him; my curiosity being aroused I went forward and took the vacant seat. I recognized him then, it was my old schoolmaster. He was looking tired, so I persuaded him to come over to the Exhibition Club, and on the veranda, watching the crowds, he told me the story.

"Well," he said, "It's just like most stories. It's about a girl and a boy. They used to come up to my place for lessons on the fiddle. I had told the boy, when he said he would like to come on Thursday nights, that I had a pupil already that night. 'I know, sir,' he said, 'but I thought it would save time for you, if you could teach us both at once. And then I saw how it was, for the girl, my other pupil, was what people sometimes call, 'a boy's girl.' Aye, she was a merry sprite, that girl, bubbling over with love and mischief. Her face was, what a painter would call perfect, with just enough tan to match the golden sheen of her red hair—and the boy—well—I suppose I should call him just common-place, only, somehow, I don't like that phrase, because there's always something, even in the humblest of us that's different, and I found out one thing in which that boy was different, before I had finished teaching him his fiddle.

"I gave them the usual lessons at first, and then set them to learn one of the old songs, the girl picked it up quite readily, but the boy was slow at first, always striking a wrong note, but he stuck to it doggedly. I suppose the girl helped him there, for she laughed at him sometimes, and no boy likes to be laughed at by a girl. However, there came a night when he played it without a fault. I have heard many good violinists, some who could almost make their fiddles speak, and some who were merely good technically, but the boy lost himself in the music. He had unbounded faith in himself that night, and it seemed to me, that the soul of his fiddle came out in response to the faith of the child. When he finished he looked at the girl, but she appeared to be watching the moonlight out of the window, then he looked at me, but I did not speak. There seemed nothing

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'nt "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking,

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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to say. You know there are times like that, when the highest praise you can give is just to be silent.

"After a while I wanted the girl to play, but she shook her head, and stood looking out of the window, until the boy had finished his exercises, and was ready to go home with her. Well, they came to me until they were able to tuck their fiddles under their chins and keep the dance going with the best of them, but the boy only once touched the strings of his fiddle as he touched them that night, when he played his first tune without fault, only once, when he was playing for a higher stake than the village people knew of.

"But, time passed, and the boy grew into a man. He went to work in the paper mill in the valley, hard work it was, but it did not spoil him. He gained the best that the experience of manual labor teaches a man. He left the rest, you see the dirt sometimes gets deeper than the skin, but the girl apparently only saw the soiled hands, and the working clothes of the mill-hand, for she gave him the 'cold shoulder,' and went her own way. It wasn't exactly a pretty way either, for my thinking although it appears to be common enough now," and he pointed to the crowd, girls and youths, who were parading up and down, out to see and be seen. "She was just like most of these," he continued. "She staked everything on her personal appearance, and left the things that matter, just to occasions when she was in the mood for them. She wanted a short cut to the best in life, but the village gossips didn't see it in that light, to them she was a 'brazen-faced hussy.' I suppose they were right, too, in a way, but the girl didn't mind, she used to put on extra 'airs,' and hold her head a bit higher when she passed them, she told me she liked to see the way they turned up their noses, and their disdainful frown, when she passed down the street. 'It's as good as a play,' she told me laughingly, 'with me as the she-villain of the piece'.

"And so she went her own way, apparently enjoying it to the full. It was her summer-time—as well as the summer-time of nature. I remember, one evening, I was among the fields, looking down the valley. It had been a hot, sultry day, and there was a mist rising from the ground. There was one field of corn on the slope of the hill, yellow and ripe, and I remember I was watching how the mist was reflecting on itself the coloring of the corn, until the whole scene seemed to be touched with gold, and at the magic of the mist, the big trees and the houses lost their bold outlines and took part in the illusion. I was standing, half dreaming I suppose, lulled by the silence of the summer night, when I became aware of somebody near, and I saw two youths and the girl. One of the boys pointed to the mist, colored by the reflection of the harvest fields, and then he touched her hair. I saw her laugh and then, with a sudden gesture, she slipped off her bonnet, and let her hair tumble down, till it almost touched the corn. A goddess she looked like then, a goddess of the harvest or of some old Pagan Myth. 'They were comparing my hair to the mist,' she said, 'but I think I win. They cannot catch hold of the mist, and——kiss it, but you see, they can touch my hair'.

"So, she made the most of that golden autumn, until I suppose, at every gathering of the young chaps, where the beer and the wine had been going round a little too freely, someone was always sure to put up as a toast the name of—Katie Buyers, the red-haired girl.

"You've heard your folks speak of the winter of 18—, the year of the Black Plague; aye! there were few balls or merry nights in the country-side that winter. I remember old Tom Morrison telling me, that the best of the girls in the finishing house at the mill were taken away, and the men had to give up their brothers, and the chums they had played with at school, for there was never a house in the village but had the blinds drawn in one room to keep the light from the tired eyes of those who were down with the small-pox, or the black plague, as the people called it.

"There was silence in the village, these days, only a night you would see groups of people returning from the woods bringing with them dead branches and broken trees. They made bonfires on the streets at night. They thought the smoke from the fires would help to kill the germs of the plague that were floating in the air, but it was not till the spring came when the warm sunshine flooded the countryside and purified the air, that the black shadow that had lain in the valley all winter went away.

"It was the roadman that brought me the news. I was in my garden, when he passed along on his way home. 'Well, John,' I said, 'any news today.' 'Aye,' he replied, 'there's other three folk down, that's the first for a week tho', I was hoping it was away now, but—' and he shook his head. I was waiting for him to tell me, but he was looking down the road, strangely silent. 'My mother's down this time,' he said at last, 'an' the postman.' He was moving away then. 'And who's the other one,' I asked him. 'O aye,' he said, over his shoulder, 'it's young Katie Buyers.' I went down to their cottage that week. Her father was standing at the gate, taking his smoke. 'Well, how is she,' I asked him. 'The doctor's in there now,' he replied, 'we'll see what he says.' I asked him who was nursing her, for her mother had been dead long since, but the old man said he would manage himself. Then, after a while he told me, she had been speaking about me, when the fever had touched her brain. She wanted to go up the hill, for her lessons on the fiddle again, but he told her it wasn't the night. 'You'll be needing some messages in thro',' she asked him next, and when he told her, no she said she would have to go out, anyway, for Jimmy Cuthbert was waiting on her, 'and he's been waiting a long time now,' she said.

"The doctor came out shortly after, and told us he thought she would pull through. 'But she'll need careful nursing,' he said, and turning to the old man he asked, 'Do you think you'll manage?' 'Aye,' he replied, 'I'm her father, the rest are only neighbors.' I went up the road with the doctor, and he told me the plague was dying down. 'Not before time,' I said. 'No,' he replied, 'not before time.' I nodded 'good night' to him and watched him along the road, a brisk little man, who had done his

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"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend wanted her coffee to look—'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years. I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous."

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"There's a reason" for Postum.

duty and more to the countryside that winter, but I noticed, his hair was greyer than it had been when him and I had played, the winter before, on the same rink at the curlers' pond.

"It was two or three weeks after, that the doctor came to me. 'I want your help,' he said. 'The girl's had a relapse, she was doing well yesterday, but today she appears to think it's not worth while living. She asked for a mirror last night, and they gave it to her, and so this morning when they told me, I tried to reason with her, and told her to forget these things and try and fall asleep, but she only buried her head in the pillows and said, 'I can't, doctor.'

"So we went down the hill, the doctor and I, and went in to see her, but it was no good, we could not cheer her up, as a last resource I asked her: 'Would you like to see Jimmy Cuthbert?' 'Oh, no,' she said and buried her face in her hands, but after a while she called me to her side. 'Yes,' she whispered, 'tell him I'd like to hear a fiddle again'."

"So, I went with the boy that evening. They did not speak much. After a while she whispered something to him, and the boy took up his fiddle and played." The old man paused for a minute, and sat looking out beyond the crowd. "I remember," he said, "how the smell of the wallflower seemed to drift into the room, and the songs of the birds calling to their mates, and the fresh air of the spring time, with it's promise of hope and a fuller life, and through it all, like a voice pleading, went the melody of the boy's fiddle. It was not till he had finished, that I realized he had played the first tune they had learned together, the tune he had played without a fault, years before. When I looked at the girl her face was bright, and there was a different look in her eyes, but then she raised her hand and touched her scarred cheek, and the old hopeless look came back. 'Hand me a mirror, Jimmy' she said—but he went down on his knees beside her. 'Won't my eyes do instead,' and so she looked at him, with her hand resting on his head, and you could see a look of rest and contentment coming into her troubled eyes, then she smiled faintly and lay back on her pillows, 'I think I can fall asleep now, Doctor,' she said."

The old man filled his pipe in silence. "Were they happy together," I asked him. "Oh aye," he replied, "happy enough."

He rose to go. I shook hands with him absently and watched him go out into the crowd. The band was playing the National Anthem, but the old man did not raise his hat.

Flower Arbor in course of completion in front of Women's Building, Victoria, B.C. Fair Grounds

Young Astor was made to Toe the Mark

Young Heir to Millions Followed a Vigorous Educational Curriculum

Recently Vincent Astor spent the greater part of an afternoon in visiting the public schools on the lower East Side in New York, says the "New York Sun." Before the visit ended it became evident that the young man, supposed to have been reared in a manner that would not bear down too onerously upon him, had had a pretty stiff curriculum to follow in his educational programme. He watched boys during a play interval at basketball, baseball and putting the shot and saw they enjoyed it.

"They made me do many things not near so pleasant for exercise," said Mr. Astor. "At school I had to drill with a wand from 12 until 12.30 every day, and I didn't like it a bit. These boys get exercise and the kind of exercise they like. They wouldn't let me have my choice, or I would have been at something just like this."

Mr. Astor is not the only son of very wealthy parents who had to "toe the mark," so far as conformity to a set scholastic system was concerned. Among the more prominently known American families the private tutor and the "velvet" system have been the exception in the training of both boys and girls. The better known preparatory schools long ago made it a rule that under no circumstances would the wealth or station of those attending exempt them from every detail of the regular routine. In many cases—as is natural—pleas have been sent home to have things made easier, but as a rule the parents of the elder generation made up their minds to have their children bow to proper discipline in the same manner and degree as their school associates.

At a very popular Boston preparatory school, however, not long ago, a boy of fifteen refused absolutely to join in a surveying trip that had been made part of the curriculum for those who were entered to take a course in civil engineering at the university. The school officials communicated with the refractory boy's father. Over the long distance 'phone the boy declared he could never agree to tramp up hill and down dale measuring things and carrying rods and poles. Even the thought of it made him disgusted.

The boy seemed to have won the battle, for, after the telephone talk was over, he grinned at his preceptors and made no preparation to join the surveying party in their trip. He explained to chums that he was going to leave the school, as his father had 'phoned him he was coming on to take him on a little jaunt. The school officials left him severely alone, and this the boys could not exactly understand.

Next morning just before the young surveyors started out the refractory son was surprised to see his father step from an automobile that had met the early train. He wore a khaki suit and looked altogether like a man ready to rough it.

"Hello, son," he said to the wondering boy, "run into the school and get on your rough work togs. We'll need them for the next week."

"Why, where are we going, father?"

"We're going on a week's jaunt with this surveying outfit. I went on the same jaunt from this very school just twenty-one years before you were born. Folks used to say I was a first-class surveyor and civil engineer. I lay all I know to the start I got here. Come along, son. You'll carry the pole for me."

And the Parson Passed On

"And what are you here for, my friend?" asked the visiting parson of an inmate of a reformatory.

"'Cause I can't get out, thank you," replied the victim.

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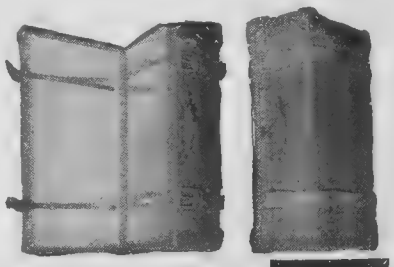

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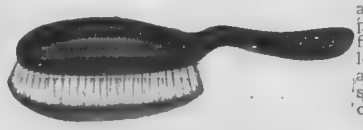

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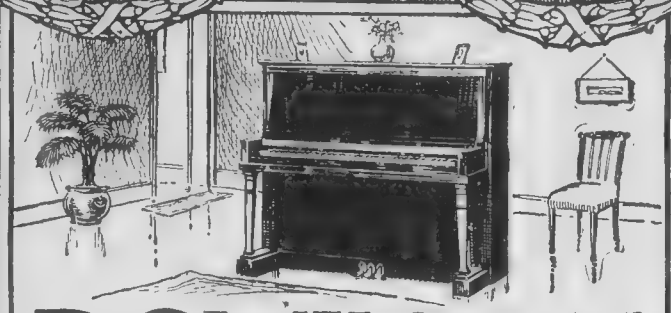

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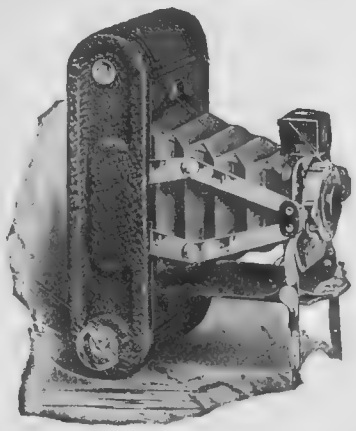

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A Battle with Wolves

Written for the Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

A True Story of a Canadian Boy's Pluck and Bravery.

IN THE early days of the Canadian settlement there is little doubt that genuine wolf tragedies occasionally did occur, though in our days such a thing seldom or never happens. If by any chance, a woodsman is reported to have been killed by wolves, there is usually some explanation. For instance, the belated traveller hears the howl of a single wolf enhanced by the echoes; he at once concludes that a pack if after him, while in all probability the wolf is only voicing his praise to the aurora bora, or calling up his chums. The frightened woodsman hastens to climb a tree, and before he has time to realise what is happening becomes dazed with the cold and finally falls from the branches senseless. The wolves, of course, eventually find his body, and the grim remnants they leave behind are discovered by some other woodsman who reports the calamity as due to wolves.

In the great National game reserve of Algonquin, in Ontario, I have many times heard wolves quite near to me at night time, but the forest rangers and other woodsmen who find their way into these uninhabited regions seldom take any notice of the brutes. They know that the timber wolf, like other highly intelligent animals, is extremely inquisitive, and will often follow a man at night time out of curiosity. I remember one night in particular. It was dead of winter, bitterly cold, and the moon was brilliant. My partner and I were both armed with rifles as we made our way along the lake margin, and we knew that the gleam of the moonlight on the barrels of our rifles was quite sufficient to keep any wolves at bay. Suddenly we heard the full-voiced hunting cry of a pack somewhere ahead of us, and words cannot describe how ghostly and queer it sounded breaking in upon the intense stillness. The wolves came nearer and nearer, till all at once the baying ceased.

"They've caught sight of the deer," remarked my companion, for wolves always cease to give tongue immediately they see their quarry, finishing the chase in silence. I nodded, but presently we heard a faint rustling in the timber belt by which we walked. Then came an enquiring "gurr-wuff," repeated three or four times, and we realised that the wolves had ceased their baying because they had seen us, and that they were now following us along the margin. Of course it would have been unwise to have gone into the dense timber where they were, and presently, as they became bolder, we moved further from the timber and heard no more of them. I may add that I have spent months in forests where we heard wolves almost every night, and yet on only four occasions that I can recollect have I seen them, and on each of those occasions I was out with a party intent on shooting wolves, and the animals were following a carefully laid blood trail.

Genuine wolf tragedies do sometimes occur, however. There are exceptional wolves just as there are exceptional men, and sometimes a bold old weir wolf will gather round him a pack of exceptionally bold followers, who soon earn for themselves a bad name. It was a pack such as this that some years ago terrorized a certain valley in New Brunswick. The leader, curiously enough, was a white wolf with brown fore-quarters. The story went that this animal was not a pure bred wolf—that, indeed, he was one quarter dog and the rest wolf. This was highly probable, since the Indians make a practice of tying out their dogs to breed with the wolves, so as to produce a thoroughly hardy strain of sled-dog.

At any rate, the news reached Francoise settlement that a wiry little French guide had been attacked on the trail by wolves, the leader (the brown and white wolf) leaping on to his sled and making frantic endeavors to detach the load of caribou meat.

Immediately a wolf scare followed. The children were packed off to school in sledges, guarded by their elders, and the old priest spent much of his time persuading mothers that there was no real need for alarm.

About four or five miles out of the settlement a widow lady named Stockdale, and her three children lived in a tiny wooden shanty by the shore of a small lake. The eldest of the family was Joe, a lad of about eighteen, then came Ruth, aged fourteen, and William who had only nine years to his dignity. These people had lived in the forests all their lives, and had little fear of wolves. Joe was the bread winner of the family, and worked at the sawmill for a miserable pittance on which they managed somehow to exist.

It was drawing near to the close of winter, and the wolf scare was almost forgotten. Joe returned home late one night to find his mother poorly. William had been out to chop the firewood, but he was only a very small fellow and had not chopped enough, so after his supper Joe took up the axe and went out, William accompanying him to help carry the wood.

The two crossed the lake, and were busily at work when presently William ran back to his brother, carrying wood with one hand and pointing with the other. "Joe," he said excitedly, "I'm certain I saw a wolf sneaking through the underbush towards me just now. Look!"

He was still pointing, but though it was brilliantly moonlight Joe could see nothing at first. Then he discovered a faint shadow moving along the edge of the bush towards them. It was a wolf without doubt. The brute strolled out into the moonlight and regarded them curiously. Then Joe saw to his horror that its coat was shaded with brown! Quietly he took up his axe, and clenched William's hand.

"We'd best get out of this," he muttered. "I don't like the looks of that brute."

A beautiful Orchard near Victoria, belonging to W. Palmer

"Throw the axe at him," suggested William. "That will fix him."

Joe had more sense, however, than to deprive himself of his only weapon. He hurried out of the timber into the open, where he felt sure the wolf would not follow. Just across the expanse of snow gleamed the homely lights of the shanty, where all was comfortable and safe, and Joe had never heard of a timber wolf that would approach a lighted hut.

On this occasion, however, he was dealing with an exceptional leader and an exceptional pack, and what was his dismay when he saw that not only the brown wolf was following them but also four exceptionally large companions. The brutes were drawn out in the shape of a crescent behind and on either side of them, and in the moonlight Joe and William could see the sparkling crystals of ice in their coats. The two at once quickened their pace, when suddenly the piebald wolf which was on their right, bounded forward and got between them and the cabin. William gave a cry of alarm and gripped his brother's hand tighter. Joe raised his axe in readiness, and shouting at the wolf kept on straight ahead.

To their horror the brute would not move. It stood directly in front of them regarding them wistfully, but as they drew nearer its mane rose menacingly on end. In the meantime the four remaining members of the pack had seated themselves in a circle, cutting off every way of escape, and from their attitudes Joe could tell that the brutes were desperate and meant business.

They were now, however, within a hundred yards of the cabin, and putting his hands to his mouth Joe shouted to his mother to bring a torch. William was shouting at the wolves with all the lustre of his healthy young lungs, and fortunately their cries reached the shanty. The door opened and their mother appeared, holding aloft a flaming torch of hemp soaked in resin. On sight of the wavering light the wolves drew back, and in two minutes the two had safely reached the cabin.

But not by any means was their adventure over. No sooner was the door closed than they distinguished the sound of muffled snarls outside and the patter of moving paws. Evidently the wolves were taking stock of their stronghold. One of the brutes leapt on to the roof, while another sniffed noisily round the edge of the window.

A few words of description concerning the shanty. The window consisted of an eighteen inch square cut in the log wall, and over this aperture was nailed a stretch of transparent skin, which had been buried in hardwood ashes to take off the fur then cured in soft soap. The door was made of cedar logs nailed together, and instead of being hung in the ordinary way was pivoted at one end. There was no bolt; it was secured by means of a stake, placed at an angle between the floor and the lower batten. The only invulnerable part of the whole abode was the chimney, which was built of stone, Joe's father having been a mason by trade.

Joe wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and piled more wood on the fire. William was kicking at the door and shouting in the hope of driving the wolves away.

"Mother," whispered Joe, drawing her aside, "it's that brown and white wolf what near finished Perrie, the musher."

The widow looked more alarmed than ever, and lighting three candles placed them on the window sill, whereupon the sniffing round the framework ceased. Almost immediately, however, one of the wolves started scratching at the door, working with such savage energy that the heavy structure vibrated. They could hear the brute tearing away great pieces of wood and bark with its teeth, then there was a low growl, and apparently the other wolves joined it. The hubbub increased in volume, and for some minutes it seemed as though the animals would tear the door down. Then one of them returned to the window, and deliberately tore away a portion of the parchment. The cold night air wafted into the cabin, making the candles gutter and smoke.

Things were now beginning to look very ugly, and those inside the cabin knew well that there was small chance of outside assistance coming. Joe had long intended buying a gun, but his meagre savings had never quite run to such extravagance. Bitterly he regretted it now, but never had they contemplated such a contingency as this.

"Mother," he said presently, "I'm going out to make a fire. Them brutes mean tearing the hut down."

"You stay right here," his mother advised. "They'll go away presently."

"Will they!" answered Joe significantly. "They'd have gone away before if they meant leaving us."

With this he snatched up a burning faggot and holding it in his right hand and the axe in his left he went outside. The wolves retreated at once, and scraping away the snow Joe shouted to the others to throw out some kindling. They did so, but as he stooped to lay the foundations something leapt from the shadows, dashing the burning faggot from his hand. It was the dreaded brown and white wolf!

Joe slammed the door, then stood with his back against the wall, his hunting knife in one hand and the axe in the other. The plucky boy had made up his mind to fight it out with the wolves there and then, rather than take the risk of the brutes breaking into the shanty and killing those for whom he felt himself responsible. His mother shouted to him to come in, but he shouted back that they were to keep the door closed, and that he meant "learning them wolves what they were up against."

Nor had he long to wait. The wolves opened the attack almost immediately, snapping savagely at his legs and wrists. His mother and the two children listened with thumping hearts to the scuffle outside; they heard a dead thud, a whine of anguish, then Joe's voice muttering—"That's finished him." They heard, too, the metallic snap of powerful jaws as the wolves leapt time after time to the attack, only to meet the heavy edge of Joe's axe or to come violently in contact with the wooden walls of the shanty.

How long the struggle lasted they did not know. To them it seemed an eternity. Suddenly they heard a low groan, and Joe's voice whispering hoarsely—"Mother! Mother!"

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Heedless of the risk she was running Mrs. Stockdale threw the door open, and found her son creeping through the snow towards it on all fours. At the threshold lay the limp body of the brown and white wolf, its skull broken, while a little distance away a second wolf sat disabled on its haunches, whining miserably. The remaining three had drawn off to a respectful distance, and with savage side glances were watching the fainting Joe.

William snatched up the axe, and with angry cries ran towards the wolves. Fortunately he had kicked off his snowshoes on entering, and did not get far. Ruth and Mrs. Stockdale hastily dragged Joe into the house, and shouting to the hot-headed William, fastened the door. Finally the wolves dispersed, but not before they had dragged the remaining parchment from the window and eaten it.

Poor Joe had been horribly mawled and mangled, his wrists, chest, and face to this day being covered with scars. But thanks to his mother's care and the gentle hospitality of neighbors he finally recovered, and now suffers little from his terrible encounter.

A bounty of two hundred dollars had been subscribed for the scalp of the piebald wolf. Joe got it. Also when at length he returned to the sawmill, some weeks later, the manager said curiously: "Sorry we haven't been able to keep your job open for you."

"I hardly expected it," Joe answered quietly.

The manager looked at the boy's disfigured face and at his crippled hands. "Think you could manage to run the launch with those hands of yours?" he enquired. "There's four and a half dollars a day to it, and it isn't heavy work."

"Guess I can try," answered Joe.

This is a true story, and one of the few authentic cases on record of timber wolves having made an unprovoked attack upon man.

Cranberry time, on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

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The Thanksgiving Sermon

Written for the Western Home Monthly by S. Jean Walker

"I've naught to thank the Lord for," said Abijah with a groan.
"I've labored late and early without gaining much, I own."
"Nothing to thank the Lord for? Why His love is with us still,
And every promise He has made, He surely will fulfil."
So spoke his aged mother. She had proved this love for years,
It had blessed her in life's gladness, and cheered her through its tears.
"Count all your blessings over. There's your wife, a bonny dear,
Who makes our home an Eden—loving, toiling, year by year.
A wife like yours, a blessing great, that God grants in this life,
Then, thank the Lord, and pray that you be worthy such a wife.
And there's your child, your only one, your chief delight and joy,
Greater than all earth's riches vast you hold your precious boy.
Then, you've health and manly vigor, no lack of brawn nor brain,
Your name—it was your father's—has been ever free from stain.
The air you breathe, the water pure, are gifts of God to men.
I understand your shrug, my son, well do without them, then.
The song of birds, the grass, the flowers, the fruitful vine and trees.
They're common things, but wondrous things, just thank the Lord for these.

"Be thankful for the winter's cold, as well as summer heat.
And for blessings often hidden in some cherished plan's defeat.
You're smiling at my preaching. Well, it's homely, but it's true;
Then, thank the Lord for common things, these gifts thy days renew.
And though the fields have yielded scant, there's food enough and more;
And, remember, son, the message that the Psalmist gave of yore.
'I've never seen the righteous forsaken.' So he said,
'Nor his seed,' we'll trust this promise, 'nor his seed a-begging bread.'
Give thanks for peace that rests today o'er all earth's wide domain.
May love now be the motive power, nor nations strive for gain.
Be thankful, too, for mother's love, that ever stronger grows;
You've been a loving, loyal son, full well your mother knows.
And thank the Lord for that great gift—immortal love divine.
And trust Him for the future, nor ungratefully repine.
Consider all your mercies, and let disappointments go;
Your blessings you will ever find, outnumber every woe.
Serve God with loving, thankful heart—such service is sublime—
Until we hail the resting hour and bid farewell to time;
To enter, then, that home prepared, where we at last shall rest.
With Christ, our Lord, forever in those mansions of the blest.
There, now, my sermon's finished. Your mother's had her say:"
He kissed her lips and whispered low:—"We'll keep Thanksgiving Day."

The Twelve Little Broilers

A Tale of the South, by Annie Warner, Author of "A Woman's Will."

IT was because Mr. Craig was a Northerner and didn't understand. It was because he was a newcomer and had not yet learned. It was because he looked to the law, and knew not that another and higher law was prevalent in that vicinity.

And so he had Uncle Peter arrested for the theft of the twelve little broilers—and so Uncle Peter went to jail. The pity of it!—the sadness of it!—but it is only the story of it which I set out to tell.

Uncle Peter was a darky—a very old, white-haired, white-bearded darky, who had lived all his life upon the same land and served the same family well and faithfully. The land was the Fenway land, and the family was the Fenway family, and the ties which bound Uncle Peter fast in his fealty were of a quality which no Emancipation Proclamation could affect in the slightest degree. Uncle Peter bowed his head and said "massa" just as humbly and reverently in 1900 as he had said it in 1850, and the stately old gentleman whom he thus addressed was as great in his eyes and as worthy of admiration as ever. Uncle Peter had seen the war drain all the young blood out of the family, and had seen the great estate become a waste and then dwindle away; he had seen the effects of the war slowly but surely absorb even the shadows of the one-time glory; he had seen all the joy swept out of life, had seen the colonel surrender every last atom of luxury, had seen the colonel's sister—Miss Nancy—become frail and tottering long before her years of age; he had seen the great Hall—called The Fens—reduced by fire to one wing, had seen the stables reduced to one mule, had seen the corps of twenty house servants, and the farm equipment of some seventy hands, reduced to himself. And through it all his faithfulness had gone unchanged—his courage had never wavered. On the contrary, the unvoiced tenor of his spirit's song was a complete contentment that he had been the bearer—or sharer—of all the burdens, and now at seventy-five he still labored as patiently and willingly as ever from dawn to dark, and sometimes before and after.

Uncle Peter's labors were very arduous. When one is the sole survivor of nearly a hundred pair of hands, and when the traditions of the whole hundred are the very bone and sinew of one's mentality, the result is apt to be productive of work. To be sure, the thousand acres had shrunk to five, and the Hall was only a remnant of what it had been, but Uncle Peter took no account of that. The small strip of land which ran from the highroad in front back to the little "branch" at the foot of the slope was still an estate in his eyes, and the poor old building whose scars were mantled by merciful ivy, and whose roof his own hands had patched within and without time and again, was as nobly "the Hall" to him now as it had ever been in the days when the pile of stones in the potato patch fifty feet from the side wall had been part of the chimney piece in the gorgeous "yellow damask drawing room." The delicate old lady who wandered among the roses like some wraith of past beauty was as fair for his sight as she had been before the loss of her father, her lover, and two of her brothers in the same battle, had turned her hair white in a single week. And as for the colonel!—well, when it came to an expression of opinion as to the colonel, Uncle Peter could only lay his hand upon his heart and be silent—and whomever he was speaking to divined and respected.

In the years that had passed since the war the evergreen hedge which had bordered the house and kitchen gardens had grown high and thick, and it may be divined that the life led behind its interwoven branches was one of proud and pitiful privation. Only Uncle Peter—and God—knew how pitiful. Often and often the meals which he served with stately precision were so slender as to be a mere farce in their serving, and one winter—one bitter win-

A Highland Shepherd and his peaceful surroundings.

To wake up on the installment plan

Big Ben gets you up *on the installment plan*, a little at a time, by ringing every other half minute for ten minutes, so you'll wake up *gradually*. Or he'll do the whole job all at once, with one long, straight, five-minute ring.

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Big Ben attends to his own business and helps you attend to yours by getting you and the farm hands out early.

Then he sticks around the house and keeps time all day for the women folks so they can have your meals on time.

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He's triple-nickel plated nd so handsome you'll want to keep him in the parlor instead of a bedroom.

Stands seven inches tall from the top of his head to the tip of his toes; has big, easy-winding keys, large hands, and big figures that you can read at a distance on dark mornings, and is built of good implement steel so he'll last for years. He's doing this kind of work in 3,000,000 American homes today.

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ter—it had come to pass that every morning when he tapped at his mistress' door with the provision of morning fire, she had invariably refused it, saying that it was not needed. That had been the lowest bottom touched. The Fenway properties had been shrinking in ratio with the Fenway lands for years. The rise of mighty fortunes is always starvation somewhere, and the many must each surrender a little—or all—to make a millionaire. There was a gigantic and admirably calculated railway deal—and old Colonel Fenway gave up cigars henceforth. There was a Wall Street coup—and Miss Nancy refused to have a fire in her bedroom that winter. Uncle Peter was never present at the reading of the mail, and would not have been able to connect the receivership of the "O and B" with an emptied purse if he had been, but he realized that winter that the moment had come for him to act, and as soon as the spring allowed of new enterprise he set about meeting the wolf at the door face to face and battling with him to his finish.

When Uncle Peter instituted the poultry yard he knew exactly what he was about. Perhaps it was more instinct than reasoning which guided his actions, but whichever it was, he comprehended that under the conditions failure would be out of the question. He knew that the people at the university cherished the deepest affection and respect for his beloved master and mistress. If he did not word it so within himself, he nevertheless understood perfectly that there was not one among them who did not—out of the gracious sweetness of their courtesy—give to his "family" their old position with a sincerity which counted itself honored in the giving. When—on the first Monday in each month—Miss Nancy was "at home" to her friends, the old man—dressed in his best and officiating as butler—observed with pride the number and quality of those whom he announced. He knew that only the most inclement weather was ever allowed to interfere with that reception. Everyone who could possibly manage it never failed to take the four-mile drive once a month just so as to shake hands with the "dear old colonel" and to sit for a few minutes beside Miss Nancy—Miss Nancy, superb in her grandmother's real lace collar, her great-grandmother's pearl comb, and a silk brocade whose darns were too many to be noticeable. The atmosphere of past splendor was too strong for any of its witnesses to ever be able to devise a way to somewhat ameliorate the present hardships. The wall of pride was as close as the wall of evergreens. Kindly impulses and friendly bits of help saw no possible way to offer themselves, and stood in the outer darkness of despair.

All this Uncle Peter intuitively understood and took into consideration in the institution of his poultry yard. It cannot be said that he builded better than he knew, but he certainly built as well as he knew and—up to the episode of the twelve little broilers—the end certainly justified the means.

Uncle Peter did not live under the roof of his master except in a figurative sense. He resided at the foot of the slope in a small cabin which had served as part of the laundry establishment in the good old times. The Federal troops had burned the outlying servants' quarters, and the winters since had done away with those of the house people, but Uncle Peter's home had been left intact, and he there lived happily with his seventh wife and his five youngest children. The domestic experiences of the old man had been varied; one of his wives had gone north and written for him to join her—an invitation which he had never for one instant contemplated accepting; another was married to someone else in the vicinity. Not that any of it matters.

His cabin was pleasantly situated only a few yards from the shallow little stream. It was an ideal spot for the cultivation of anything, whether faithful devotion or chickens. Uncle Peter did both, and Heaven blessed his efforts.

Every Wednesday and Saturday anyone riding or driving along the pike at eight in the morning would have encountered the old man and his youngest son, Aurora Borealis, on their way with a choice array of the finest poultry snugly packed in the bottom of the wagon. Such turkeys! such capons! such fat young roosters! And—be it added en passant—such prices!—for Uncle Peter's offerings were bargains and nothing else. No market could possibly enter into competition with him, and no market

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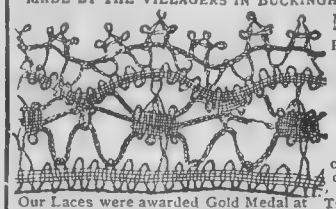

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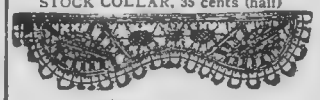

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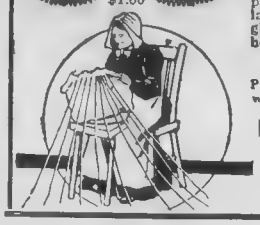

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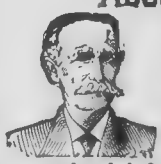

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man ever attempted it. The university was admitted to be his and his alone; no one there ever bought poultry of anyone but Uncle Peter, and Uncle Peter never sold to anyone except the dwellers on "The Lawn." No difficulties ever arose, no one ever cavilled, no one ever complained when Uncle Peter—generally most scrupulous—got his orders mixed and handed over the turkey which he had abstracted from one coop to the owner of some other chicken establishment. The unwritten code decreed that when one missed a pair of fowls those identical fowls should be delivered—all dressed—by Uncle Peter upon his next trip; but sometimes—under stress of haste or other contingencies—interchange occurred which among a less kindly disposed community might have caused difficulties to arise. Not so here, however. The mistress merely summoned her cook and commanded her thus: "'Liza, you go all along till you find where Uncle Peter left our four pullets, and tell whoever has them to give them to you and tell you what they paid for them." The result was always fully satisfactory, and Uncle Peter was never allowed to suffer a moment's uneasiness over his little mistakes. His poultry yard was a great success, and its revenue kept the Fenway family and their dependents.

It was the third summer after the inauguration of the enterprise that the Craigs came down from Washington and leased the pretty little house which lay just between The Fens and the corporation limits. Mr. Craig had come from his own northwesterly point of the compass to do some business in the nation's capital. When he had discovered that the business would keep him there for six months at least, he had written back for his family—the same consisting of a pretty, sweet-faced little wife and an adorable baby; and then when Washington had become unendurable (as Washington has a way of becoming about the middle of May) a kind fate had led them to hear of, and then to rent, "The Primroses." The place was near enough for Mr. Craig to get to it for Saturdays and Sundays, and it was far enough away for Mrs. Craig and the baby to consider themselves in paradise. They had a man, and a maid, and a cow, and a garden. And then—as if there was to be no limit to country joys—they bought a hen and her brood of twelve downy chicks, the cunningest "pure-breed" yellow puff-balls that the Craig baby had ever toddled after.

Mrs. Craig was as happy a disposition as ever absorbed sunbeams straight into its composition. Her husband, her baby, her home, her cow, and her chickens all filled her, each with its own variety of individual bliss. The university ladies coming out to call upon the stranger were charmed and delighted at her enthusiasm. They made her cordially welcome to their circle, they praised her to one another; they did more, they praised her to Miss Nancy on the occasion of their next ceremonious presentation there, and Miss Nancy's interest was awakened to such an extent that she expressed a desire to have Mrs. Craig call upon her. The lady to whom her wish was made manifest stopped on her way home to tell the recipient of the invitation what honor was in store for her. She told her who and what the Fenway family were, and how much a courtesy from them meant. She omitted no detail of the past grandeur in her recital, but—because she was Southern and understood—she slurred over all the reverse of the shield, saying not one word of the poverty and only one carefully casual word as to "reverses." The stranger within the gates listened with deep interest and came nearer understanding than might have been expected. She accepted Miss Nancy's kindness in the most reverent manner, and passed the intervening weeks in trying to imagine how it would all be. Being herself thoroughly democratic, her very heart was thrilled over the prospect of meeting the lord and lady of The Fens, and not even the disappearance of her hen and that hen's progeny upon the eve of the long-awaited day had the power to dampen her pleasurable anticipations.

The next afternoon when—after a mile's drive with her friend beneath the hot sun—she found herself in the avenue of gigantic elms, and then in the somber hallway of the old, old mansion, her modern — and Western — emotions rose so tumultuously as to almost choke her. She could not see the ancient manservant who was bowing low as he drew back the drawing-room portieres — she hardly heard her own name as he announced it—but she never in all her after life will forget the wonder of that lofty, tattered, shabby room with its splendid portraits and mirrors, its ragged cornice and shattered cutglass chandelier, its miserable furniture, and—in the midst of all—the stately old gentleman advancing to greet her—the delicate, cameo-cut features of the invalid who, from her chair by the screened fireplace, smiled a welcome with a smile that ignored its own surroundings completely.

An 80-foot laying house on the Dominion Live Stock Inspector's Farm near Victoria

The day was long past when wine and cake and all species of sweets, homemade or "sent down," could be offered to the visitors in that room, but no one thought any more of that than of any other ghosts which slipped about among the throng. The conversation was pleasant, kindly in its tone, broad in its spirit; each received the same welcoming look, each left with the same cordial invitation to return. The choke in the little stranger's throat grew all the time and swelled to tears when she stooped to make her adieus to the chatelaine in the big chair.

"Oh, I wish I might do something," she cried, irrelevantly, impulsively, to her friend when they were in the carriage and driving away from the great, pillared entrance. "Can't something be done? To be royal like that and have to live like that! I think it's awful. Why can't some help be given them?"

The friend laid her hand gently over the intertwined and trembling fingers.

"My dear child, no one can do anything," she said: "that is the hardest problem of life—to minister where pride and privation go hand in hand."

Nothing was said about the poultry yard because a tacit interpretation of the doctrine of noblesse oblige always suppressed all mention of Uncle Peter's scheme of industry.

Mr. Craig—coming down that Saturday and bringing another man with him —was regaled with the whole tale.

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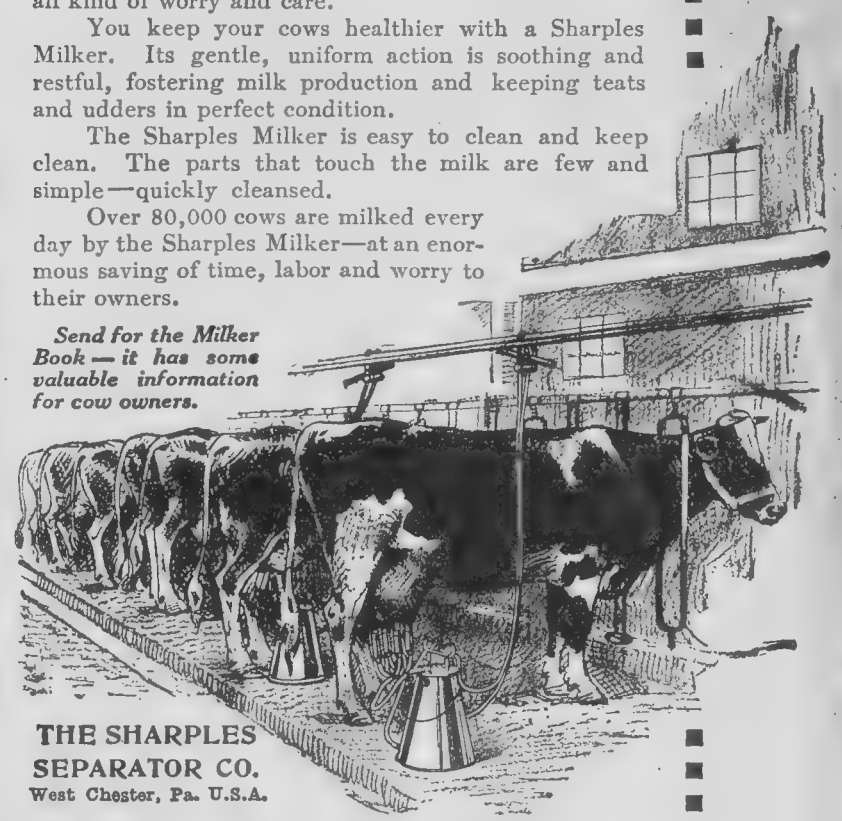

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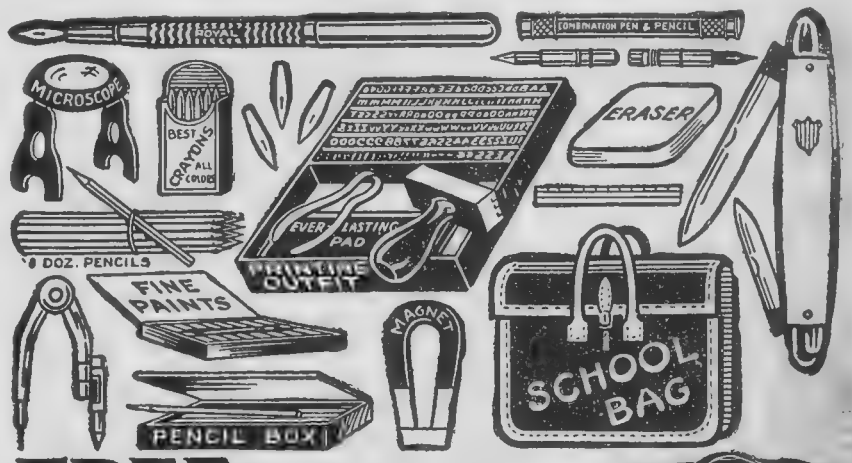

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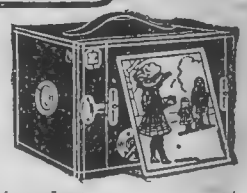

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WINNIPEG

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
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After his wife had relieved her surcharged heart as to The Fens, she remembered the disaster of the hen and told him that, too.

"Wasn't it too bad?" she said. "They were growing so fast. In another week we would have had twelve nice little broilers."

He laughed and kissed her. And then he had the horse put in the surrey and they all went to drive.

It was on their way home that the first act of the drama of Uncle Peter occurred. As they were skirting the foot of the slope behind The Fens (without knowing that The Fens were anywhere in the vicinity) Mrs. Craig gave so sudden a cry that she woke the baby, who had fallen asleep in her arms.

"What's the matter?" her husband exclaimed, turning quickly.

"The chickens!—our chickens!" she cried, pointing, and—following her indication—Mr. Craig looked and saw in the edge of the wood a hen and her family—the latter being unmistakably the twelve yellow balls which four weeks' good living had developed into twelve lively, long-legged, promising "broilers." The chimney of a cabin showed through the treetops, but Mr. Craig did not stop for that. He handed the reins to the other man, jumped out, grabbed the hen and threw her into the surrey, and then, twisting the lap robe into an improvised sack, gathered six of the chickens into it with a rapidity which was marvelous.

Just as the seventh embryo rooster flew through his rightful owner's hands with a piercing squawk Uncle Peter appeared in the edge of the wood. Uncle Peter's face was a study of complete bewilderment as he perceived what was transpiring.

"Wha' yo' doin' da'?" he demanded. "Wha' fo' yo' kotch dem chick'ns?"

Mr. Craig never stopped to consider why the face before him looked vastly aggrieved and not in the slightest degree ashamed.

"You old thief!" he cried, shaking his fist vigorously at the patriarchial form. "I have your own admission of your own guilt, and you are going to hear from this."

Then he got into the surrey and drove off, leaving Uncle Peter gazing after him more in sorrow than in anger, and totally unconscious that he had meant anything serious by his angry words.

But poor old Uncle Peter learned his mistake most miserably soon, and that through a combination of disasters such as rarely concur in this world—thank Heaven. On Monday morning the train which should have carried Mr. Craig and his friend to Washington was rendered two hours late by an accident. Mr. Craig—very much annoyed at the delay—decided to stroll around town instead of pacing the dirty platform. During the stroll he encountered and recognized Uncle Peter, come in town early to make some necessary purchases. Mr. Craig had his friend—who had heard the sinner admit the sin—right beside him, so that he was in a position to swear out a warrant and have it executed at once. Uncle Peter went to jail on default of a very small bond (for the magistrate understood even if the plaintiff did not), and Mr. Craig, having seen the trial set for the date of his next home-coming, placidly boarded the train and went on to Washington.

On the Mount Robson trail, showing an adventurous lady member of the Canadian Alpine Club.

It was to Aurora Borealis—who had accompanied his father to town on that unlucky day—that the trial of returning alone and recounting what had occurred fell. The effect was harrowing enough, Uncle Peter being the mainstay of two families, and the colonel finding the sum total of his ready cash somewhat below the sum total of the bail. The last of the Fenways was too proud to go and borrow, and there was not time to enter into any very extensive transactions for raising money. The noon hours of the ill-fated Monday passed unimproved, and the absence of their butler did not inconvenience his master and mistress in one way, for it took away all their appetite for the meal which he was not there to serve.

It was a very warm day, and the air was heavy and suggestive of approaching storms. Mrs. Craig, finding the baby unable to sleep as usual, had just brought her out upon the shady lawn and begun to amuse her by throwing rose leaves into her hands and tossing her up among the white syringa branches when the solution of the problem loomed suddenly before her eyes. I say "the solution of the problem," because such was the real truth, but Mrs. Craig, not knowing of the existence of any problem, was naturally not seeking its solution, and did

not know exactly what the thing at her gate might be called. She felt that at some period of the world's history it must have had a name—but what?

It was a most ancient and curious affair; a species of wicker bath chair mounted on ridiculously small wheels, the spokes of the latter being slender to a most alarming degree. The long, curved shafts which coyly embraced the mule who was the motive power were also exceedingly fragile, and the footman's seat behind was as delicately poised as if designed for a fairy. It bore a large, covered basket carefully tied upon its support, and the basket's twin hung under the shaped swell of the seat.

No one could blame Mrs. Craig for standing still and staring open-mouthed upon this strange relic; but the next minute she was very nearly stricken senseless by seeing no less a personage than Colonel Fenway getting out of the dilapidated old rattletrap. And such an astonishing Colonel Fenway, too!

An old and torn straw hat, torn and ragged clothes, patched blue overalls, cracked and gaping boots, dirty hands, a shambly, stoop-shouldered walk.

Mrs. Craig stood motionless. She was sure it was the colonel, and she could not grasp any clew to the call and the costume.

He was unfastening the straw basket on the footman's seat and did not turn toward her until it hung upon his arm. Then he advanced, hat in hand, smiled a little, and addressed her in the broadest negro dialect.

"Yo' alls want ah buy any chick'ns tah-day?"

Poor little Mrs. Craig, with the glamour of the lofty remoteness, the exquisite courtesy, and the entourage of shattered grandeur still fresh in her mind! But her intuition guided her eyes away from the face of the old gentleman, and she tried not to stammer as she said:

"Why—have you any to sell? How much are they?"

"I do' know, ma'am. The colonel—Colonel Fenway—y' know?—he ask me will I tek dese heah chick'ns 'roun' fo' him. They done 'res' his man Peter an' he ain' got no way 'a get 'em to folks. I do' know nuffin 'bout 'em mahseff."

Mrs. Craig felt a painful stab of apprehension.

"Who arrested the man?" she asked.

"I do' know, ma'am. I do' know nuffin. The co'nel, he ask me will I tote 'em 'roun' fo' him, 'n' I done say I will."

Mrs. Craig glanced toward the gig and saw a hand like oldest and smoothest ivory lying on the reins. Her heart was in her throat.

"Let me see the chickens," she said unsteadily.

The colonel removed the cover.

There lay the six of her twelve little broilers whom her husband had not been able to catch. She gasped. It all swam suddenly across her mental vision.

"Will—will the old man be put in prison?" she cried, in great distress.

The colonel towered up to his full height.

"He is in prison, ma'am," he said, clearly and distinctly, "but he will not sleep there tonight, be assured of that."

Mrs. Craig caught up the baby and moved quickly away.

"Just wait until I get my purse," she said, thickly, and then she went into the house.

"I haven't any change," she said when she turned a minute later. "but here's a bill. Won't you ask the colonel to credit me with it and let his man supply me regularly with poultry? I'll keep these now."

She put the bill into his shaking hand without lifting her eyes to the face above again. He set the basket down at her feet.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, very simply, and went out and drove back in the same direction whence he had come.

An hour later she saw him again, dressed in his usual garb, and driving the old wagon in which Uncle Peter was in the habit of conveying himself and his wares about. He was evidently on his way to rescue his faithful servant, and that he was successful was evidenced by their return together just at sundown.

Mrs. Craig had two of her little broilers for tea that night, and the evening she spent in writing to her husband. As a result there never was any trial. Mr. Craig withdrew his accusation and made Uncle Peter a handsome present to atone for the injustice perpetrated when he had him arrested for chicken stealing Uncle Peter bore him no malice whatever; on the contrary, he felt a gentle pleasure in being able to return good for evil. And this was how he did it.

The accusation was withdrawn Friday afternoon, and that night the hen and the six remaining chickens disappeared again.

"Never mind," Mrs. Craig said, laughing, as they stood by the empty coop Saturday morning; "we understand now."

But they were not prepared for the magnanimity of the next development.

Just as they were sitting down to dinner Aurora Borealis appeared in the dining-room door which opened on the garden. He had the covered basket on his arm.

"Mawnin'," he said, with a bow that echoed the colonel's own. "My daddy say yo' please akeep dese heah chick'ns wid his compellments 'n' they ain' no—bill—on'—'em."

They opened the basket and saw the last six of their little broilers laid out therein upon a bed of cabbage leaves. Mr. Craig gave the small darky a quarter, and did not trust himself to look at his wife until both had heard the clicking of the gate.

Then:

"Well, love?" he asked, pointedly.

"I'm just a jumble of conflicting emotions," she confessed.

"I own to similar sensation," he said, patting her cheek, "but pull yourself together; we must become acclimated—that's all."

Shade-Bearing Plants

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

The number of evergreen plants that will flourish beneath the shade and drip of deciduous trees is very limited. This applies not so much to those shrubs that are used to form an undergrowth in woods as to those that may be used in the garden or park, in such positions as beneath some fine specimen tree on the lawn, or in other places where the ground beneath the trees has become bare. Perhaps the most difficult trees to get anything to grow under are beech and horse-chestnut, especially where the branches come down low. The plant most used for this purpose is the ivy, the more robust kinds, including the common or Irish ivy, growing almost anywhere. Ivy, however, forms a somewhat level and monotonous ground covering unless some plants of the arboreal or bush forms are used as well. The creeping forms must be watched and prevented from climbing up the tree trunks, ivy having in time a harmful effect on the health of the trees upon which it is allowed to grow.

Where no other plant will grow the common aucuba should be tried. However poor the soil may be and shut-in the situation, if any plant can live there, the aucuba will. Of course, it is a splendid shrub in any position, notwithstanding the objection that some people have to its "fat look and yellow spots," an objection about as sensible as that to the scarlet geranium because it is "red and common". Of all the good plants that we owe to Japan, Aucuba japonica is certainly one of the most useful. Rhododendron ponticum does not object to the shade of trees, and I have seen it largely used to furnish loosely treed woods, large clumps of it being planted here and there. When in flower, the purple blends well with the green of the trees. The hardy bamboos are also excellent for undergrowth, and although they have not yet found much favor for this purpose, wherever they have

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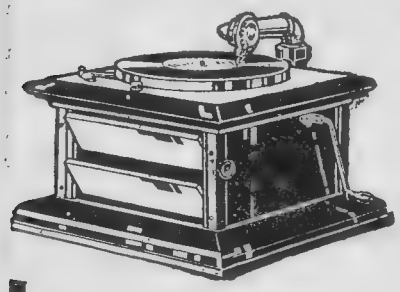

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been tried they are a success. In the depth of winter, when vegetation generally is looking its worst, the hardy bamboos, such as metake, simoni, viride glaucescens, and flexuosa look their brightest and best. The lower growing species, such as veitchii pumila, fortunei, and palmata, are really good cover plants.

The shallon (Gaultheria shallon) is a good-natured plant, which may be planted either in a position exposed to full sunshine or in one where the shade and moisture would satisfy a todea. In woods where the sun's rays cannot get through the canopy of leaves above, I have seen shallon looking its very best. Once planted it is quite capable of looking after itself. Some of the hardy heaths may also be used, but they require a fair allowance of light. There are several daphnes—one especially, D. Laureola—which grow well under the shade of trees. The good-natured furze should not be overlooked. Hollies also are suitable for undergrowth among tall trees. Berberis aquifolium is almost as good for the purpose as the aucuba. The common laurel also deserves mention in this connection.

also quite at home on a dry bank, though it will flourish better where the soil is rich. The hart's tongue (Scolopendium vulgare) on moist soil is excellent, especially where it does not get damaged with freezing east and north winds, which turn the large fronds brown. Even beneath evergreen shrubs that have become leggy, and which for various reasons it is not desirable to move, this plant will grow well. Another useful group is the many forms of shield fern (Polystichum angulare). These remain evergreen during winter until just before the new fronds appear in spring. The largest fronded varieties are the most useful.

Artemus Ward and a friend were one day discussing sacrifices when the friend asked the humorist: "Don't you think, for instance, that if a war should break out we should be willing to sacrifice our relatives for the sake of our country?"

"Yes," said Ward. "I'd be willing, for the sake of my country, to sacrifice all my wife's relatives if need be."

Punch Bowl Falls, G.T.P. Railway.

The butcher's broom (Ruscus aculeatus) is excellent where a low-growing plant is wanted, as it seems constituted to stand anything in the way of drip, drought and shade. It is advisable to plant good-sized clumps, as it is of slow growth, and if small bits such as some nurseries send out are used, they take a long time to produce an effect. Where the shade is not dense, and where there is some protection from cold winds, the Alexandrian laurel (Ruscus racemosus) is worth using. The foliage is bright light green, and the plant grows about three feet high with graceful arching shoots. These are valuable for cutting for decoration, as they have something of the appearance of a bamboo. A third member of this family is Ruscus hypoglossum, which grows only about six inches high. There are places in most gardens for which it would be suitable, spots that are always bare, not noticed, perhaps, so much in summer, but very obtrusive when all around is leafless and dull. Some of the hardy ferns are excellent for this purpose. The common polypody (Polypodium vulgare) will grow well in ordinary shade. Under elm trees it does splendidly; it is

One Day

We know not when, we know not where,
We know not what that world will be,
But this we know, it will be fair
To see.

With heart athirst and thirsty face,
We know, yet know not what shall be—
Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of His grace,
Beyond all prayers our hopes can pray,
One day to see Him face to face—
One day.

Christina G. Rossetti.

It's an overcome sooth
For age and youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,—
That the dearest freends
Are the auldest freends—
And the young are just on trial!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Canoe of the Kwakiutls

Written for Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.

Photographs by the Author

The canoe builder of the Kwakiutls.

"If a light canoe will build me; build a swift Chemaung for sailing." So sang Hiawatha from the pencil point of the inimitable Longfellow. We had paddles in the result, the birch bark canoe, than which there is no more unstable craft afloat. We had used the cedar board canoe of the white men, the big punt like canoe of the Mississippi, the Kootenay canoe—a canoe with a deck running down from the front gunwale right to the water—a sharp pointed ram it looked but it was excellent for going against swift water upstream. We had also seen the "spoonbill" of the Skagits, a long shallow skimming dish, well adapted for crossing the shallow overflowed fields—flooded when the dikes break. Then, further north on the Yukon, the river men used the big "Yukoners"—wide long basswood and cedar craft built in Ontario. The Hudson Bay people are also using a craft after this order. But where was there a canoe suitable to go up and down the misnamed Pacific Ocean in that turbulent sea?

In many a fiord and inlet of the long tortuous Pacific Coast dwell the remnants of the Coast Indians. Some of these are Kwakiutls. We were excavating for relics of some of the tribes that have passed and left no sign for fully two hundred and fifty so called tribes or clans or phatriss out of four hundred have ceased to exist. Outside the crested billows of the storm-tossed Pacific hurled their "white squadrons" on the beach. We had heard the winds howling all the night long and knew that the ocean must have been a wild place last night, our sixteen foot cedar board canoe that lay beside us on the beach would have been but a shadowy plaything in the storm's awful grasp—no place on that wild sea for a canoe.

"What is that?" called Fritz above the booming of the gale.

Canoe partly cut out of log.

"That" was a long black object that rose and fell with every giant sea. Through the glasses "that" was a Kwakiutl canoe that had come down the "outside passage" from the Queen Charlottes. The natives had sent their craft far out into the ocean so as to be right in the path of the homing seal. In their thirty-

Building cedar log canoe for ocean work.

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Flooded ditch lands, with "spoonbill" native canoe in foreground.

five to forty foot craft—for so it looked to us—they had slept and ate and fished and hunted for almost a week, always out of sight of land. You ask do these big, dry, heavy log canoes ever upset? Yes they do, but what of that, it is a rare occurrence, as the little squat fishing Indians can "paddle splash" the tops of the combers out as fast as they come in. Even if it does go "callipie" as they say, all the occupants swim like seals, and what do you think the big high bow pieces is there for? True, it does break the oncoming seas and throw them aside but it is also an excellent thing for a swimming Indian to throw himself astride of when the canoe is upset and right the craft by this big natural handle. So the big black object passed on up the "straits," all the occupants but three were cuddled down asleep—one held the sail sheet, one steered and the third one paddled on either side when needful. It is truly a wonderful craft and a clever tribe that owns it—come with Fritz and I and see one built.

This invitation will keep you walking for about a week, for it took us some six days to walk along the coast. True, we did linger by the way and stare our eyes out at herds of sea lions on the "mating rocks"—at sulphur bottom

Old Coast man, "Klootchman" woman, and finished canoe.

Forty-foot Canoe.

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whales sending their clouds of exhaust up out of the sea. Of huge blackfish and plunging "killer whales" and big sluggish brown bottom feeding sharks. Of twenty thousand salmon swimming imprisoned in a "salmon trap"—said trap was at the end o' a halfmile long fence of huge fir trees—just the trunk of the trees—that had been driven by powerful piledrivers into the bottom of the sea out to where the water was about one hundred feet deep, all this had been hung with wire nets and all the tops were bound together by "stringers" nailed there — two inch planks—making a most insecure sort of walk (or creep as you will see) along the top. The boy dared me to go to the "spiller" net at the end and see what was in it. The first few yards where the piles were in shallow water was not at all bad but when we got out into thirty, forty, fifty, sixty feet of water the whole long "fence" swayed and swung with the tide until it seemed to want to shake us venturesome mortals off. Several times we saw sharks, we knew well, for we had dissected the big shellfish eaters, that they were not dangerous, but still the never-ending sinuous roll of that long row of piles was nerve wrecking in the extreme—at last we reached the end and crawled out on the cap of the "spillers." What a sight was there! truly this was the largest aquarium in the wide world. Here was a cotton net guarded pool forty feet square and forty feet deep that held some of all the fishes of the sea—fully ten, fifteen aye twenty thousand salmon swam in a ceaseless circle about that watery prison. In and about them glided all manner of strange things—ribbon fish with a six foot cord swaying behind it—angry snapping sea-lions, killing and maiming many a salmon out of pure rage—huge wing-finned rays, or giant skates that "flew" as it were through the mass—down in the silvery ever circling throng a dark body showed occasionally, a big ground shark—dogfish, ratfish, herrings, wolf-fish, halibut, cod, mackerel, culican, squid, devilfish—all in a giddy eyestraining swirl—for an hour we swung there some thirty feet above the sea—as the tide was running out—then with cautious handgrips and prehensile like feet we made that awful half mile over the swirling tiderips along that trembling "two-by-six"—back to the good old solid earth again.

Somewhere in the mighty forests that clothe this Northern Pacific Coast had grown for one, two, three, four, five hundred years a trim clearbarked cedar, now at full growth a very giant among vegetables. We have seen these trees so big that a fully grown man with arms outstretched would have to measure hand to hand six to eight times about the trunk to circle it, this would give you a tree of twelve to fifteen feet diameter—too big for our canoe, one about two hundred years old and five feet through will be ideal.

First of all came two young men of the "Illahie" or fishing village and the "stand" was cut. This is a niche in the tree some six feet from the ground to slip the "standing board" into. This puts the woodcutter above the twisting fatty butt of any of the various fir and cedar trees, then the keen axes soon cleared out the cut that would direct exactly where the tall straight tree should lie when it fell. Then with sharp-toothed saw and constant oilbottle the downfall is speedily accomplished and the mighty bole falls with a noise like thunder. There may be one, perhaps two lengths suitable for canoes in this fallen monarch. They are speedily measured, cut, rolled and propped up on skids and, if the wood is dry enough and old enough, the old men gather and begin to wrest, actually wrest from the great log the shapely canoe. The old builder that we pictured had but a single-tool, a rude edge of home manufacture with which to build his craft. When we first saw it the shaping had been done on one side, showing the big knots and swirls in the wood. Every morning, after this ancient man had bathed, just about sunrise, he plodded over to the shore and began hacking at the cedar log. Hour by hour, day by day, week by week he toiled, until in the fourth week he had it shaped both in and out and partly "dug out" for no other word suits his patient hack, hack, hacking. Several more weeks were spent with white hot stones and newly sharpened adze until with finger and thumb pressed against the inside and outside of the log he could tell it was all about one inch thick—nowhere had he broken through the wood—everywhere it was smooth, well rounded and fairly well shaped—of course it had poor bearings, as these craft always seem to me to slide down a wave sideways in the trough of the sea, instead of keeping their gunwales level as does the white man's canoe.

So the weeks ran into months and the old man's patient work was nearing completion. He leveled off the bow and with infinite pains chopped out of an arched or bent piece a "deerhead" bow. This he fastened with big spikes to the level part then he and his withered old "Klootchman" smoothed it all over with mussel shells and bits of glass until it really looked spick and span—big as it was. Three rude thwarts were nailed in, half a dozen sharp pointed cedar paddles were made and the big war canoe was ready—for what?

Alas that the white man with his dreadful "firewater" had ever appeared upon the scene—look at the last illustration of the canoe the old man builded. See the little lad perched upon the bow—the grandson of the old man by one of his numerous wives, not all alive at the same time, for this old tribesman had buried many a Klootchman. After all his months of toil, after careful stroke and patient effort the canoe was manned by his son and the son's wife and two Indians of a neighboring tribe. Off they set across the Sound to buy the inflammable stuff called whisky on the Coast. On the return voyage the son was killed by blows from the bottle, the body being at once thrown overboard, then the defenceless "klootchman" was attacked and killed by a rain of blows from the paddles—all this was done in full sight of the wide-eyed youngster crouching in the bow—the canoe was next run ashore and a shallow paddle-dug grave soon hid the body of the women, then the murderers pushed the canoe out into the tide—and a beneficient providence guided it ashore safely—and in the same little sound-side town that sold the Indians the liquor sentence of many years imprisonment was passed upon them, but the real murderers, the illicit liquor sellers, went unpunished.

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On Skees for the Doctor

By Frederic Brush

MARTIN finished the new skees at noon, and ate most of his dinner while he was fastening them on. And all that afternoon he skimmed over the fields about his mountain home in an ecstasy of joy. The skees of straight-grain white ash took a polish quickly, and grew faster with each descent. They were perfectly balanced and curved high at the front, and he could take the drifted stone walls with a long skimming leap that almost made the heart stop for the fear and joy of it.

He was a twelve-year-old athlete, trained in the incessant activities of the farm and forest. Sweeping down at the house with the speed of the fastest train, he would stop within a few yards, or swerve with an exultant cry close by his doubtful, watching mother, and go on cutting long curves and leaping the half-buried fences to the lower edge of the clearing.

Sheep farming progressing in Manitoba. This flock was photographed near Gladstone by Mr. Jessop, the well-known photographer of that town.

About four o'clock Martin saw his father with Jim, the hired man, driving home from the mill. Martin planned to take the road with a flying leap just under their noses, as they turned in toward the barn.

The effect was greater than he anticipated; he had left the horses out of his calculations. One was a colt just being broken, and the other was not low-spirited. When that strange, long-footed, flying figure passed with a shriek before them, the colt leaped across the back of its mate, and together they swerved and crashed through the fence and over the wall into the barn-yard below.

Mrs. Baird was quickly there, and heard her husband's repeated cry for help from under the entangling wreck. As they dragged him out a red trail followed upon the snow. He was tightly clutching his left arm at the elbow, but the blood was dripping fast from his finger-tips.

"The axe caught me somehow," said he. "I had it on my knees. Slit up the sleeve with your knife—quick, Martin, and let us see! I bled frightfully in there before I could get hold of it. I feel weak—I feel weak."

As they bared the arm, a stream of bright blood spurted high, and falling, left its spotted stain upon the snow. Martin and Jim jumped back, amazed and speechless. The mother reeled in a half-faint, but braced at her husband's sharp words.

"Martin! Jim! Help me here— can't you? Quick—grab the arm above! Not so tight! There's the vessel. So—hold steady."

By their many hands the bleeding was again controlled, but the father lay outstretched with white lips. Recovering slowly, he told them how to knot handkerchiefs and tie the upper arm, but the artery spurted again, and only the hands seemed to control it.

"Get on the colt, Martin, and go for the doctor," said Mrs. Baird.

"The doctor passed us going up the valley to Gray's over an hour ago," said Jim. "He'll be coming down about now. If we could head him off—if we could head him off! If we don't, it'll be hours before we get him here."

"Run down the mountain, Martin," said the father, "by the old log road and Clancey's clearing. Start slow; it's the finish we want—the finish. If you miss him, take Clancey's horse and ride. Where are you now, boy?" he cried, sharply.

Turning, he saw Martin strapping on the skees. "Take those things off!" he commanded. "Haven't they done enough for one day?"

For answer, Martin glided from the yard and dropped like an arrow down the long barn meadow, and took the drifted wall without a touch of the pole. He swayed badly in mid-air, and the watchers held their breath; but he righted, and was on like the wind into the slopes and curves of the lower clearing.

Here was work for the best skee-rider—stumps, vines to avoid, and treacherous drifts to pass; but Martin kept on swiftly toward the forest. He was using the pole now, dodging and balancing and sometimes braking almost to a stop, but steadily going down, twenty times faster than his unaided legs could have carried him. At last the watchers saw him, with a startling sweep of speed, go straight toward the forest edge, and disappear therein as if swallowed.

"He's got the road," said Mr. Baird, his eyes growing moist. "God help him! Go to the window in the barn loft, Myra. Jim has got this all right now. From there you can just see the top of the ridge in Clancey's clearing. Maybe he will pass there."

She sprang into the loft. What thoughts were hers as she waited at that window! A husband there, with a finger holding him from death, and an only child rushing to possible destruction on the mountain slopes below! Suddenly along that white ridge a mile and a half away, and clearly seen in the fading sunset light, a black speck of a figure showed, moved swiftly downward, and passed in a moment out of her sight.

She came back quickly, with the tears flowing freely.

"He passed," she said, with a sigh of relief.

Then, still holding the artery and by the aid of the boy's big sled, they moved the bleeding man into the house, and began the miserable waiting time, that might be one hour or ten.

When Martin shot so boldly into the forest, he had seen the old wood road stretching straight and concaved before him; but there were many troubles which he had to face before he could get through.

Twice he had to fall at quick turns to avoid dashing into the trees, and at several points fallen stems across the path came near to ending his downward career.

But each time he let the breath be knocked out of him and fell in a way to save the skee fastenings; and each time, as he rose, he saw more clearly the vision of that blood-spurt across the snow and the strange blue-white face of his father, and each time he sped on faster and took greater chances.

He was trying many new tricks, but new skill seemed to come to him with every moment of the descent. He crouched low through the woods, but the boughs whipped his face cruelly, and he was tasting his own blood when he emerged at last at the extreme upper corner of Clancey's clearing.

All the course now lay open before him. The conditions for skee-riding were perfect—deep snow, a pebbly crust slightly yielding, and over this an inch of light steering snow, fallen the night before.

Martin straightened up and breathed, the skees felt the new freedom, and taking the narrow ridge between two ravines, he swept down with terrific speed toward the upper pastures of the Clancey farm. It was here that his mother, from the loft, had seen him pass.

Another half-mile and the valley would be in full view. The vision of his father faded, and another came. In imagination he saw the doctor speeding down by Clancey's house, and himself waving and shouting from the hillside—too late, too late. He must go faster, faster. Raising his pole high, he took a steep slope freely, not seeing and hardly caring what was at the bottom, and a bad fall resulted.

His head struck something hard under the snow, the breath was beaten from him, and for a moment he lost consciousness. As he revived and lay there looking up forgetfully at the pink-tinged clouds, the tinkle of bells came up faintly to his ears.

He sprang up and started downward again. A few seconds brought him out upon the promontory, and the valley lay like a map below. The sound of bells rang up clearly on the still evening air, and there was the doctor passing swiftly down the valley and but a little way above Clancey's house.

Doctor Briggs drove better horses and drove them faster than any other man in

the county. Lying far-back in his hooded sleigh, he slept or half-slept as he drove, and every one turned far out when they heard him coming.

Martin had a half-mile to pass and the doctor a few rods. All this passed in one thought through the boy's mind as he dropped like a swooping hawk from the bluff and came out upon the long, steep fields above the house. It was clear, straight going now, and crouching low, he swept like some great low-flying bird down that last white stretch to the road. His eyes were on the doctor's team, that appeared to be moving with ever-quickening pace. The cold wind froze his face and cut through all his clothing, but the skees for the first time seemed to be holding. He prayed for more speed, and bending farther forward, tried to urge them on.

A quarter-mile above the house Martin saw with dismay that he should just miss the doctor there. No cry of his could reach him, deep muffled in that hood. No horse of Clancey's would catch him, short of the village, miles away. The picture of the bleeding father appeared again before him, and a weakening fear came, and almost caused a fall. But he remembered then his father's words, "It's the finish we want—the finish!" and he stiffened again for action.

Looking to the left, he saw that the bluff bordering the creek ran out to a point beyond Clancey's and then curved sharply back to the edge of the fields. With a touch of the pole he swerved, and went straight for that high bank at the nearest point. It was unknown ground to him, but he knew that the road was under the bank, and the doctor was on that road, and coming fast!

Nearing the edge, he saw the tops of tall trees sticking up from below, and heard the bells chime out loudly as the doctor swung round the point. A sharp slope led down to the brink, and with the full speed of this, crouching, he shot far out into the air, and with all his breath gave out one long cry as he sailed down over the treetops.

The next Martin remembered was awakening to a sharp report and sitting up in the snow to see the doctor with his jack-knife rounding the edges of a piece of one of the skees. Then the doctor put the other skee under his foot to break it, and Martin cried, "Don't do that! Don't break that, please! I've got just enough ash to make one more."

"All right," said the doctor. "I'll take another piece off the broken one."

"What's the matter?" asked Martin.

"Your leg is broken. Say, what were you thinking of, anyway? Good-by to you if you had hit the road. You went clear across it into the soft snow here."

Then Martin remembered it all, and tried to tell it all at once, and tried to jump up. But the doctor jammed him down and splinted the leg, and placed him with his wrecked skees under the robes, and together they raced for the road that led up the mountain.

An hour later the mother heard the sound of bells, and saw the well-known bays, foam-covered and steaming, come at a lagging trot up the last long stretch across the fields.

They were none too soon. The best efforts of the three had failed to stop the bleeding wholly, and in another hour or two the father must have succumbed.

Three weeks later, as the two cripples sat in the family group by the evening fire, the father said, "Jim, tell the men to-morrow to cut that straight ash we've been saving so long—that stands above the mill. I think there may be some good skee stuff in it."

She had Him This Time

It was the same old story of a man who refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, naturally, she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, "I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret."

"John," said the woman quietly, "have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?"

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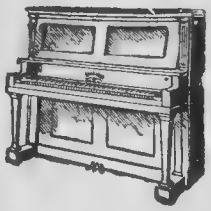

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Princeton Graduate Climbs Chief Mountain

And Has Interesting Interview With U.S. Secretary of War. Glacier National Park, Montana.

ONE of the few men to have climbed Chief Mountain is Rev. Eliot Porter, M.A., a graduate of Princetown University, and at present a student at Princeton Theological Seminary. Young Porter, who is a son of Judge Silas Porter, Topeka, Kansas, is doing the work of a "Sky Pilot" across the boundary in the foothills of the Rockies. On a recent camping expedition to Glacier National Park with a party of Sunday-school boys, Porter became enamored of mountain climbing, and having heard of the difficult ascent on Chief Mountain, determined to make his way up the 9056 feet to its summit. No one has ever attempted the ascent without a guide, but Porter set out with a ministerial friend who accompanied him nearly to the top.

Chief Mountain, or "Old Chief" as it is known locally, is about five miles south of the International Boundary line in longitude 113° 40′ W. Popular belief crowns it with the highest peak in the

Rev. Elliot Porter, M. A.

range, but as a matter of fact it is under 10,000 feet. The ruggedness of the north slope, its insurmountable south, and its separateness from the other peaks surrounding it, makes it stand out in great prominence. From Lethbridge in Canada to Great Falls, Montana, it is pointed to as a landmark for ages. The peak is difficult of ascent, and only four men are registered as having attained its summit. These names are Choat, Sweet, Mack, and Oscar, and their inscriptions are on the rock cairn surrounding the iron disc imbedded in the rock, on which is stamped the height of the peak.

Stimfson Climbed "Old Chief" 22 Years Ago

Henry L. Stimfson, secretary of war under the Taft administration, climbed Chief Mountain 22 years ago, and published an interesting report of his experience on the peak, the ex-secretary is believed to be the first white man that has reached its summit. In his published report he tells of a tradition among the Blackfeet Indians, that an old chief went up and never came down. This is believed to be the earliest tradition regarding the mountain, and from it the massive pile of rock received its name.

Another, and the most interesting legend so far as the ascents of Porter and Stimfson are concerned, is that which tells of an Indian chief going up "long ago" to get his totem. He carried up a skull of a cow buffalo with one horn, on which he rested his head and slept for three nights. Years after, when his son became of age, the boy attempted the climb, intending to use the skull his father had carried up with which to win his totem, but he only got as far as the north needle.

Ex-Secretary and "Sky Pilot" Meet.

Henry L. Stimfson, after hearing the legend of the peigan band of the Blackfeet tribe on the reserve at the foot of Chief Mountain, climbed up, and found the skull the Indians had told him of. Meeting his Blackfeet guides halfway down, he told of his successful ascent and his discovery. The guides hurried breathlessly to the first encampment, and related the attainment. The Indians branded the story a lie, and were like to blacklist the Indian guides for reporting such an impossible thing. But when Stimfson reached the camp he verified the story and could have been made a chief.

Strange to say, the Canadian "Sky Pilot" when he climbed found the skull, and was interested to know how an animal of the plains could scale so precipitous a peak. Being of athletic build and having the tenacity of a bull-dog he picked it up, placed it on his shoulders and began the descent. As he neared the valley he could see a party with packhorses slowly wending its way along Kennedy Creek at the base of the mountain. Porter was carrying the buffalo skull down "Old Chief" when a man of the pack party approached him and enquired where he had found the skull. When the story of the climb was told, the stranger revealed his identity. He was none other than Henry L. Stimfson, ex-secretary of War of the United States, on his return journey to reconquer "Old Chief."

Porter knew nothing of the totem legend, till Stimfson related it to him, and dropped the remark that he had hoped the skull might always lie on the top of Chief Mountain. The Princeton "Grad" had taken possession of the buffalo remains merely out of curiosity, and when he knew the facts he immediately suggested that the ex-secretary should have the privilege of replacing what he had so rudely disturbed. Mr. Stimfson was not certain that he would attempt to carry the skull back to the place where for more than a century it had rested. So it was agreed that if the summit could not be reached the buffalo skull should find a resting place in some museum of the United States, thus perpetuating the legend of the Indian Totem, the memory of the first conqueror of "Old Chief," and the "Sky Pilot" who brought to civilization tangent proof of some foundation for the ancient Blackfeet legend.

Neither the names of Stimfson nor Porter appear on the rock cairn at the summit of Chief mountain. Both are humble men, averse to writing their own names or telling of their own achievements. Rev. Eliot Porter is back with his cow-punchers in the Canadian foothills, and in October returns to Princeton Seminary for his last year in Theology.

A woman, riding in a Philadelphia trolley-car said, to the conductor:

"Can you tell me, please, on what trolley-cars I can use these exchange slips? They mix me up somewhat."

"They really shouldn't, madam," said the polite conductor. "It is very simple: East of the junction by a westbound car an exchange from an eastbound car is good only if the westbound car is west of the junction formed by said eastbound car. South of the junction formed by a northbound car an exchange from a southbound car is good south of the junction if the northbound car was north of the junction at the time of issue, but only south of the junction going south if the southbound car was going north at the time it was south of the junction. That is all there is to it."

Our First Caller

By Mary Adams

MOTHER, Nellie and I were sitting by the open bay window enjoying the view. It was a lovely day. The mellow June sunlight seemed to fairly radiate warmth and cheer. The lawns were growing vividly green, and along the pretty suburban road, almost hidden by the fresh green of the maple hedges, the venturesome wild flowers were beginning to show.

"It's a pretty place, isn't it?" asked Nellie, comfortably. "And such a change from pokey old Sherbrooke Street!" "Yes, it's pretty," assented mother, "and peacefully. But do you know, girls, I'm beginning to find it rather lonely. Four weeks to-morrow since we arrived and not a single caller yet. Not even an informal call 'across lots.'"

"The neighbors don't seem very sociable, for a fact," answered Nellie thoughtfully, "but maybe they will be all the nicer when we do get acquainted. We've seen some nice faces at church." "And I'm not so sure." I broke in with an inward smile at Nellie's remark, for I had noticed her seeing nice faces at church, "that I mind folks not calling just yet. That stupid delay with the parlor furniture has been a bother, mother. It will take another day at least to get the room company-perfect. At least, strange company-perfect." I laughed, "If it were for Mrs. Nott now or dear old Mrs. Evans——" "Don't, dear, please!" begged mother, and I glanced at her sympathizingly. Of course, it was harder for mother to leave Sherbrooke Street, where all our friends and acquaintances of ten years' standing had been people of her own age and position in life, than it was for Nellie and I, who had spent a great part of our time in school and college and then, after father's death, filling different positions until, after struggling along for a couple of years, we decided to sell our city home, and with the proceeds take some cheap, quiet place, where we could all be together again.

All this does not belong to the story, but it is what we were thinking of, as we sat in silence for a few moments after mother's words. Then I leaned forward quickly, "Whatever is this coming across the lawn?" For a tiny figure had appeared, from dear knows where; a dainty little figure in white, with blue ribbons at waist and shoulder, carrying a parasol almost as tall as herself, and, perched on her head, a "grown-up" hat of the very latest color, and thimble shape. It came grotesquely down over the golden curls and bright eyes, so that about all one could see was the tip of an adorable little nose. By some miracle she got her bearings as she stumbled across the lawn, and came straight to the window from which we watched her in amused wonder.

"It's the little girl who lives in the house next door," whispered Nellie. "I've often seen her playing over there. She seems a little dear." "How do you do," said a small, tired voice as the hat, with the "little dear" beneath it, climbed the two steps to the window. "How do you do," answered mother, with the grave seriousness that always endears her to "pretending" children. "Will you have a seat, my dear, and won't you take off your hat? How pretty it is!" "I'll just sit here on the window sill, if you don't mind" spoke the prim little voice. "I'm pretty hot, and I'll take off my hat, thanks. I'm glad you like it. It was Auntie Lucy's, she got it from the city just last week, but she told mother she'd never wear it again, 'cause Mrs. A. L. Smith got one almost 'xactly the same, though Auntie doesn't know how she can afford it. So I thought, if she wouldn't wear it any more, I could. I don't mind Mrs. Smith." "It was very nice of you to call on us, my dear," broke in mother hastily. "Yes, I thought it was time Grandma keeps talking about coming. She said most a week ago that someone should call. You all looked perfectly respectable, she said, an' Aunt Myra said you never could tell' an Grandma said we must go anyway. Then Aunt Myra said she didn't believe you'd want anybody very much yet, 'cause she was sure you hadn't the parlor set up yet." Nellie and I exchanged laughing glances as the wee visitor chattered on. "Cousin Tom he whispered to mother to ask her if you had the trunks in the attic all opened up yet, but mother shook her head at him. Cousin Tom says they are all afraid of Aunt Myra' but that she's just a soured old maid. I don't see how that can be, do you? Grandma had some strawberry preserves get soured once an' I asked her what did it, and she said it was the hot weather, so I *don't* see—" Then mother found her voice again, though it was a little breathless. "Don't you think, dear," she said very very gently, "It would be nicer of you not to tell things you hear at home?" "Oh, dear," the sigh seemed to come from the mite's very toes, "That's 'zactly what they are always telling me at home! Auntie Lucy told me that on Sunday, only she didn't say it like that. Mr. Dow was there an' I asked him what Cousin Tom meant by saying that Old Dow hadn't the ghost of a show with Aunt Lucy. He got awful red an' so did Cousin Tom, an' Auntie Lucy just grabbed me an' took me out to the stairs an' sent me up to bed. Then Mr. Dow left pretty soon, an' Auntie Lucy an' Mother they both came upstairs an' talked an' talked to me. They was awful mad. But Uncle Ben, he just laughed and laughed about it. Uncle Ben most generally laughs" I saw Mother was on the verge of collapse, and gallantly attempted to relieve her—

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with woful results! "Uncle Ben?" I enquired innocently, with a sly glance at Nellie's elaborately indifferent face, "Is he the nice-looking young man you sat with in church last Sunday?" The wee face lit up. "Yes," she answered eagerly, "Isn't he nice? He's an artist, you know. And O! which of you did he draw a picture of in church? I guess, 'twas her," gazing earnestly at Nellie, on whose face the elaborate indifference was fast being drowned in a rising blush. "'Cause Auntie Lucy said 'twas the pretty one!" I took my revenge. "And what on earth did he draw a picture of her for?" I queried wickedly. "I don't know, I'm sure. I was taking my nap in the libr'y an' they were in Uncle Ben's little study, an' Auntie Lucy said, 'Why, Ben, where in the world did you get this sketch of that pretty new next-door neighbor?' an' Uncle Ben said, what in the dickens was she snooping around his desk for, an' Auntie laughed an' said 'I know now why you've been so anxious to go to church lately—You've been drawing this sketch, you rascal, and watching the original.' Then Uncle Ben said he always thought dark blue eyes were the nicest kind of eyes, but he changed his mind after he saw *hers*. He said they were brown velvet, an' Auntie said 'Never mind, my boy, wait till we get 'quainted. I'll tell your pretty, velvet-eyed model the whole story.' An' he said, Lucy, if you ever breathe a word of it I'll tell Merine Lynch that you wear a wig an' have false teeth.' An' Auntie laughed an' said he'd never believe *that*. She doesn't you know, but Aunt Myra—" "You've never told us your name yet, little girl." broke in mother, in a desperate voice. I looked at her in admiration. My brain was in such a whirl that I couldn't have thought of a word to save my life, and I'm quite positive Nellie couldn't have. "Dorothy Grey," was the serene response, "Only they mostly call me Dolly, 'cept when they scold. They scold pretty often," with a heavy sigh. "All but Grandma an' Uncle Ben, they—" But mother was absolutely resolved to keep her at a safe distance from her family affairs. "There is a stranger passing on a motor-cycle," she said coaxingly. "Do you know who it is Dolly? "Why don't you know *him*?" In great surprise, "That's Merine Lynch, Auntie Lucy's beau. He's the one she likes the very best, you know, but they had a quarrel last night an' Auntie Lucy told Uncle Ben she'd never speak to him again an' Uncle said, 'I bet a shilling he will be around tomorrow afternoon again and you will be thicker than porridge' An' Auntie said, 'You are terribly vulgar, Ben,' an'—Oh, here's Uncle Ben! I guess he's coming after me." With nervous haste she began gathering up her overgrown belongings, and the next moment "Uncle Ben" was by the open window. "Pray pardon my unconventional intrusion, ladies," he began, including us all in a graceful little bow, though he looked at Nellie, I noticed. "But I'm in search of this runaway Dolly of ours. We couldn't think what had become of her." He spoke lightly, even affectionately, but there was a queer look of anxiety in the searching look he gave the wee maid. Dolly had doubtless had experience of that look, for she spoke up eagerly, "I wasn't talking *very* much, Uncle Ben. An' I wasn't telling things much." Then her tiny conscience evidently pricked her, for she added hesitatingly, "I *did* tell them, Uncle, 'bout—'bout you drawing that lady's picture, an' *some* things you an' Auntie Lucy said." Poor Uncle Ben! And poor Nellie Two more embarrassed faces it would be hard to find.

"Miss Cole," he spoke earnestly, "Will you please try to forgive me, and not think me an impertinent cad. Of course I meant to tell you some day. But it was an inexcusable act at any rate. My only plea is, that being something of an artist, any new and—and beautiful face has an irresistible attraction for my pencil. Say you will try to forgive me, Miss Cole, and allow me to prove some day how sincerely repentant I am." Before Nellie could utter the confused reply that trembled on her lips, Dolly, who, though she could not understand it all, yet felt instinctively that she had got her beloved Uncle Ben into trouble, thought to smooth matters for her small self by saying, reassuringly, "Don't be vexed, Uncle dear. I was pretty good, I didn't tell *all* you an' Auntie said. I didn't tell 'at you said she was such a sweet little girl she was just made for loving. I thought that was too *private*! Nor 'at Auntie said—" And that was the end of Dolly's call; for she was suddenly whisked off the window sill by a very red-faced, irate uncle, who, with a muttered word of apology and farewell, bore her off across the lawn and through the dividing hedge at a rate that was hardly conducive to poor Dolly's comfort. "Uncle Ben most generally laughs!" I murmured, as they disappeared, and then *I* laughed. Mother soon joined me—bless her heart, she has a shamefully keen sense of humor for the mother of two grown-up, giddy girls. So we sat in helpless merriment until Nellie simply had to join in, after which she boxed our ears soundly and fled to her own room.

The next afternoon Mother answered a ring at the door, to find on the steps a dainty little lady in black, who was so obviously the mother of the dainty little lady of the day before that, before Mother thought she had exclaimed with her ready friendliness, "How do you do, Mrs. Grey, come right in! At least—" in some confusion, "I'm sure you are Mrs. Grey!" The visitor laughed, though there was a rather childish look of nervousness on her pretty face. "You have guessed correctly, Mrs. Cole, and I am sure you must know me and all of us rather thoroughly after Dolly's call yesterday. I don't know what possessed her to dress up like that, and call on perfect strangers. She has never done *that* before." The inflection of her voice suggested that Dolly had done every other possible thing. "She is such a chatter-box," she went on, anxiously, "I'm sure I don't know what impression she will have given you of the neighbors and us all. You see she notices and hears everything and puts her own childish construction on things, though she is often far wrong."

By this time she had been introduced to Nellie and me, and we had all taken her into the parlor, now quite company-perfect! Mother turned to her with a

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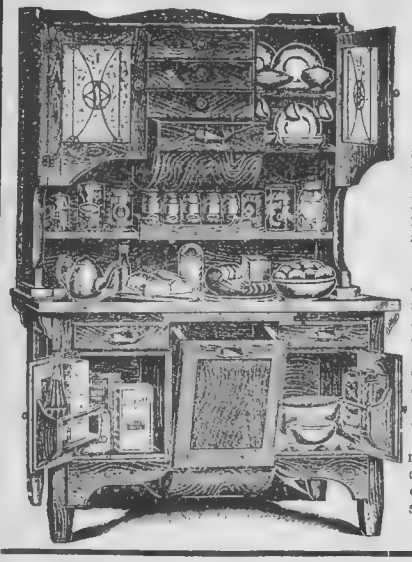

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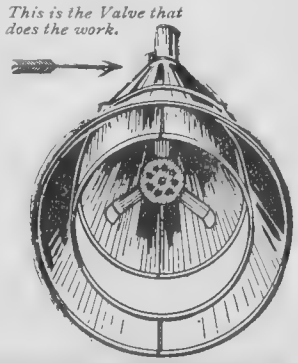

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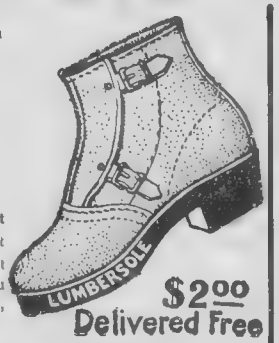

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reassuring smile and spoke with the usual sweet tact which through all her troubles has never failed us. "Mrs. Grey, please don't worry a bit about your little girl's chatter. We knew she was only a child and at any rate she told nothing about you all which could not be told in some form about any average family. We all know there are little happenings in any home which seldom reach the knowledge of strangers, and yet which do not reflect in the least on the inmates of that home." It was a rather plain little speech, very few women would have had the courage to make it. But it was the very best thing dear Mother could have said. The little woman's face broke into a happy smile and she leaned over and put her hand on Mother's. "Oh! I am so glad you are one of the women who understand!" she cried. "You see," she went on, settling herself comfortably for a contented explanation, "Dolly really isn't a bad girl at all. She has always been rather talkative, a family failing I think, but she didn't develop this dreadful habit of getting into trouble through her tongue until I came back home to live after my husband's death, a year ago. There is a large family of relations, mostly grown ups, and they have always been used to talking over everything among themselves; especially Ben and Lucy, who are great chums. Not being used to children they never think to guard their words in Dolly's presence, with the result that she picks up everything, and often repeats things at very inopportune times. And then she is alternately scolded and spoiled until I often wonder she is not worse. I try to do my best by her, but it's uphill work." And the sigh with which she concluded was very like Dolly's as she said, "They scold pretty often." We all assured her of our complete understanding, Mother adding a few words of sage advice; and soon we were all chatting cheerily, finding Dolly's Mother as sweet and entertaining as Dolly's self, and much more comfortable. At last she rose to go. "I've had a perfectly delightful visit, and," with Dolly's own frankness, "I do like you all! Mother is going to call at once, and I am sure we are going to be friends."

It was a true prophecy, for that was the beginning of a summer of unequalled fun and frolic and hearty friendship with our "nearest and dearest" neighbors. A friendship that by autumn had ripened into something closer and more intimate. For one golden September day, as I paused to gather a handful of purple pansies, close to an especially cosy corner in the dividing hedge, I heard my own sister's voice, "It does seem ridiculous, though, Ben, after three months' acquaintance! You might have waited awhile." "What was the use?" asked a perfectly happy male voice, "When you knew everything before we were acquainted at all, thanks to that imp of a Dolly." "There's one thing we didn't know," laughed Nellie's voice, "Thanks to Dolly's angry uncle. And that was, 'What Auntie said.'" "What Auntie said," repeated the happy voice, "Oh she just said, 'I suppose you are going to love her then?' And I," the voice became inexplicably muffled, "I said I *was*!"

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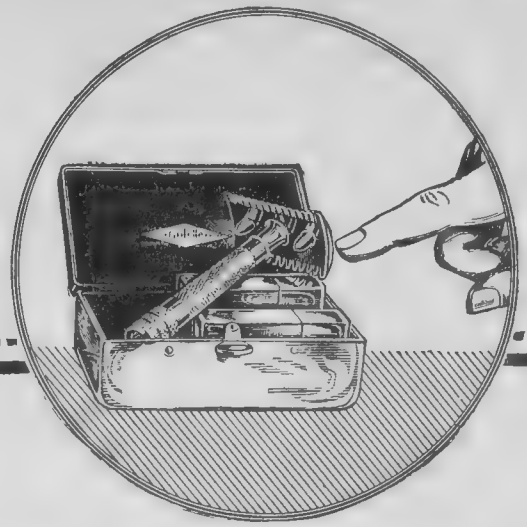

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

FITS AND STARTS

A young man should stay with a proposition long enough to find a solution for the difficulty involved in it. There are as many obstacles in one town as in another and as many drawbacks in a western province as in an eastern one; and while a young man should always seek to improve his circumstances, still it is well to remember that success or failure is in the man and not in his environment. The Englishman who fails in Canada was a failure at home. There is no ability like stability. When once you take hold—hold on. Give to everything that class of service which the grandfather of David Livingstone asked his son to give to religion. There was, indeed, much truth and homely wisdom in the advice which young David Livingstone received from his grandfather when he left Blantyre for the old college at Glasgow: "Dauvit, Dauvit, make your religion an everyday business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts."

* * *

RED HAIR

"Reddy in the woods
Couldn't catch a butterfly—
The butterfly flew—and—
Reddy didn't know what to do."

This was the song which I heard, oft repeated, when I was a boy. The reason for it was the fact that my hair, in color, was a bright red. But I began to read history and I thought I made the "bright" discovery that eighty-five per cent of the famous men and women of the world had "red" hair—that is if they had any. Enthusiasm belongs to genius. There never was an inventor who did not believe in his invention with a wholehearted belief. The quality which makes hair red must be put into life. That quality possesses the attribute of fire—it burns. An Indian once hearing a white man object to a too great zeal, said, "I don't know about having too much zeal, but I think that it is better to have a pot boil over, than not to boil at all."

* * *

MAN TRAPS

There are more traps for the unwary feet of young men—in Winnipeg—than there are mail boxes on the street corners. Stained beauties, painted and befeathered, glide through our streets at night. Red rum, bottled behind glittering labels, flashes forth from many a store window. Low theatricals of a cheap type are to be seen for threepence or a dime. Attractive pool rooms are so arranged as to become corridors to all forms of sin and shame. A young man has no difficulty in going to the dogs if he is not determined not to go. But a wise man, when he discovers a wrong tendency—makes a quick turn. Darwin tells us that but few animals can be caught twice in the same trap. My boy, be as wise as the animals you left on your father's farm.

* * *

YOUR INFLUENCE

There is no creature in the world without an influence. The bird imprisoned in a cage brings a song. The dog ensconced on yonder rug suggests a thought. The ragged tramp wandering by your home on a Christmas morning inspires certain emotions of thanksfeeling which are beneficial. The little brown sparrow carrying a straw from garden to roof speaks to youth or maiden concerning the wisdom of planning a home for the coming years. The plume on a child's hat reminds you, by some strange law of association, of a forgotten promise. Everything has an influence: pebble, snowdrop, autumn leaf, rain drop, sudden gust, passing cloud, and shining star. Boulder and mountain peak alike influence us. You have an influence. Elizabeth Prentiss in 1840 wrote:—"I am always wondering if any body in the world is the better off for my being in it."

* * *

PRINTED MOTTOES

When in London I stepped into a book store where I found a splendid assortment of mottoes. Mottoes in gold, silver, bronze, and printed form. Mottoes embellished with every color of the rainbow—and I said to myself what a beautiful and suggestive thing is a motto. It means, one thought, forever shining in the realm of your imagination, and to the visitor or stranger who enters your room it may mean a sudden inspiration which will change the current of a life stream. A young man is known by the room he lives in—its pictures, books, furniture, mottoes and personal touches. Andrew Fuller tells how, entering, one day, William Carey's cobbling workshop, he found a very large map on the wall, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together, on which was represented every country in the known world, with jottings of all he had met with in his reading concerning, principally, its religious condition. And Dr. Culross, the best biographer of this Christian hero, adds: "The great thought that inspired the shoemaker-preacher had its natural effect, and dignified and enlarged his being."

QUALITY IN WORK

I saw doors in London painted in colors so rich that the paint—red, blue, brown, black and white—seemed to be an inch deep and of the finest quality produced. There are only two things worth while—quality in work and character in life, and quality is the coin of character. I have small use for goods prepared for a bargain counter. Quality calls for time, thought, work, and persistent application. There is no bargain counter sale for "Quality" unless somebody is being sadly underpaid. Quality is the main thing in a life of character. Cardinal Du Bois, was about to undergo a serious operation, he said to the noted surgeon, Dr. Boudon: "Doctor, be careful and don't treat me as you would one of those poor miserable wretches at your hospital of Hotel Dieu." With that the famous surgeon proudly lifted his head as he replied, "My lord, every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

* * *

TOLSTOI'S CONFESSION

Begin easy and you will end hard. Begin hard and you will end easy. Hard times are produced by people who insist on having a good time. Pleasure is a splendid result but an exceedingly poor pastime. In order simply to enjoy yourself in life you must pay the price of all that which enters the lists for the achievements of purpose, ambition, noble endeavor and the possibility of fame. And what a flimsy reward comes to the mere pleasure seekers in the end. In his confessions Tolstoi says that for ten years he went from banquet to banquet, drinking rich wines feasting, following his tailor, concocting flatteries, lies, sleeping by day and dissipating at night, and he adds, "My observation is that no galley slave or apostle like Paul has to toil as hard as a society man and a society woman."

* * *

DISTURBING EVENTS

A moment ago I was disturbed by a visitor. He came just as I was preparing this article for the Western Home Monthly. He asked for a letter of introduction to the successful manager of a great departmental store. He followed on the heels of one who had asked me to perform a marriage ceremony. The fact is the door bell has been ringing all morning! Shall I become nervous or shall I seek for some fact of philosophy to sustain me amid the pressure of overwork? Ah, here, is what I need—a paragraph from an old scrap book—and when I returned to my desk I found the book open before me at this suggestive clipping: "From all eternity that event has been travelling to meet me at this particular point and to deliver its message. Its shock of contact becomes immediately a part of my deepest life, for it is the something outside myself that produces what it were impossible for the unaided spirit to originate. It and I were assuredly wedded in heaven before the world was. It is a great step in the interpretation of life when we have discovered that all events are ultimately spiritual."

* * *

THE PLEASURE OF WORK

The pleasure of work is greater, in most cases, than the enjoyment of the results of our most successful labor. There is happiness in "preoccupation." The man who is thinking about his problem is not worrying about himself. The sailor is not seasick because he has not time to be. The activities of his occupation are such that he can digest even "an ocean roll." When men retire from business, as a rule, they retire from health. For, men who have succeeded by thinking cannot refrain from thinking after life's work is done so they begin to think about themselves. The most dangerous thought is a thought which is turned inward. William Muir remarks:—"One tells us at once that the wisest purpose to put it to is the making of money for the sake of the power and comfort which it gives; but we know that the very man who tells us this to-day, and who finds pleasure in his work, will, twenty years hence when he has achieved wealth, declare that he was never so happy as when he was struggling against obstacles to achieve it. So we find that mere possession is not a final good."

* * *

AN INSCRIPTION

Have you thought of a monument for your grave or an inscription for your tombstone? Why not? With only one or two historic exceptions no man has been able to get out of this world alive. Every life ends with a tragedy. And that tragedy creates the necessity for a grave. Life makes death a certainty. Everything which has a beginning must have an end. Most great men state in their last will and testament where they would like to be buried and what sign of identification they prefer for their place in the cemetery. Pardon the question but what kind of an inscription would you prefer for your tombstone:—On Chinese Gordon's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, proud England has inscribed this epitaph: "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God."

* * *

BE POLITE

Be polite! It costs just a little of thoughtfulness and tender regard but it stamps you as a gentleman in the estimation of others and that is something worth while. The man who is too busy to be polite is too busy to do business in the right way. We found a chief porter in a London hotel who was wonderful busy—too busy to answer a civil question in a civil way—and yet that was just what he was being paid and "tipped" for—to answer questions. He was a big man—in his own opinion. The success of that feeding and rooming proposition pivoted on his shoulders—so he thought but during a two weeks vacation, when he was absent, the institution survived. Gruff manners are the signs of an imperfect culture. When the Duke of Wellington was sick unto death, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words, and it is beautiful to ponder the considerate kindness which was expressed by them.

* * *

A CURE FOR PAIN

It is a universal fact that busy people are happy people. The man who worries about his business never worries so much as when he has no business to worry about. There is only room in the human mind for one dominating thought. When that thought is a thought of doubt, perplexity or anxiety then the thinker is a worried man. But when the dominating thought is engrossed with a noble ambition or a splendid achievement then the mental cogitations are lifted into the atmosphere of the heroic and the man ceases to be concerned about himself. General Sickles thus describes his experience at the time of receiving the terrible wound at Gettysburg: "I can recall every movement that I directed, not in its outward accomplishment, but as it lay in my mind at the time my orders were issued. All my thoughts, so vivid and exciting were they, lie now before me as in a stereotyped map. But one thing I know nothing about because in the zeal of the fight it made no impression upon me—namely, just how and when I was shot, I must have carried my shattered leg a full half hour before my interest in the way the battle was going allowed me to notice that my boot was full of blood."

* * *

TRUE COURAGE

True courage rests on foundations which are invisible. No man was ever a genuine hero who did not risk present possessions, pleasures and possibilities of promotion in view of certain fundamental convictions concerning truth, sincerity, justice and righteousness. It is a good deal more important that we should see over things than that we should see through them. The true hero has the vantage ground of a high position. He rises above the shifting scenes of changing circumstance. He is possessed by a master motive. Robertson of Brighton writes to a friend in a personal letter these words:—"A person of influence sent me a message, that if I would only avoid giving such strong opinions as those upon the Sabbath, I might count upon speedy preferment—to which I returned an answer, that the Lord Chancellor might give me the richest preferment in the land, but that he could not give me peace of conscience with it, that the world had nothing to give me which I cared for."

* * *

CANADIAN CONCEIT

We Canadians think we have a wonderful country—and we have. We have a country which is wonderful, mainly, in one thing, namely, its possibilities. The question for the Canadian to answer is: "What will I make of my country?" And it might be well to remember that there are other countries besides Canada. As a Brooklyn divine recently remarked:—"No country has a monopoly of all the good things of the planet. God has distributed His gifts to the various continents with impartial hand. One people, therefore, is dependent upon others. Is it raiment? We go to Alaska for the seal, to France and China for silk, to Russia for sable, to the South for cotton and the West for wool. Is it food? We go to Florida for the orange, to Cuba for the pineapple, to Brazil for the coffee, to India for the indigo, to Arabia for the spices. A university, also, is an intellectual granary that assembles the treasures of the word. Cambridge offers Newton's astronomy. Gutenberg offers his printing press. We go to Geneva for individual liberty, we go to Florence for art, we go to Rome for law, to Athens for culture, to Jerusalem for religion to Thebes for the headwaters of civilization. No nation is a whole nation."

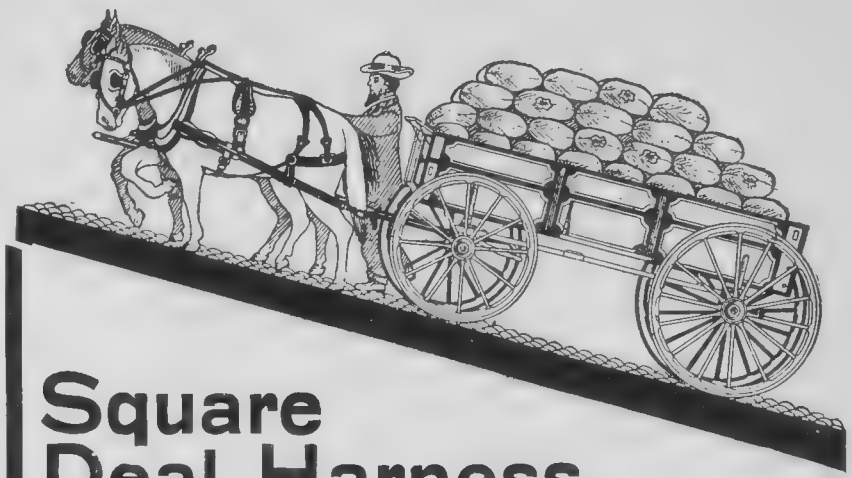
Taking Inventory

When a man has a good wife, and is engaged in an occupation to which he is suited, a fair share of content and material well-being should be his. But many men go through life and never know that they have a good wife or an occupation to which they are suited. Human nature is so constituted that we glorify that which is afar and overlook the virtues of that which is common and everyday. Suppose you try, at the beginning of the new year, to review your immediate environment in a dispassionate manner. Instead of expecting only that which is disagreeable and disappointing, suppose you just search for a few points on the other side of the scales. Perhaps your wife and your occupation might both be less desirable. They may even possess some virtues and attractions which you have overlooked. And have you, at all times, given the best of yourself to both? Neither wives nor occupation thrive on ill-will and neglect.

Work and Health

A physician recently remarked that "it was an awful punishment to be only slightly ill and have nothing to do." The man who is only half way sick, if he has nothing to occupy his attention, soon grows morbidly introspective and his mind becomes filled with exaggerated ideas of his condition. Disease grows and flourishes under such conditions. Regular employment is conducive to health. Work keeps the blood active and the mind away from the physical condition.

Winnipeg Land and Apple Show. Salmon Arm, B.C., awarded First Prize



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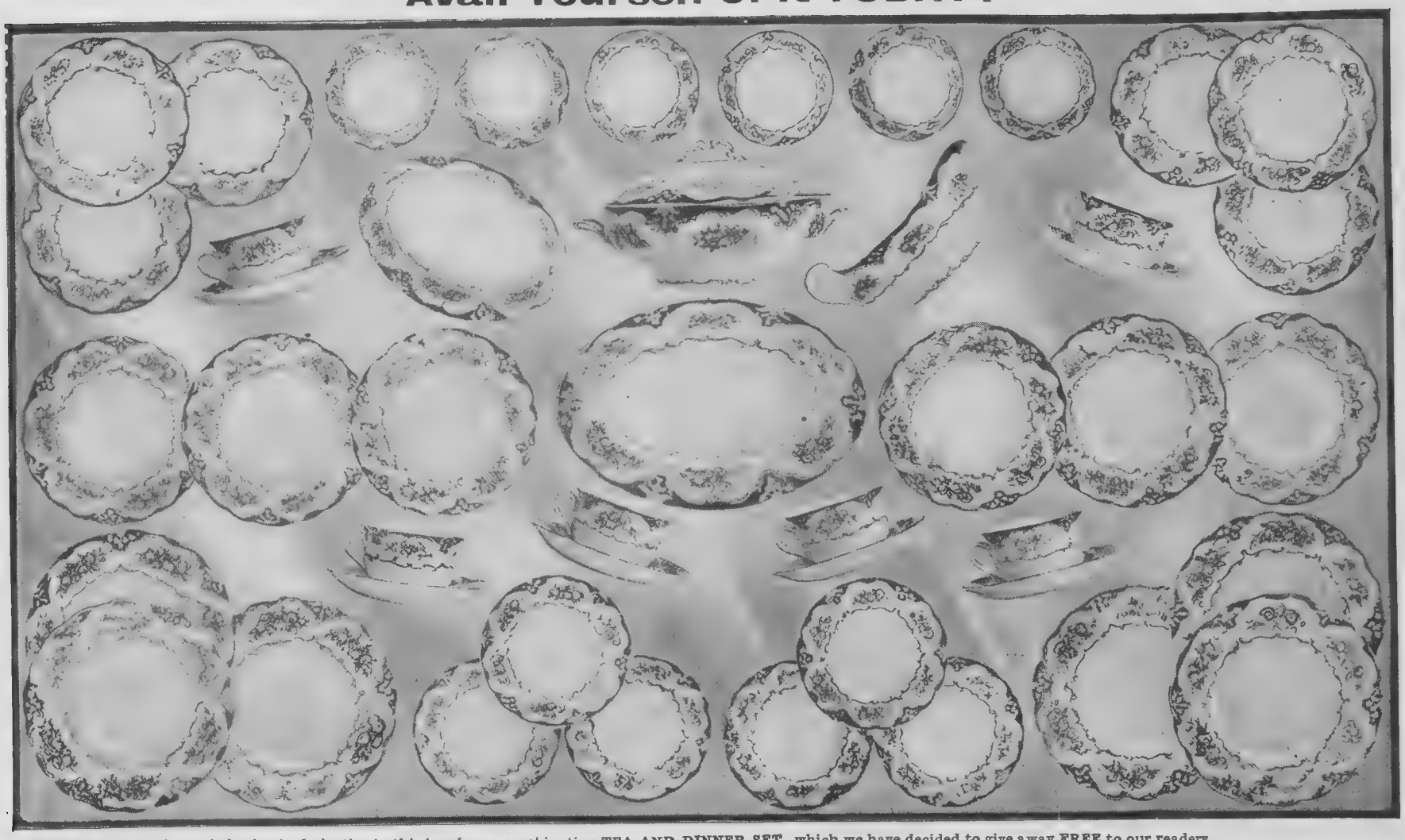

The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination TEA AND DINNER SET, which we have decided to give away FREE to our readers. The combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral and scroll decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color soft and velvety in tone. A neat embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs. Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor! For any further particulars write—

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA

THE PHILOSOPHER

THIS COUNTRY'S BEST ADVERTISEMENT

If ever there was a publicity campaign carried on with intelligence, with vigor and with immense success, surely it is the campaign of publicity carried on in Great Britain in regard to the advantages and opportunities offered to industrious and thrifty settlers in this country. The decision of the Dominion Immigration Authorities not to send any more special advertising agents over to the British Isles is not only an indication of progress made, but also brings forward the fact that the best possible advertisement which this country can be given is the advertisement given by the new Canadians who having crossed the Atlantic as home-seekers, have made good, and revisit their former homes across the sea. There are many hundreds of these either now on their way across, or planning to go. What better advertisement could Western Canada have than is given by what they have to tell their relatives in the old land, and their friends and neighbors in the old home?

* * *

THE RUSSIA OF THE NEW WORLD

The question has cropped up once again in some of the Eastern papers as to which of the political parties deserves the credit for the fact that the vast area which is now the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, was secured from the Hudson's Bay Company and made part of the Dominion of Canada. That it was destined to be part of the Dominion is plain; the thing simply had to come about with the progress of the years. The old policy of the Hudson's Bay Company designed to keep this whole region as a preserve of the fur trade had to give way before the onrush of the flood of home-seekers and the advance of development. The Hudson's Bay Company in due time had to accept the inevitable. There were public men in one party, as in the other, in the Canada of half a century ago, who did not at all realize the value of Rupert's Land, and would have been amazed if they could have been given a glimpse into futurity, a vision of the present development of the Prairie Provinces. For the matter of that, there were in the Great Britain of half a century ago men of prominence in one party, as in the other, who took the view that it would be the best thing for Great Britain if the overseas Dominions were allowed to drift out of the Empire. Utterances of Disraeli and of Gladstone have been quoted to that effect—though neither of those statesmen, needless to say, held any such opinion for any length of time, if, indeed, either ever really held such an opinion seriously at all. An interesting fact which is brought to light in the second volume of the Life of Disraeli, by the late Mr. Monypenny, which has just been issued, is that in his last speech in the Corn Law debates, in 1846, Disraeli touched for a moment on the future of this country. He said:

"I am not one of those who think it the inevitable lot of the people of Canada to become annexed to the United States. Canada has all the elements af a great and independent country, and is destined, I sometimes believe, to be the Russia of the New World."

An utterance which has, at first, a strange and curious sound. But what Disraeli meant is made plain when we glance for an instant at the figures of imports into Great Britain at that time. Russia was then one of the principal sources from which wheat was imported into Great Britain. Especially the Russian hard wheat was in demand, as it kept well and was desirable for mixing with other wheats.

* * *

IF ALBERTA WERE IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE

With all that we are hearing about new findings of oil in Alberta and the eagerness of oil prospectors and the filing of thousands of oil claims, and the declarations of scientists as to the puzzling geological formation of the region in which the oil has been found, and the drilling operations in progress, it is not a little surprising that something has not been suggested about the use of "the divining rod" for the location of the oil in abundant quantity. If there has been any such suggestion, the Philosopher has neither seen mention of it in the newspapers or heard of it. Certain it is that if Alberta were part of the German Empire, the Kaiser would have brigades of experimenters out with forked branches of hazel, or willow, to say nothing of the metal "divining rods" with which he has been having experiemnts made in Germany of late. He has for some time been interested in these matters, and recently a congress of experts and critics met at Halle, under his auspices, to investigate the whole subject and make tests. The report issued, as the result of the tests and the discussions at the congress and the examination of evidence submitted, is favorable to the claim that the "rod" is of practical value. A branch forked like the letter A is held upright in the two hands, each hand grasping one foot of the letter. The wrists are then twisted, thumbs inward, and at the same time pulled slightly apart, until the top of the letter points straight downward. It is no easy thing to hold a strong, springy fork steady in this position. When it moves decidedly in any direction, it is supposed to be pointing to the underground water, or deposits of mineral, for which search is being made. At Halle "divining rods" of iron and of other metals were used, in addition to forked branches of hazel and willow. The first experiments were to locate deposits of rock salt and potash, and were successful, so the report says. Next a subterranean stream was located, according to the report, and its existence proved by boring. Then a coal seam was located, or at least the presence of one was so strongly "indicated" that borings are in progress to ascertain if it is really there. An interesting test is described as having taken place in a large orchard, the proprietor of which has spent a great deal of money in efforts to find water by boring. The rod indicated a spot from which an abundant flow has been obtained. The water commissioners of Munich filed affidavits declaring that leaks in water pipes have been located in this way, and affidavits from German Africa about the successful use of the "rod" were also filed. In the face of all the evidence, the investigators declared that they could not take the view that the working of the "rod" is either a matter of accident or fraudulent. The Emperor was prompt in avowing his acceptance of this conclusion. The investigators further declared that there was no explanation in sight of why the "divining rod" does the things referred to, or of why it is that it "works" in some persons' hands, while in others' hands it is useless. Not long ago, it might be mentioned, a congress of investigators was held in France to inquire into the same subject, but it separated without making any report.

* * *

CLASSES IN THIS COUNTRY

"Have you, then, no menial classes in Canada?" is the question which Miss Agnes Laut reports having been asked by a lady in London. "No," replied Miss Laut. "Then who does the work?" To which Miss Laut's reply was. "The workers." The menials in the old lands are people whose parents were menials, and whose ancestors were in servile positions to other people. They expect to be menials all their lives. They "know their places." "Then you have no social classes?" enquire people like Miss Laut's questioner. "We have. There are those who have succeeded, those who are succeeding, and those who are going to succeed."

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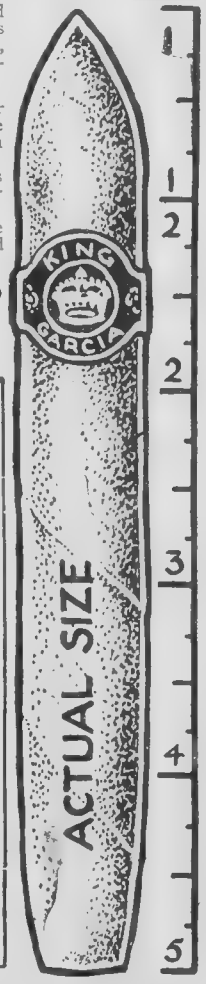

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WINNIPEG

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek.

THE flock of turkeys are now to be given every chance to fit themselves for the Christmas trade. Manitoba grown turkeys certainly bring in the dollars later on and are greatly in demand every season—nothing imported can beat them for flavor when well grown and finished in the best shape for market. The pity is, turkey raising is not a more flourishing industry in our country of golden grain and unlimited space.

Turkeys are so easy to raise if care is taken to prevent any in breeding whatever.

The wild beasties, coyotes, skunks, etc., and other "varmint" such as prowling dogs and wolf hounds take a heavy toll annually from the flocks out on the prairie farms, where the birds have an ideal environment, otherwise many farmers give up turkey raising for no other reason, and therefore a really good bounty should be paid by the government for wolves, etc. But, for these pests, there is a splendid profit in growing turkeys. After the turks are a couple of months old they almost feed themselves, as they forage all day long, but I believe in providing them with one good feed of whole grain when they meander home at dusk as it keeps the flock from going astray.

They so enjoy a run in the garden where cabbage and root crops are being garnered in. A turkey will eat anything that grows, I think, so I prefer to clear the truck garden of a good deal before inviting in the flock of growing turks. Onion tops they are very fond of, and a lady amused me recently, when she told me of her flock fairly gorging themselves on the onion refuse left in the yard after the daily market load was prepared for the city, the onions, of course, made the birds sleepy so they cuddled down and took a nap in the most comical way, all in a row. After a while, with a yawn and stretch, back they would trot (a real turkey trot) to the onion tops, for another meal, all the while growing so big and beautiful, their owner was very proud of them. When the time comes to fatten birds for killing. I find 14 days' fattening quite enough, as they so quickly fill out. They should be shut up in a building and given plenty of wheat and milk, or any of the ground grains made into a mash. I have never crated turkeys, and fancy the wild, shy birds would fret too much to fatten well if crated.

That was a good gobbler story in "The Farmer's Advocate" the other day, when the nest where his lordship set on hen's eggs was pictured, and I believe it, as I remember several seasons ago seeing a large gobbler sitting on 25 hen's eggs, a stolen nest, in a straw stack. The hens were driven off and Mr. Turkey Cock took possession and sat like the "Rock of Ages" and hatched some Barred Rock chicks and then made a manly attempt to rear his step-family.

I wonder if many farmers have some alfalfa cured ready for the laying hens, this coming winter? Alfalfa is simply splendid steamed, by placing the grass in a pail, pouring on boiling water, leaving it to steam several hours. I am sure it takes the place of sprouted oats and is a great deal less trouble to prepare. All rough vegetables from the garden should be put in a corner of a cellar that is frost proof and easy of access and then a daily green feed is ready for the egg producers. Feed these roots raw. Cabbage hung up on a nail and a wire affair, made of mesh wire, nailed to the hen house wall is most useful to put roots into, even small potatoes can be thus utilized. The hens can get enough to eat, without any waste.

Save a couple of loads of oat and wheat sheaves from the mill and see how the hens will flourish on threshing the grain themselves. Then, the straw makes good litter for the floor of the hen house. As it gets too deep, some of the straw can be used as stable bedding, thus there is a constant supply of fresh litter for the fowls to scratch in.

Have a box with a compartment for oyster shell and another for grit and dry bran also, is something that should be always on hand. Chickens never gorge themselves on it, but they eat a little every day and enjoy it.

Next month we will again discuss winter egg laying and how it can be done.

"A Morning's Shoot" at Gladstone, Man.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A MESSAGE

A little booklet came to me through the mail last week—an essay from a great mind — filled with good mental food. Now I have this essay in my library along with other books, but I had never read it. As soon as I opened this little package, I was eager to read it immediately. Why? Because it was a message from a friend, and I knew the thoughts expressed in the booklet were ideas that impressed the giver, and the essay conveyed a more vital meaning to me than had I read it from the book in my library. A postal card on which is printed a great thought, a word of cheer, or an essay in a booklet, or a letter, are messages that create golden gratitude in the heart of the recipient. It is the germ of the Christmas spirit.

* * *

THE PRIMARY TEACHER

The primary teacher has, I believe, more influence than the teacher of any other grade, for she has the opportunity of influencing minds that are fresh and clean and innocent. A child is most attentive at this age because everything is new and he is eager to do things as "teacher" wishes. After he is in school a few years he does not give as close attention to the instruction of the teacher. Last month a little girl of six years started to school. She was bright mentally and had looked forward anxiously to the first day of school. At the end of the second day she began to talk about "the nice little girl who does everything right." In vain she made her drawings just as well as she possibly could—hungering for a word of praise from the teacher. But at the close of the exercise the teacher gathered all of the "good" work, and the little girl with tear-filled eyes held her rejected papers in her hand while the little broken heart beat hot in her aching body as she listened to the teacher's words of praise "to the nice little girl who does everything right." The third morning she said as she kissed her mother "good-bye": "Mother, perhaps the teacher will take up my work today."

"Perhaps so," the mother replied, patting the eager little face.

At noon, however, it was "the nice little girl who does everything right" who won the praise again. Indeed, it seemed as if she had a monopoly on the teacher's attentions. She proudly strutted about — intoxicated with the teacher's praise—but the tired little girl with her crooked drawings could not appeal to Miss——. At the end of the next week she was suffering from a cold. Her mother told her to wear her jacket in school, but the teacher ordered her to take it off. When the little girl tried to explain that she could not go out at recess, the teacher exclaimed impatiently: "Run away and don't bother me!" But to the "nice little girl" she said kindly: "What do you want, dear?"

On Friday morning of the second week the little girl came downstairs with her face all bright with smiles. "Mother! mother!" she called, "I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamed that my teacher took up my work and said it was good."

The mother, for a moment was amazed, as this tragedy of childhood was acted before her mind. "Never mind, little girl, you are not going to school any more this year. Mother will teach you, and we shall have good times together."

And the teacher continues to praise "the nice little girl who always does her work right," while other little broken hearts hunger for just a word of encouragement and dream dreams that never come true.

* * *

FIRST

A reader wrote me the other day a report of a woman's club. She stated that "women's clubs seem to form a continual procession to somewhere to demand the correction of some existing evil." This seems to be a fact, and I really think we form conclusions too hastily as a rule. For example, two or three girls enter a complaint against their place of work and we at once claim

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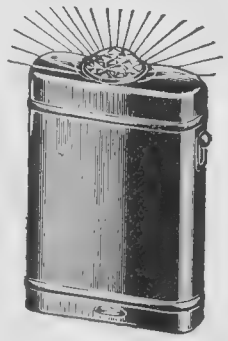

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Receive a nicely made skirt of excellent Melton cloth, navy or garnet, ladies' and misses' sizes. For 75c. extra received a nice waist of same material, making suit complete $2.00.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.

Windsor, Ont.

that the entire business is in need of reform. In many places where girls are employed reforms are needed, but in many places they are not needed. In this city one girl made public conditions in a certain factory, and much unfortunate criticism was created. This factory is one of the best in the city and the management has provided good accommodations for the girls. The place is sanitary; free lunch at noon is provided for the girls; a recreation room in which the girls have access to reading matter and a piano—all speak highly of the considerate treatment by the management. There are many establishments in business in Winnipeg that consider carefully the welfare of their help. I know of firms here that kept their girls at a loss to themselves during the past summer when business was a bit light. The girls told me themselves that they really felt guilty in accepting the pay, as they knew they had not earned it. There is one place of business here about which several people have expressed a need of reform—people who know little of the actual conditions. I know at least forty girls who have or are working in this place, and everyone is extremely loyal to the

Mount Rosguard.

management. They are paid all they earn, and in some case more, and the different acts of kindnesses extended to them — unknown to outsiders — are worthy of highest commendation.

I know of girls who are being paid more than they earn because their employers say they must have a living wage. Now I realize that there are many places of business that need reforming, and these should be carefully investigated. But this is a matter that needs careful study, close observation and conservative consideration. Employers must be considered too. Some of them have worked long and hard to work up a business while their complaining help have spent their leisure time in places of amusement. I find that the competent, capable girl, as a rule, finds profitable employment without difficulty. Scores of girls are walking our streets in search of work while school boards all over the West are calling for teachers at good salaries. Many unemployed girls might trace their failures to wasted evenings. A girl entered the room of a successful woman in business. "You have such a comfortable home. How I envy you!" she exclaimed.

"Did you ever get up at two o'clock in the morning to study?" asked the woman. "Did you ever scrub floors for your board while you attended school?" she continued. Too many girls who should be at home are in stores and factories. Every week we read of girls that have left home, thinking they could get employment in the city The home-life needs reforming first of all. Girls are leaving their homes continually because their surroundings are not congenial. Show me a happy, contented home and I will show you happy, contented boys and girls. Wholesome amusements will satisfy their natural craving for pleasure.

We seem to be continually crying to reform man and man's institutions, but down in a wealthy woman's kitchen I know a girl in domestic service who is starving for wholesome food. In another costly home a maid is hungry for a kind word. In a rich woman's attic her servant girl goes to sleep while watching the stars that shine through the cracks in the walls of her room — on a forty-degree below zero night.

Reforms are all right—they are needed — but let us begin at home — among our own sex. It will not take so long to reform the men then, for they are easier to convince than women any way.

* * * * *

YOUR APPLICATION

Last month a business firm advertised for an office girl to apply by mail. One hundred and seventy-five applications were received. From that number one was selected. I asked the manager why he chose that particular applicant. His answer was:

"We chose her because her application was neatly and accurately written; it was short, and she did not tell us that she could do anything and everything."

Last year a woman who occupied an important position showed me a copy of the application that won her the position. It was clear, concise, and indicated capability. In one sentence she stated briefly her experience in a convincing manner. She wrote nothing that was not necessary. It requires a systematic mind to be brief, clear, neat and accurate. And these are the qualities business men demand today.

* * * * *

STUDENT CLUBS

While in one of our Western towns where there is a normal school, the Home Economics Society asked me if I could suggest a club for young girls of from fifteen to twenty years of age. I think the Student Club of the Y.W.C.A. an excellent organization for girls of this age. It would be a splendid plan for an organization of this kind to be formed in every Western town. I believe these girls' clubs would be a great help to the girls themselves, as this is an impressionable age. They want recreation and must have it, and the Y.W.C.A. organization aims at high ideals in physical, mental and moral development.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding!
Glide swiftly, bright Spirits, the prize is before ye—
A crown never-fading, a Kingdom of of Glory!

—James Hyslop.

Come— hash them!

This chilly weather nobody likes a cold dinner—everyone likes a hot, savoury hash made the Edwards' Soup way. This is how to do it:—

First empty Edwards' Soup into a saucepan; let it boil thoroughly for half-an-hour (give it plenty of time), pour the soup over the cold pieces of meat and vegetable; warm up together and—dish up and enjoy. P.S.—Cook enough for second helpings all round.

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The Great-West Life submits half a dozen typical Policy **RESULTS** maturing this month.

The figures denote the two elements of major interest to the insured:

1. **WHAT DO I PAY?**
2. **WHAT DO I GET?**

	Policyholder Paid	Policyholder Receives
1.	$ 628.40 ($1,000 20 Pay Life, Age 32)	$ 903.00 Cash
2.	4,475.00 ($5,000 20 Yr. End., Age 35)	7,170.00 ,,
3.	1,128.40 ($2,000 20 P. L., Age 27)	1,620.00 ,,
4.	972.90 ($1,000 15 Yr. End., Age 14)	1,298.00 ,,
5.	3,459.00 ($5,000 20 P. L., Age 36)	4,945.00 ,,
6.	1,740.00 ($2,000 20 Yr. End., Age 29)	2,836.00 ,,

Look into the Policies that offer such excellent returns.

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Is Sauce for the Gander,
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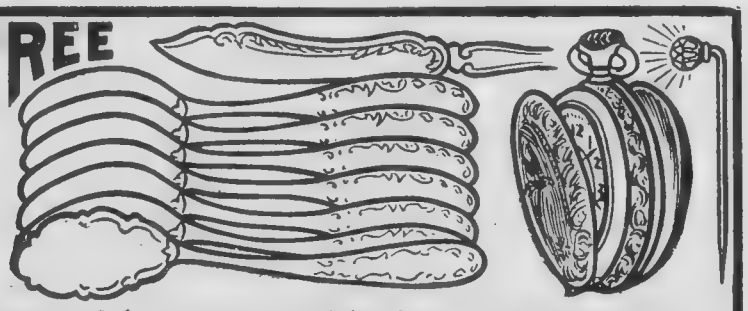

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The Way of the Sheep

A bunch of day-old lambs on an Alberta Ranch

OF our farm live stock which is attracting such attention at the present time, the inoffensive sheep is perhaps the most interesting, profitable and, as far as the average farmer in the Canadian West is concerned, the least known.

Sheep are no recent product, no new and startling class of animal and we do not have to look for the "Made in Germany" stamp except upon the toy kind. In fact they are exactly the reverse for we hear of them as far back as the chronicles of the world exist. We are informed in sacred history that the duty of attending to this important animal was entrusted to the younger son of the first man; "Abel was a keeper of sheep." It is also worthy of note that the first vocation of women mentioned in the same book, is that of a shepherdess, as Rachel kept her father's sheep. Therefore from the day when that gentle worshipper offered up his acceptable sacrifice of the firstling of the flock, and from the moment when that modest Hebrew maiden received the first kiss from her future husband, down through the ages to the present day, the sheep has been destined to play a conspicuous part in the programme and welfare of the human family.

Of all the domestic animals, sheep perhaps vary more greatly under changed conditions of food and climate. When they are up among their native mountains, struggling vigorously for the sweetest nibble (for the sheep is primarily a high land animal), they are a hardy race; but when down amid luxuriant grasses and clovers, with nothing to do but eat the richest fare, to ruminate and idly sleep the remainder of their lives, they become as tender as any animal in existence. Perhaps, also, of all the domestic animals the sheep is the most interesting. No other class of animal will yield so many mannerisms both as regards the individual and the genus, no other will show upon close observation the daintiness, the gentleness and the trustfulness that are exhibited by sheep. Of all farm animals they make the most suitable and cleanly of pets and, despite the general supposition to the contrary, exhibit marvellous intelligence at times.

On good pasture young lambs soon reach marketable weight

From its youth up, so to speak, the sheep is intensely interesting, for what animal is more lively, attractive and desirable than the young lamb with its big head, slender body and long, coarse stilt-like legs with protruding joints and ungainly movement. Covered as they are with a very short coat of close curling, fine wool, with black or white faces according to the breed they represent and with long active tails, a bunch of forms one of the prettiest pictures that form one of the prettiest pictures that can be seen, and forms also the favorite background for all pastoral scenes emblematic of rural peace and pros-

The sheep spread out over the prairie at seven in the morning and are folded again at six at night

perity. In the sheep, as in the human family, we find different ailments and malformations some of which are present from birth. Some of these are so serious as to require the immediate destruction of the animal affected, others, due simply to weakness or temporary sickness are overcome as the animal grows older. I remember one lamb in the first flock I had anything to do with that walked, not on its feet, but upon the front of the lower joints, the first joints of the fore legs being bent inward. This was at first thought to be due to its tender age but as the days went by and the lamb continued to follow this means of locomotion it was seen that something must be done to remedy the failing. For this purpose splints made of thin, light cane were prepared and the joints bound in their natural position, the binding consisting of cotton bandages. These were renewed as they worked loose, and after a week or ten days were removed altogether, and the lamb had so benefitted by the treatment as to walk from then on in a perfectly normal manner. In the meantime the mother, a two-year-old hill-bred blackfaced Highland ewe, had basely deserted her offspring. Finding, during the first two or three days of its existence that the lamb could not even keep up with the slow movement of the other little families, she finally neglected it altogether and "Tootsie," as the lamb came to be called from its pedal ailment, had to be raised on the bottle. At first this method of feeding did not offer much attraction, but gradually, as has been the case with many another lamb before and since, she began to look for the bottle and would follow the children about the yard demanding nourishment in a high pitched tremolo bleat that could be heard for a considerable distance. Eventually she grew into a fine ewe.

As lambs grow up they exhibit playful tendencies which have made them proverbial. Their games run the gamut from one extreme of activities to the other. Leap-frog, follow-my-leader, high-jump, king of the castle and frantic races are all to be noted, interspersed at various intervals, by rests for refreshment. Life to them seems one continual round of pleasure and they, unlike the majority of the more sedate and supposedly wiser human family, enjoy it to the full.

As the lamb continues to grow the body develops, grows broader and rounder, the legs look shorter and less stilt-like; the joints begin to fine down and the coat of wool, though still curly grows longer and whiter. In well cared for flocks the tails have now been shortened, a process which, besides being fashionable, tends to cleanliness and development and, if anything, increases the roly-poly appearance of the well nourished lamb.

After they have been separated from their mothers, which separation sometimes foreshadows their advent upon the table in the form of luscious chops, the real business of life commences and they are separated in bunches for fattening or breeding purposes as the case may be. In any event their duty is the same and that is to eat as much and grow as fast as they can. As a general rule with good care and attention, they perform this duty nobly and gladden the eyes of the fortunate owner as he strolls among them on a Sunday afternoon.

During this period the fleece continues to grow and whilst the males or wether lambs may be marketed as soon as fat, they may also be kept on to fatten or finish at one or two years old. Shortly after they reach one year old they pass two important mile posts in the journey of their life—the first is generally the advent of their first pair of permanent front or incisor teeth situated in the front centre of their lower jaw, and by which their age is known, and the second is their first shearing, a truly memorable event in the life of a sheep. The fleece which has grown considerably during the winter months has begun to grow heavy and irksome with the increasing heat of their second summer, and in late May or early June, it is removed by the deft strokes of large double-bladed shears in the hands of the shepherd or hired shearer. After this process has taken place the shearlings or one-shoru sheep, lambs no longer, are usually dipped. This process generally consists of dropping or driving them into a long narrow vat filled with warm water and a coal tar or chemical product known as dip. By this method the young sheep are effectually cleansed from any vermin which may have sought refuse in their soft warm fleeces during the winter months.

The lambs have now turned into sturdy sheep, a little smaller and more frolicsome than their older relations, but still conforming in every detail to the characteristics of the ovine race. The females of these usually become mothers in turn during the third spring of their existence or their second year when they are known as two-shear or two year old ewes.

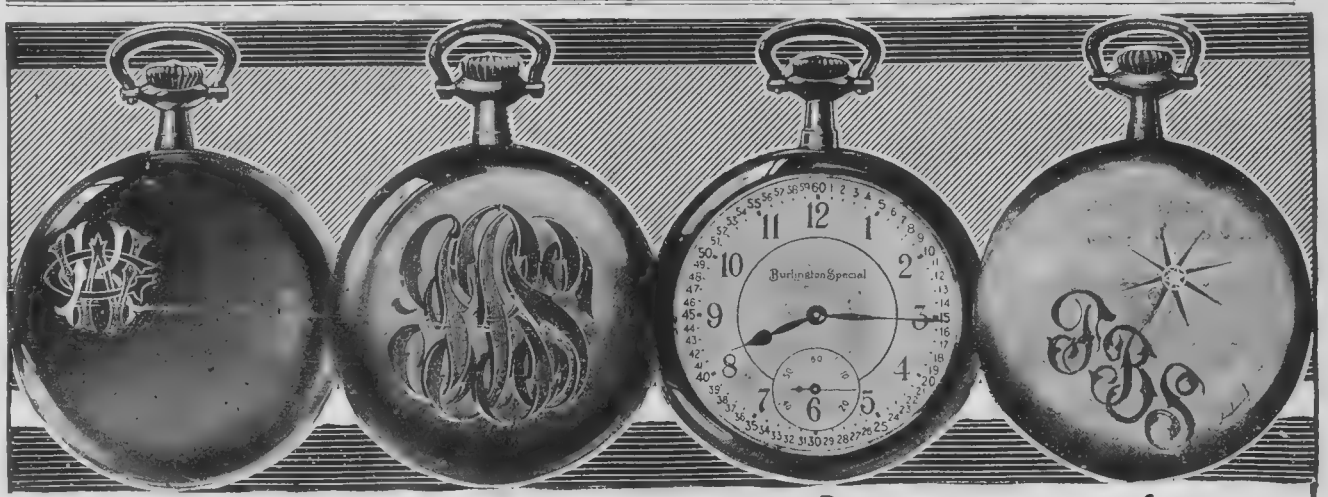
The males, if they have not reached the block before this, are usually marketed for mutton. So the round of sheep life continues, generation succeeding generation, and each one fulfilling the purpose for which it was created by feeding and clothing the human family.

In different countries sheep of various ages are known by different names. In Great Britain male lambs from birth to weaning are known as tup or wedder lambs, in Canada the term wether lamb is generally used. In Britain, from weaning to first shearing males are known as wedder tegs, tup or wedder hoggs or hoggets, whilst from first to second shearing they are known as dinmont wedders, shearling rams or shearling hoggs, and so on. In many districts of the old country the names of the different ages change whilst the same term is generally used throughout Canada and the United States.

In the Dominion the majority of farm-raised sheep are to be found in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, whilst the range bred flocks are to be found in South-Western Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta

In the United States the farm-raised sheep are to be found over a much larger territory, the ranch flocks being now largely confined to Montana, Idaho, Cororado, Wyoming and Nebraska.

Range sheep, especially those possessing a high percentage of Merino blood, are generally smaller, hardier and longer-lived than their more favored kindred and for this reason make excellent foundation stock for the small farmer. There is nothing more picturesque than a large flock of sheep feeding on the open range, a sight which is not nearly as common as it used to be. It is time some steps were taken in the West to further sheep husbandry, which is both a pleasant and a profitable avocation.



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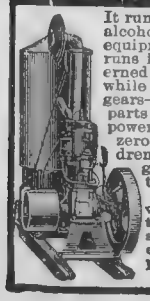

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¶ The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man. ¶

A Smart Dress with Sash Skirt

Some of the prettiest dresses of the season are made from plaid material combined with plain. This one is distinctly new. The skirt consists of a straight portion plaited at the front and back, which is joined to a deep yoke. Over this lining yoke is arranged another of the material which is extended to form a sash, and the sash ends are crossed at the back and

8019—Tucked Blouse for Misses and Small Women.
8010—Deep Yoke Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

brought around to the front. The blouse is quite simple, but, nevertheless, gives a dressy effect. In this case, it is made of crepe de chine, while the skirt and trimming are wool plaid. A quite different effect could be obtained by making the lower portion of the skirt only of the plaid and the yoke and sash of material to match the blouse, and whichever way the skirt is treated, the costume can be utilized for a variety of materials. Charmeuse satin, for example, could be used for both the skirt and blouse with the revers, collar and cuffs of brocade to be charming; or, if a plain, useful dress is wanted, serge could take the place of the plaid, the dress being treated after the manner illustrated. Poplin would be pretty treated in this way, and there are a great many other fabrics perfectly adapted to the treatment.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 2 yards 36, 1⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 27 for the collar, cuffs and revers; the skirt 5¼ yards 36, 4½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ½ yard 36 for the foundation yoke. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 yard and 7 inches when the plaits are laid.

The May Manton patterns of the blouse, 8019, and the skirt, 8010, are cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

Charming Washable Frock

8003 Girl's Yoke Dress, 6 to 12 years.

With Three-Quarter or Long Sleeves, With or Without Lining

The frock closed right down the front is sure to please both the girl herself and her mother, for it can be slipped on and off without help. This one is made with a square yoke, a long waisted blouse and a straight skirt. There is a blouse lining that can be used when the material renders it desirable. Frocks of this kind are charming made from French gingham and similar washable materials for the early season and later will be pretty for voile, cashmere and the like. There is a broad band or belt and, in the large view, drapery of the trimming material is arranged over it. The edges of the dress meet and buttons are sewed to an underlap.

For the 10 year size, the dress will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern of the dress 8003 is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

$2.00 Worth for $1.00

The 2 in 1 Automatic Awl is a combination of the two best known dollar tools in the world, the Awl using a waxed thread and the Awl using a copper wire. This illustration shows the inside working of the 2 in 1 Automatic Awl. There are several dozen different kinds of Automatic Awls on the market, but this is absolutely the only Awl in the world that will sew with both waxed thread and copper wire. Did you ever try sewing with copper wire? If you haven't, get a **2 in 1** and try it—you will be delighted. Some of the other improvements to be found only in the 2 in 1 are special **hollow grooved needles** to prevent the thread from cutting, patented needle for soling boots, **diamond pointed needles**, and everything packed inside the handle, so that it will slip in your pocket like a knife. We will send the 2 in 1 Automatic Awl complete, with three extra needles, including the patented needle for soling shoes, a large reel of best waxed thread and a skein of our special process copper wire. We will send the whole outfit complete, by mail, charges paid, to any address for $1.00.

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THE NACEL-CHASE MFG. CO., 168 E. Erie Street, Chicago

A Pretty Girlish Frock

7704—Blouse for Misses and Small Women.
8025—Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women

Everything that has a vest effect is fashionable This frock shows that feature, a pretty collar, and also the dropped shoulder line that is a feature of the season. The skirt is in two pieces, the back being wide and draped at its front edges, while the front is narrow and lapped on it. This costume is made from one of the silk and wool novelties that are extremely beautiful this season, with the vest, collar and trimming of flowered silk, but the model would be found a good one for almost any seasonable material. The dress would be very pretty with the skirt of broadcloth and the blouse of broche crepe, the vest and trimming matching the skirt. It would be charming made from poplin with trimming of plain or flowered silk, and it will, indeed, be found adapted to many fashionable materials and combinations. For a more dressy frock Canton crepe could be used; for a plain one, French serge. Moire velours would make up handsomely. The idea of contrasting materials in blouse and skirt can be utilized in numberless different ways.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1¾ yards 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming; the skirt 3⅝ yards 27, 2⅜ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1 yard and 13 inches.

The May Manton patterns of the blouse, 7704, and the skirt, 8025, are cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Useful Girl's Dress

With Short or Long Sleeves, With or Without Yoke

Never were prettier bordered materials offered than are to be found in this season; consequently, this little frock is especially charming. The edges are all straight and, when made from bordered material, the dress can be run together in almost no time. At the same time, the model can be used for any plain material suitably trimmed. The long waisted effect is becoming and extremely smart. The straight skirt can be plaited or gathered. On the figure, flouncing is shown but the same effect can be obtained from bordered challis or one of the simple silks woven with a bordered design.

For the 6 year size, the dress will require 4½ yards of flouncing 14 inches wide; or, 3⅜ yards 27, 2½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of insertion, ½ yard of all-over embroidery 18 inches wide to make as shown in the back view.

The pattern of the dress 7992 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

7992 Girl's Surplice Dress, 4 to 8 years.

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10c. TINS—¼ LB.—½ LB.—AND 1 LB. TINS.

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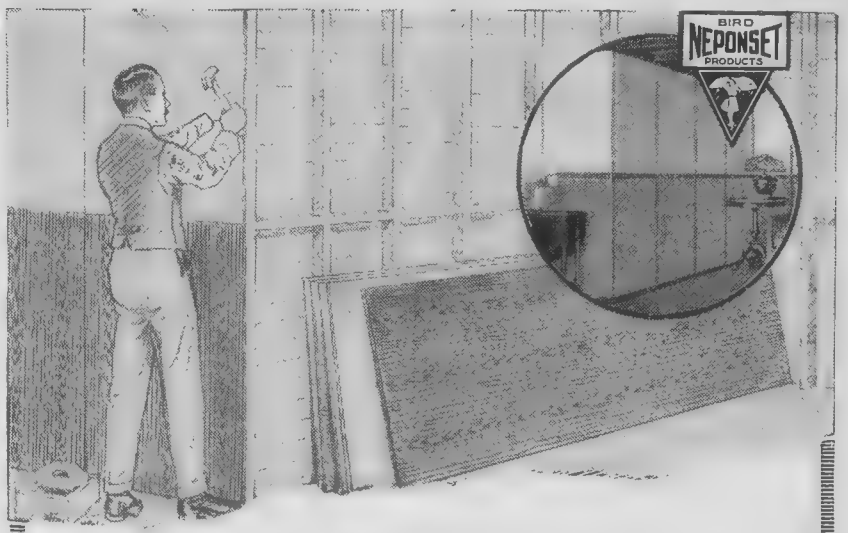

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Assiniboia Music Store
8 Main St., Moose Jaw, Sask

Nothing fills a more definite need in a young girl's life than the loose, simple coat that can be slipped on and off easily, and the costume that consists of a plain shirt waist with a tailored skirt. Here are models that are the best of their kind.

The coat is a simple, loose one that can be finished with or without a belt at the long waist line. It can be rolled over to form revers or it can be buttoned up closely about the throat, so that it is suited both to the milder days and to the very cold ones. Checked cloakings are being very much used, but there are a great many plain ones that are very smart. All rough finished ones are extremely smart and the old-time favorite, chinchilla, is in the height of style. For the heavy winter cloak, that cloth with collar and cuffs of velvet would be exceedingly handsome. The coat is a very simple one with only shoulder and under-arm seams. When it is worn open, the tabs of the collar button upon the revers. When it is closed, these tabs are unbuttoned and hooked together at the center front, while the fronts of the coat are lapped one over the other.

For the 16 year size, the coat will require 6¼ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44, 3¼ yards 52 inches wide, with ½ yard 21 for the collar and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern of the coat, 8023, is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The plain shirt waist is always important at this season for it is essentially practical and useful for wear beneath the coat. This one can be made with rolling collar or with high, turned-over collar as liked, and the model is a good one for silk, flannel and washable materials. The pocket gives a smart touch, but it is not necessary. The skirt is cut in three pieces, there being straight edges at the back that can be finished and lapped one over the other or joined by means of a plain seam. Such skirts are excellent for all the heavier materials, such as serge, cheviot, wool eponge and the like. The trimming of buttons is pretty, but it is not necessary, for perfectly plain skirts are being much worn.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 36, 1½ yards 44 inches wide; the skirt 3½ yards 27, 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1½ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the waist, 7660, is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years; of the skirt, 8016, for 14, 16 and 18 years.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper upon receipt of ten cents for each.

For Simple Daily Needs

8023—Loose Coat for Misses and Small Women.
7660—Plain Shirt Waist for Misses and and Small Women.
8016—Three-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women.

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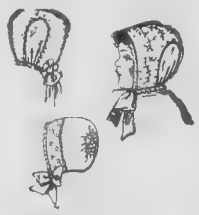
Fire Insurance Companies rate RU-BER-OID Roofing as "First-Class", and insure at the "base" or lowest rate buildings covered with it. RU-BER-OID will not catch fire from flying cinders or burning brands, and the one-piece, air-tight, fire-resisting RU-BER-OID Roof helps to smother a fire starting within.

KA-LOR-OID (Colored RU-BER-OID) has the same fire-resisting qualities, and in its soft, permanent shades of Red and Green it makes most attractive roofs. 109

ROOFING

Children's Caps

Close-fitting, pretty little caps such as these are real needs of cool weather. They are the most thoroughly comfortable to wear and they make fascinating frames for baby faces. The plain cap is just drawn up to fit the round crown and can be trimmed at the front edge as one may like. The fancy cap is shown treated in two ways and both are good. Scalloped edges with dots are always pretty but the embroidery shown on the cap to the right is very simple and, at the same time, effective. Handkerchief linen and soft silk are the materials in general use.



8009 Child's Caps, 1, 2 and 4 years.

The pattern of the caps 8009 is cut in size for children of 1, 2 and 4 years.

It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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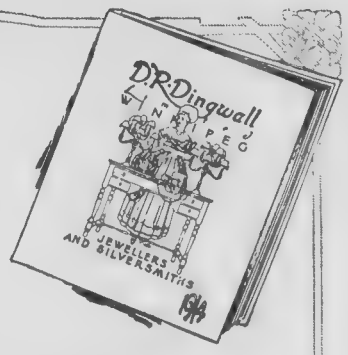

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The Home Doctor

The Will to be Well

By Horace Traubel

The drug man is on his last legs. His reign of error is nearly over. Who comes to take his place? No one. His place will be abolished. There will be curers but there will be no poisoners. The priest will disappear. Are you afraid you'll die if you have no doctor to kill you? But what's the matter with keeping yourself alive? They used to say: Physician, heal thyself. We may go a step farther. We may say: Patient, heal yourself. This, too, has been said: The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client. It would be said with equal conclusiveness that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for a patient. All depends. The finest things ever done in courts have been done by the fools. You can trust the fools for wisdom when the seer is lost in words. The fool leads the way. He is not afraid to be made fun of. He is not tied to a reputation. Except the reputation for foolishness. And that makes us free. The fool who says in his heart, There is no God, is not any too foolish. He forces men to produce a decent God or to shut up about God. So the fool patient may not be any too much of a fool, either. He may lead the way. The fool accomplishes the impossible. Keeps on when everybody calls after him to come back. The drug men call after us to come back. But our fool faith refuses to hear. We have tried the medicine man and his pill. Now we are going to try ourselves and the fresh air. We want to see what trusting our bodies to the spirit will do. Whether we do not contain a will substance which can possess itself of the sources of life. You say no. But has it been tried? Have you tried it? When you get sick you send for the doctor. Is that the best you can do? Why don't you send for yourself? Did you ever try sending for yourself? I have never caught you doing it. But I have caught others doing it. Doing it with sublime returns. Why can't you do what they do? Is your capital less? Are you farther removed from native causes? Are you an orphaned effect in a childless universe? Try your wings. You have will enough to be sick and to spare. Turn about. Why not better have will enough to be well and to spare? You think you can somehow draw new life from the mediation of a paid savior. You can only draw new life out of your heart. You alone can restore your disturbed nerves. Something lies there in your waiting to be summoned. Some heretofore disparaged entity. It won't push in ahead of its welcome. It won't even do anything to attract your attention. It will simply wait. Wait for you to grow. Wait for you to catch up with yourself. Your proudest, inalienable, farthest self. Even as it is, halting as you do, trembling before the gulf of personality, don't you feel the stir of mysterious desires exciting you to strange anticipations? You are expecting something to happen. What? Yourself. You are going to happen. You will be born again. Not to something outside yourself. To something inside yourself. You no longer need a confessor for your religion. You say so rather sternly. God is so near you prefer to confess to God direct. So near. As near as you are to yourself. Why do you imagine that you still need a confessor for your health? Health is so near I know you should prefer to confess to health direct.

A Good Disinfectant

Sunlight is fatal to the lower organisms. It is said that the chemical activity of the sun's rays, upon which its germ killing power depends, reaches its highest point in the month of May. There is science in the spring cleaning with its thorough sunning of carpets, bed clothes, curtans, draperies, clothing, etc. Koch showed that the tuberculosis germ was killed by direct sunlight in from a few minutes to several hours. Similarly the action of typhoid and cholera germs is arrested. Let the powerful and persistent spring sunlight into every dark nook and cranny of your home that you possibly can. Where you cannot get the sunlight to penetrate, move everything movable that will harbor germs into the sunlight for a good long sunning. When you build a new house don't skimp on windows. Provide for plenty, and more than plenty of air and sunshine, especially in all sleeping rooms.

Tobacco Growing, Mirror, Alta

Ocular Massage

Pressing, rubbing, kneading, rotating and otherwise manipulating the eyeball, lid and adjacent structure will benefit and often cure disease of the eyes.

Acute inflammatory eye affection will be benefitted by digital treatment.

Increments of sediments close the capillaries, inducing serious and even dangerous symptoms.

I know of no method better adapted to improve circulation and dissipate eye congestion than manual pressure.

In applying massage to the eyeball the finger tips are first dipped in water to prevent chafing the lids. The best result is obtained by massage upon the eyelid for a minute or more, frequently repeated.

Pressure on the eyes will stimulate circulation and scatter congestion of eye structure.

Chronic inflammation and defective vision is also benefited by massage.

When eye strain is caused by poor circulation, massage will be effective treatment.

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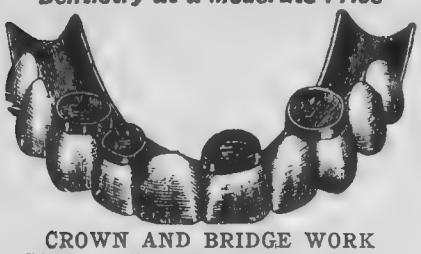

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The above illustrations give but a faint idea of the many beauties of our PREMIUM RINGS. The setting is ARTISTIC and done by the best workmen. We will give you a sparkling RADIO GEM RING and also a lovely pair of BEAUTY PINS and a FLASHING ELECTRIC DIAMOND PIN FREE for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest PICTURE POST CARDS at 6 for 10c. We have the latest in VIEWS, FLORAL, COMICS, also XMAS, VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC coloring that you will have no trouble in selling them and winning your premiums, and if you will agree to get some of your friends interested in selling our goods we will send you as an EXTRA PRESENT a MAGNIFICENT WATCH, LADIES' or GENTS' size, stem wind and set. Write to-day and we will send you the cards to sell. Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept. 130 Toronto, Ont.

Sunday Reading

And He shall give thee thy Heart's Desire

By H. Bedford-Jones

Slow are the years, and slowly have we wended
The path of patience, for the way was dim:
And long it seemed that hope lay broken, rended
From out our souls, where only grief attended,
And that our Heart's Desire was ever ended.
Ended within the silent depths and grim.
Yet still across the darkness Faith descended,
And still we waited patiently for Him.

What goal is thine? What flame is in thee burning
Until Accomplishment seems living fire?
And does it guide, of right or wrong unlearning,
Far from the path; or does it chide thee, turning
Thy steps aright? Seek from thy soul discerning
The worth of that to which thou dost aspire;
Seek if it urge thee to Him, faint with yearning
That He should render thee thy Heart's Desire!

Ah, rest in Him whose hand is very tender
To touch thy wounds and give thy pain surcease!
Trust in the power which only may engender
Hope in the desolate; think not the Sender
Forgetteth thee—He is thy strong defender,
And only He may bind thee or release;
Wait patiently for Him, until He render
The sum of all thy Heart's Desire His Peace.

Woman's Divine Emancipator

Many hundreds of millions of women have lived and died happy because of the work that Jesus did for women. He came to save ALL mankind. While preaching to men, He preached for women. He worked for them, talked with them, advised them, strengthened them, defended them.

His love for the disciples who were to carry on His work did not excel His love for the devoted women who followed Him and believed in Him from the first days of preaching to the last darkened day on Golgotha. Women owe to Jesus their rank in the world, their mental and physical emancipation. Thousands of women died eagerly for His name's sake during the years of martyrdom, and they died gladly. For the Son of Man, who had come to save all hereafter, came to free them, here.

Jesus first announced His divine mission to a woman. To the woman of Samaria He first declared His Messiahship. (See the fourth chapter of John.) He was brought into the world, cared for in babyhood and trained in boyhood by a woman—the Virgin.

His last words spoken from the Cross placed His mother in the care of His beloved disciple. He said no word thereafter, except "I thirst," and "It is finished." His last thought in the earthly life had been His mother's welfare. At His mother's request, he performed His first miracle, the changing of the water into wine.

Only to a woman did He promise perpetual remembrance here—to the woman who came to Him in the house of Simon the Leper, and poured upon His head the box of "ointment of spikenard."

The first at the tomb of Jesus was a woman. The first to see the risen Christ was a woman. A woman was the first to believe in Him, and the first to bear witness to His resurrection. When the men whom He had taught had left Him to the Roman soldiers and to His death, the women who loved Him had not deserted Him. Under the darkened sky His dying eyes looked down upon the kneeling forms of His mother, her sister Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen.

In all the words of Jesus there is not one word of harshness for woman.

While Jesus lived, the British Islands were inhabited by half naked savages living in swamps, gibbering a half animal language. At the same time an "intellectual" race living in India practised child marriage, and the annual burning alive of thousands of widows. The words of Jesus Christianized and civilized Great Britain, and the descendants of woad-painted British savages, carrying out Jesus' orders, have abolished the child marriages and widow burning of India.

All over earth's surface His wonders have been worked, and everywhere His teachings have brought nearer and nearer to realization the perfect equality of woman.

Bible Influence

The nations of the world that control the destiny of earth are the nations that are fully in accord with the Word of God, that is, Christian nations. When the question was asked: "What is the secret of England's greatness?" it was truly answered, "The Bible." Look over the map of the world. Spain held the power of the world. Where is she today? For several hundred years she has been going the downward road. Look at her records in Mexico, Cuba, Manila, and you will see the reason. The Bible has been, and still is a Closed Book, by Roman Catholic Decree; and her rule has been filled with cruelty and injustice. Waterloo is the record of a struggle, not so much between Wellington and Napoleon as between heaven and hell.

These are a few of the things which justify us in having more faith in the Bible than in any other book. Is it worthy of our trust? Will you not read it and trust it more for your own good, and for that of others?

The Bondage of Love

The only bondage in God's creation that is tolerable and desirable is the bondage of love. No man knows true happiness till he has learned how to love—how to love, not a little, but a great deal; how to love, not occasionally, as a sweetmeat at a banquet, but how so to love that he is tied up by it; he is in bondage to it, it rules him. For the only slave on God's earth that needs no compassion and pity is the slave of love. And yet liberty is as little understood in the general way as almost any one single name or quality. Government, restriction, are the thoughts of rulers; men are not to be trusted; men are beaten about by so many passions that if a man is to be left perfectly free he is a dangerous animal; we must, therefore, have governments for men. Yet in this very chapter, and further down, as we shall see by and by, there is a strain of music: "Against such," as he described, and as I shall, "against such there is no law." Is there a liberty, therefore, where there is no law? Yes, and there is no liberty anywhere else. Is, then, the Gospel doctrine that laws and governments, officers, courts, restrictions, are all to be abolished? Yes, but that will be in the millennium. If there is ever a time coming when men, living in their essential manhood, in the spiritual man, and when they are inspired with the desire of being and doing that which makes them in alliance with God, so that they would rather speak the truth for their own sake than be false, that they would rather be benevolent than selfish, and had rather be humble than proud; when men, in other words, have come in natural things into the same conditions as those in which they come in spiritual things, they will need no Government. When a boy first begins his arithmetic it takes a good deal of time and trouble for him to cipher, and he says: "Six and three are—eight; no, six and three are—six, seven, eight, nine—six and three are nine." An old merchant would be ashamed to go on ciphering in such a laborious way as that; and a banker or an accountant can take four columns of figures, and run them down faster than I can run down a page of writing. Nobody has learned anything until he does it without knowing it. When anybody begins to walk after he has been long sick, he takes care of every step; but when a man is in full health, he never stops to see whether he shall step here, there, or anywhere else. The man who is fit to take care of himself does spontaneously the thing that ought to be done. No man has learned a language if he has to go to the dictionary and the grammar to know about it. No man has learned music who has to sit down at the key-board and spell out his notes. No man becomes a compositor in a printing-office who has to think where the letters are. His hand thinks, and he himself is thinking of something else while he is composing his sentence out from among the type. Knowledge that has been reduced into a man's own self, so that he knows it automatically, spontaneously, that we call knowledge. Now our graces are largely occasional practices, and our daily life is, to a large extent, automatic in selfishness and in animalism. We do not have to think when we have to get angry. The moment the offensive thing is said flash goes the anger. The moment a man cheats us the wrath comes up; we do not have to pump it; it takes care of it-

British Columbia and Alberta Press Association. Mt. Robson District

self. And in all our lower range of life we act spontaneously. Too often in our higher range of life we have to strive before we have the initial experiences.

Now the apostle says, "You are free. Christ came to set you free; only abuse not your liberty as an occasion to the flesh." You are not free in material and bodily conditions. Man is not free to fly; he has not any wings. Man is not free to act without eating; he has got to eat. The circle of r liberty in bodily matters i a very small circle; but in that small circle men have an amazing amount of liberty. And so the apostle says, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, but do not mistake the currency, do not take the wrong kind; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is not a man or woman who ever fulfilled that law—not one. "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Moral cannibalism is very largely practised yet. "This, I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Paul makes two men out of every one; or, rather, there are two men in every one; and in that he touches very close on to the modern scientific doctrine that man was born as an animal first, and that by evolution through the Divine decree and the Divine Spirit, there was super-induced upon the animal man—man social, moral, intellectual, spiritual. If you take the 7th chapter of Romans, no man can steer through that troubled passage unless he goes upon this theory, that man, according to the apostolic idea, is a double being — the lower part is an animal, the upper part—if there is an upper part— rides him, and is not ridden by him.

The Divinity of Christ

Yes: I believe in the divinity of Christ because I believe in God, and because in Him alone can I gain any adequate conception of what is the sun and centre of God Himself. One day a gypsy band wandering through England saw a little child that was a duke's; they stole him and carried him off to the continent, where he was brought up among the original tribe as a gypsy. They taught him horsemanship, arrowship, and stealingship, and all sorts of wild things. But he had his mother's blood in him, and though he learned these things with facility, there was always something in him throbbing, throbbing, throbbing. A traveller in that region, at last, seeing him, and having commerce with some of the gypsy women, learned that the child was brought from England. "I knew it," he said; "I know that family; they lost a child, and I see the lineaments of his father and his mother now. What will you take for the child?" At last, after various negotiations, he bought the child out of his bondage, and disclosed to him his position. "You are the son of a duke; your father has an estate, one of the most royal in all England. What do you think? I will show you what England is." He then took him with him, and he said, "When you get home you will be arrayed in royal garments, purple, and fine linen, and scarlet; and you have such a father, and, oh, such a mother! They have been longing to see you for years." He took the child to England, and in order to give him some idea of the country and its greatness he showed him a fleet of men-of-war lying in the harbor. The child said, "Oh my! I now begin to understand what England must be. This, you say, is her fleet?" "A portion of it. There is no harbor in the globe where the royal flag does not float." "Oh, I never saw so many ships as these, and what wonderful ships!" Then the drum was heard rolling out from the fort. "What is that?" said the child. "That is the band of the army." "Oh, an army!" Then he stood on parade and saw the soldiers and witnessed the wonderful mechanism of their drill, and he said, "Why, on land and water this is England, is it?" "Yes, this is England's power on land and water, but it is not England; England is something else." Then the child takes a journey; he rides through the beautiful country, with hedges and trees and walled-in gardens (selfishness); he sees all the beautiful things of the landscape, and he says, "Now I begin to understand what it is." Yes, he begins. Then after a day's travel he draws near to the park, and the old castle and mansion. Other thoughts then begin to develop in him, and he says, "Is this where my father and mother live?" "Yes, this is where they live." And he goes with a spirit of wonder, surprise, marvel, through the winding path, down through the glade, up over the turf of the swelling lawn,

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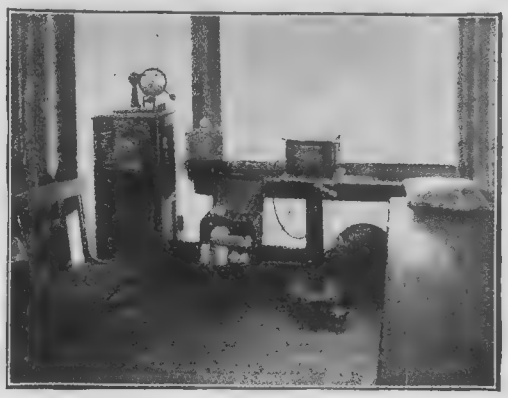

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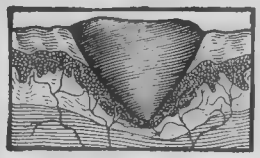


A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

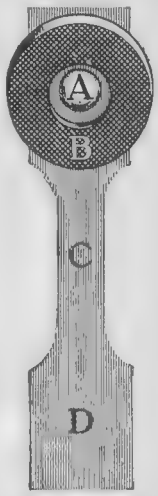
Month after month one goes on puttering with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

Then the B & B wax in the heart of this plaster gently undermines the corn. In two days the corn comes out

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effect of RHEUMATISM in Mr. Delano's case. You who have suffered the tortures can easily imagine the racking pains he endured. When only a youth rheumatism became chronic with him and his joints were so distorted and swollen that he was nearly helpless. He tried medicine of every description, even 125 bottles of one remedy, but nothing did more than to give him a little temporary relief. He tried doctors and specialists by the score with no better results.

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If you are afflicted with rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money, I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how Mr. Delano suffered. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I've got the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 328-K, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I'll send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

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and at last he says, "Is this my home? Am I going to have all this in such a beautiful country as this, such a wonderful nation?" "Yes, all that, all that." Let me not desecrate by any attempt to describe the outcoming of the mother, whose tears are only hers, and of the father, who, with almost a rigor of excitement, crushes him in his arms. The boy looks up and says, "Are you my father? are you my mother "Now," he says, "I do know what father and mother mean." "No, you don't, my boy; no, you don't. When you shall have lived there a month; when you shall have lived there six months; when the inward love of your mother begins in ten thousand ways of sweetness, by morning, noon, and night, to throw itself over you; when you shall see the honor, the sensibility, the purity, the courage, and the grand, noble manhood of your father; when you have lived five years with them, then you will just begin to understand what it is to be a son, and to have such parents."

We go wandering through the world with the outward and the lowest elements, and we go to the civilized part of the globe and take the elements that build up exterior kingdoms and advance commerce and science; we go on to the outskirts of the Church, and if we are fortunate enough not to get into one of those Babel churches, full of clamor and wrath, we begin to have the sweet story of Jesus told; but not until Jesus Christ is revealed to us as the interior heart of God, and we can lift up our eyes, and out of our own experience begin to feel "the love of God which passeth understanding," can we have any adequate conception of what it is to have Jesus to introduce us to our home and to our Father and to our sonship. Do you ask me, on any mere mosaic of texts, or any miserable doubts of one-footed philosophy, to throw Him away and to say, "I do not believe in the divinity of Christ?" He is my all; whom have I in heaven but Him? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Him.

The Women on the Ranch

Written for Western Home Monthly by Irene Wilson, Red Deer

So very often we read in the columns of a paper articles dwelling on the loneliness of ranch life for a woman.

As I have spent many years on an Alberta ranch, I think I may be allowed to give some of my ideas along that line. Let me say right here that those years spent on the ranch were the happiest of my life; and were it possible, gladly would I live those years over again, for the simple joy of living.

There is no monotony about ranch life; that is, if a woman is able to enter into the spirit of the work; and unless we can learn to do that, we will make a failure of life, no matter where our lot may be cast.

About the first of November (depending on the weather) the fall roundup commences. The rancher and his men ride the range continually then for about two months. The cattle are brought near the ranch, so that when it becomes necessary to feed for the winter, they will be close at hand.

Cattle, if allowed to roam at their own will, seldom leave their own range; that is, they keep within a certain distance of the ranch. As the water freezes up the cattle stay around the open springs where they can get water. It is easier then for the rancher to find his stock, for, as the saying is, they ride the springs. After all the springs have been visited, it generally happens that there are still a number missing. It very often turns out that these have been driven off the range by some unscrupulous rider. It is interesting to listen to the different tales the riders have to relate at night. As they are, generally, a jolly lot of men the stories, as a rule, lose nothing in the telling.

When the snow comes feeding all round starts. The outside stock are fed in some sheltered spot, and while the snow lasts th do not stray far from their feeding grounds.

The rancher and his men anxiously look for the approach of spring. As the snow begins to leave the hilltops, the cattle too get uneasy. They wander farther and farther each day, until finally they fail to return at feeding time, and then they are allowed to forage for themselves. The inside stock is fed until the grass is better.

The grass first makes its appearance around the sloughs and muskegs, and as the frost leaves the ground, the mud in these places is sometimes very deep, and often proves fatal to the weaker stock. They wade out to get the grass, but have not the strength to pull themselves out. If help does not soon arrive they become benumbed and soon perish. Constant vigilance is therefore required on the part of the riders until the grass gets a good start.

Stack of Manitoba Natural Hay

About the middle of April the little calves begin to arrive, and continue for about two months or longer. It is interesting to wat the frolics of the little fellows.

About the first of July the breeding stock is rounded up, and put in the pasture for the breeding season, or about two months.

The spring crop of calves is branded about August first. One's sympathy goes out to the poor helpless creatures who are brought face to face with their first troubles of life. There are generally some interesting happenings on that day. The mother cows are by no means anxious to trust their offsprings to the tender mercies of the branding irons, and as a rule they do not yield without putting up a good fight. Many are the tales told at night of some rider being beaten out by a cow.

The branding over, the cattle are allowed to roam at their own free will, and the men turn their attention to providing hay for the coming winter.

You will see that every season and every change of climate brings its own work on the ranch. Now, to the woman who can interest herself in everyday happenings, loneliness on the ranch is unknown.

The greatest lesson which this life holds for all of us is how to live that we may find some joy in every passing moment, when we can see the bright lining of every cloud, when we can fully appreciate our blessings, then we have learned to live life aright, and wherever our lot may be cast, if it be on the lone plains of Alberta or in a crowded city, loneliness will be a stranger to us.

Financing the Farmer

Written for the Western Home Monthly by G. L. Stewart

THE movement recently started in Saskatchewan to found a Farmers' Credit Association is one which commands the attention of all right-thinking Canadians. The welfare of the Farmer Class is so essential to the prosperity of the Dominion, that we believe the country as a whole would welcome the establishment of such Associations in every Province. Public monies are readily at the disposal of Railway Magnates and we claim that the Farmer Community deserves the same consideration in financial arrangements, its interests being of equal importance and equally vital to the national weal. We fail to understand why the Farmers of the West who by their toil are yearly contributing so much to create and sustain the commercial activities of the country, should be compelled (when seeking the very necessary financing which the manipulation of the Grain Market frequently renders inevitable) to pay exorbitant rates of interest to corporations, thinking only of their corporate gain and totally ignoring the community's advantages. Germany and France have both grappled successfully with this problem, and proved how a sound credit system could be established to meet the financial requirements of the farmers. The Raffeisen and Schulz-Delitzch Banks in Germany and the Credit Foncier in France have rendered splendid service to Agricultural progress in their respective countries. There any farmer, however small is his holding, can rely on these banks for assistance to work his land to the best advantage, at a low rate of interest on the money he has to borrow. Their success is due largely to the fact that their fundamental principle is co-operation among the farmers to give united borrowing capacity, which would be impossible to the individual. In urging upon the farmers of our land the advisability of combining in Provincial or even in Federal Associations we feel sure that the same success awaits their uniting as has been experienced by the German farmers in the Raffeisen Banks, but we would in no wise eliminate the general public from sharing in this scheme; for we are sure that there are a large number of citizens who would be willing to lend their financial support to a well-founded scheme provided the scheme sought to benefit the nation. The reward of such high principled citizenship would be received from the increased prosperity and stability of Agriculture resulting from the movement. Of what good will all the scientific instruction in many Agricultural Colleges be if, when the student takes up practical farming, he only finds himself burdened by forced loans at extreme rates of interest, the burden making him loath to incur or carry such responsibilities, and rendering him extremely inclined to throw Science to the winds and run his farm as best he can.

Hard to beat Manitoba Corn.

The advantages secured to the youth of the country by the Agricultural Colleges are an admitted fact, but we would point out that in many cases these young men have not the necessary capital to give them a proper outfit for a start in farming, and we would press this fact upon the notice of the farmers to point them to their duty in coming together, and by pooling their money to raise sufficient funds to enable them to abandon forever the snares and pitfalls of the dividend seeking Loan Associations. In such a matter their common good stands out pre-eminent, this being

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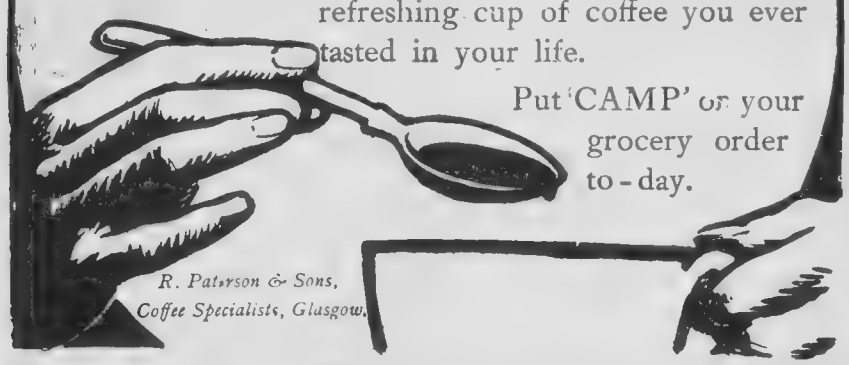

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

a question in which politics has no part, in which nationality has no place, and in which religious differences have no moment.

It is for the farmers themselves to realize their position and we feel sure that, once they have shown the public that they are determined to carry out such a project to success, they will find many commercial and professional men ready with their money to support so laudable an object.

One's imagination runs ahead and conjures up a picture of this Western Land thickly settled, with happy prosperous farmers tilling the ground in the best possible manner; raising the purest stock, and getting from the bounties of nature the fullest reward for honest toil. Men and women living happy, contented lives with healthy and industrious children, dwelling in good homes and all because the dark spectre of indebtedness to heartless Corporations and Money-grasping Trusts has forever been banished from their midst.

The cudgel with which the game is played is about the length and thickness of a common mop-stick. The player taking this in his right hand strikes one end of the cat smartly, which causes it to rise in the air, high enough to be struck before it again falls to the ground.

There are several ways of playing the game of cat. The most common is to make a ring, selecting a piece of flat ground; one boy holds a piece of string that will make the circle required at the centre, and another one takes the extremity of the line, and with a piece of chalk he walks round and forms the ring; the player takes his stand in the middle, and his business is to strike the cat outside the ring; should he fail in doing so he is out, and the next player takes his place. If successful, he judges with his eye the distance the cat is driven from the centre of the ring, and calls for a number to be scored to his side: if the number named be found to exceed the same number of lengths of the stick, he is out; if, on the contrary, it does not, he obtains his call.

Crab apples on Cookson farm, near Ofield, Alta.

Pop Gun

Select a straight piece of an old branch of the elder tree; cut it about six or eight inches long. The pith in the inside is then forced out with an iron ramrod, or one made of hard wood turned or cut to this shape.

The pellets are made with moistened tow or brown paper; when the pellet is prepared it should be laid over the mouth of the gun in sufficient quantity to require squeezing or plugging in. The first pellet must be driven through the gun to its other end, and the second again driven in a similar manner. When forced through the gun, the air between the pellets being incompressible beyond a certain point, forces out the lower pellet with a loud pop, from which the name of pop-gun is taken.

Tip Cat

This is a common sport among boys, more particularly in the country; it has a great advantage in being easily made with a common knife. The piece of wood which is called the "cat" is about six inches in length, and from one and a half to two inches in diameter, gradually tapering from the middle to each end.

Another game is to make six or eight holes in a circular direction, and at equal distances from each other; and at every hole the players take their stations, with their sticks; one on the other side tosses the cat to the nearest batman, and every time the cat is struck the players must change their positions, and run once from one hole to another. If the cat is sent a great distance, they continue to run in the same order claiming a score toward their game every time they change from one hole to another. If the cat is stopped and thrown between any two of the players, and it crosses him after he has left one hole and before he reaches the next, he is out.

Anything to Oblige

While crossing the ocean the two sprightly children of very seasick parents were scampering around the deck.

"Tom, dear," said the mother in a weary voice, "the children are too near the railing." But he was too ill to notice, and in sheer desperation his wife nudged him on the arm. "Speak to them, Tom," she said faintly.

With a wan smile he lifted his head and said: "Eh—how do you do?"

Highland Cattle on their Native Soil.

Scotch Column

King George and his sons when in the Highlands wear the Stuart tartan. Like his grandmother, Queen Victoria, he likes the bagpipes, which are heard almost all the time at Balmoral.

* * * * *

On the Train. It is well to have an "Emergency" signal on a train. But there is always the risk of some fool "monkeying" with it. A man was fined two pounds, at Linlithgow for stopping train without cause.

The False Alarm. My father remembered it well. It was on 31st January, 1804, when Napoleon was watching a chance to invade England. Beacons on every height along the east coast. A bonfire at a merrymaking in Northumberland was mistaken for a beacon. The militia rushed to headquarters; women wringing their hands—"wad a' be killed by the French." Three or four days elapsed before we were assured it was a false alarm.—W. W. S.

Ellens Isle, Loch Katrine, Scotland.

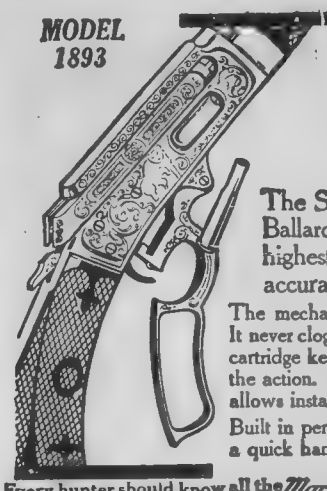
Mrs. Dunlop. What a pity we have not her letters to Burns! We have his letters to her. But Mrs. Dunlop would only give up one of Burns' letters on receiving in exchange one of hers. Burns celebrated her as "a Wallace," being descended from Sir Malcolm Wallace, the hero's brother. Wallace himself left no children. And she not only was a Wallace, but transmitted the Wallace features. Thirty or forty years after Burns' death William Chambers, the author, met General Dunlop, her son (whom he did not know), and remarked to himself at the time "how like that man is to the pictures we have of Sir William Wallace!"

The Secretary for Scotland stated in the House of Commons, that there were more crofters applying for land in the Highlands than they could at present supply. He was causing all enquiries to be made.

* * * * *

Heather Day. Friday, 29th August, was "Heather Day." In Edinburgh everybody seemed to wear heather in some shape or other. Hundreds of volunteer agents were selling bunches of the beautiful plant. The proceeds all went to charity. Ten days earlier a friend in Selkirk sent the editor of this column a generous sample of heather from Ettrick Forest.

Melrose Abbey, Scotland.



Marlin Big Game
REPEATING RIFLES

The Special Smokeless Steel barrel, rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

The mechanism is direct-acting, strong, simple and perfectly adjusted. It never clogs. The protecting wall of solid steel between your head and cartridge keeps rain, sleet, snow and all foreign matter from getting into the action. The side ejection throws shells away from line of sight and allows instant repeat shots always. New .33-caliber now ready.

Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibres, it is a quick handling, powerful, accurate gun for all big game.

Every hunter should know all the *Marlin* characteristics. Send for our *free* catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage. *The Marlin Firearms Co.* 76 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

FREE PRIZE PUZZLE $200.00

In Cash now to be Given Away FREE, In addition to the sum of $2000.00 In Cash that we have previously Given Away.

1st Prize, $50.00 in Cash. • 3rd Prize, $35.00 in Cash
2nd Prize, $40.00 in Cash. • 4th Prize, $25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, each $10.00 in Cash.

AND 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY

Below will be found six sets of mixed or jumbled letters. Can you arrange these six sets of letters in such order that each set will spell the name of a well known vegetable. It is not easy to do, but by patience can be accomplished. Try! By sending a proper arrangement you have an opportunity of winning a cash prize. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. Write these six words plainly and neatly on a slip of paper, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there is **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS** in cash and one hundred premiums given away it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

OPATOT	NIOON	BACEGAB	
NRUTPI	RACTOR	EBTE	

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received Two Thousand dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, namely, the advertising Managers of the Montreal Daily Herald and Montreal Daily La Presse, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of any one else, **as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.**

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests.

Miss Gracia Dechênes, 656 Maisonneuve St., Montreal	$50 00	Mr. M. C. O'Donnell, 28 St. Joseph St., Toronto, Ont	40 00
Mr J. Schuller, 310 Lelireton St., Ottawa, Ont	50.00	Miss Katie Campbell, Newport, P E I	40 00
Mrs. W A C Orr, 298 Gunnell St Winnipeg	50 00	Miss Daisey Rabey, 181 University Ave., Toronto	40 00
Miss B Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50 00	Mr. Jno. W London, 485 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man	40 00
Mr Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que	50 00	Miss J. B. Benjumin 115 Hughson St., Hamilton	40 00
Mr Alphonse Drouin Dept. of Sec of State, Ottawa	50 00	Miss H. C. Powell, P.O Dept., Ottawa, Ont	40 00
Mr J A St Pierre, Athabaska, Que	50 00	Mrs. Andrew Jonhson Box 105, Roblin, Man	40 00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 335 Medland St West, Toronto	50 00	Mr. Norman Robinson Milford Haven, Ont	40 00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Barracks, Toronto Ont	50.00	Mr. Thos Humphries, c/o Ayers & Sons, St. John's	40 00
Mr. Jos. F Champagne, 252 Bolton St., Ottawa Ont	50 00	Mr. P. A. Ferguson, 223 James Avenue, Winnipeg	40 00
Mr G. A. Gaudry, 426 Nelson St., Ottawa, Ont	50 00	Mrs. Quinnie R Stark 2 St. Mary's Place, Winnipeg, Man	40.00

Send your reply direct to
BOVEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BOVEL BUILDING, (31 LATOUR ST.) MONTREAL, CAN.

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

$1.00 Per Year. $2.00 for 3 Years. Send in your renewal NOW.

Smoke of Herbs For Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple but scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 151 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

He will also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Keep an accurate

Kodak Record

There's a practical common sense use for photography in the work of every business farmer—and photography by the Kodak system is both simple and inexpensive.

Catalog free at your dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

FOWLER

HIGH GRADE PIANOS

Made on Honor Sold on Merit

Tone so unusually rich that it thrills you to the very depths. Our wonderful construction and "Reso" Vibrating Sounding Board is the cause of this. Send for full information.

Fowler Piano Company

Corner Edmonton and Portage Avenue
Winnipeg Man.

Seasonable Embroideries

Readers will please note that Prices Quoted are for Linens Stamped for Embroidery only. We do not supply Embroidered Pieces

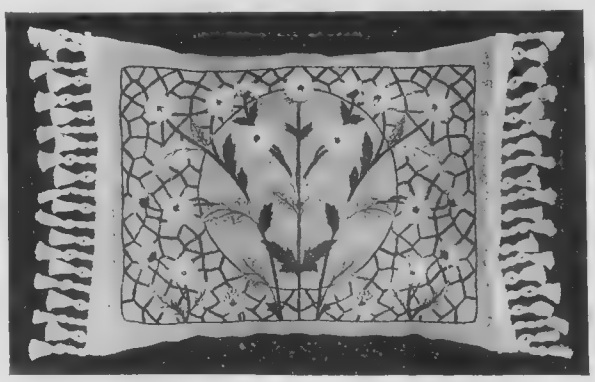
The designs pictured on this page are all suitable for Christmas and Holiday gifts, and we have selected a variety so that different needs may be suited. It is none too early to commence the preparation of Christmas gifts, especially those requiring embroidery and making up, and these have a charm quite different from those purchased ready made, and those of our readers, who are far from the shops will be interested in obtaining the articles complete with supplies to finish and for this reason we are quoting materials necessary for each piece of embroidery.

November No. 6411
Birthday Cushion front and back ..... $ .60
Lace to edge ..... .75
Silk to embroider ..... .75
Fringe for ends (if preferred)

The appreciation shown of the "Birthday" cushion will be added to by the beautiful designs illustrated for the months of November and December. The former shows a beautiful arrangement of golden yellow Chrysanthemums with their effective foliage, one mentally associates these handsome flowers with dull November, just as the bright Holly Berries are identified with thoughts of December.

December No. 6412. See Cushion No. 6411.

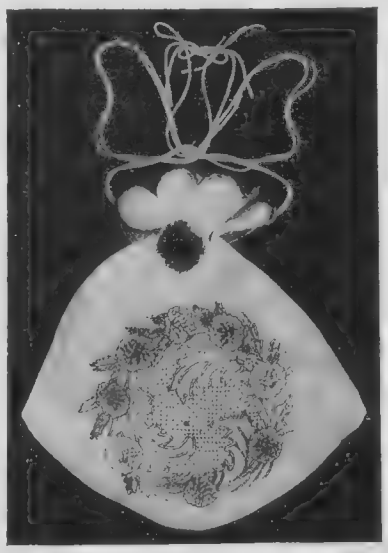
We have had so many requests for further designs for the Baldur or Aster embroidery shown in our August Number that we show another effective cushion embroidered with beautiful shades of pink braid and the Mosaic back ground is brought out with black and gold, thus throwing the remainder of the design with its effective foliage into strong relief. The method of doing this embroidery, (which is so effectively and easily worked) was clearly shown in the issue referred to so that further description is unnecessary here.



Baldur Cushion No. 6555 ..... $ .75
Fringe for ends ..... .75
Silk to embroider 1.00
Braid ..... .75
6555A Scarf to match 23 x 54 ..... 1.50
Silk to embroider 2.00
Braid 1.50

No. 6417 shows a beautiful work bag design for the Baldur embroidery, the flowers may be worked in any preferred shade. the one illustrated is carried out in golden yellows, the leaves outlined with green, the top of the bag buttonholed with yellow matching the flowers, this bag comes complete with eyelets and cord for lacing.

No. 8013 shows a guest towel, which comes already hemstitched and stamped for embroidery, embroidered towels always prove an acceptable gift, and the hemstitched variety only require a simple border decoration, thus doing away with buttonholing edges. The larger towel No. 8017 is also hemstitched and our readers will please understand that while we show different designs on each towel that both the small and large size may be supplied to match in either pattern. White Lustered Cotton Thread has been used to bring out the designs illustrated; but there is a strong tendency at present to revive colored embroidery on all articles of household



No. 6417 Bag eyeleted with cords $ .40
Materials to finish ..... .75

Design 206

TINTED IN SHADES OF BLUE, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN

Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce **Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss** into every home. Pillow Top is made of **Pure Linen Russian Crash;** stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of **Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss** to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.

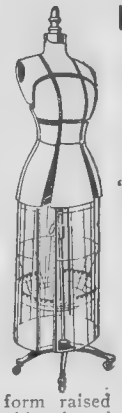
ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Dept. 306, Montreal



BUST AND HIPS

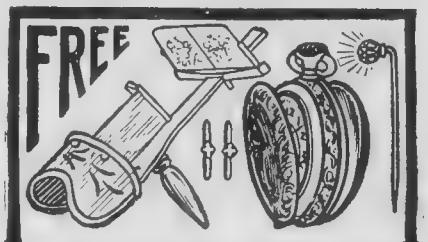
Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method", with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS."

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

HALL-BORCHERT DRESS FORM CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
41C LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



NEW STYLE STERESCOPE, with beautifully engraved SILVER ALUMINUM hood, patent spring holder and handle, first quality crystal lenses which bring out every line and color with vivid reality. Also FIFTY of the finest PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS it is possible to obtain of scenes from all over the world. We give the STERESCOPE and FIFTY VIEWS FREE for selling $3.00 worth of the lovellest PICTURE POST CARDS. VIEWS, COMICS, FLORAL: also THANKSGIVING, XMAS, VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC coloring that you will have no trouble in selling them at 6 for 10c. and winning the GRAND STERESCOPE and FIFTY VIEWS and also a lovely pair of GEM SET BEAUTY PINS or a FLASHING ELECTRIC DIAMOND PIN and if you will show your premiums to your friends and get them interested in selling our goods we will send you as an EXTRA PRESENT a MAGNIFICENT WATCH (LADIES' or GENTS' size) stem wind and set. Write to-day and we will send you the cards to sell. Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO. Dept. 90 Toronto, Ont.

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 496 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

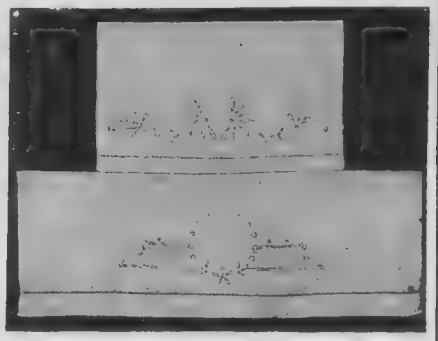
She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

How to Conquer Rheumatism At Your Own Home

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pains; stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to send for a generous Free Trial Treatment of my well-known, reliable Chronicure, with references and full particulars by mail. (This is no C. O. D. scheme.) No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. Chronicure succeeds where all else fails. Chronicure cleanses the blood and removes the cause. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find Chronicure a most satisfactory general tonic that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send today for large free package, to MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86, Windsor, Ont.

This Beauty GOLD PLATED SIGNET BRACELET, fancy embossed pattern, expands to fit any arm. Put up in lovely PLUSH lined box. We give it FREE for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest PICTURE POST CARDS, BIRTHDAY, VIEWS, COMICS, FLORAL; also THANKSGIVING, XMAS cards and booklets: VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC COLORING and designs that you will have no trouble selling at 6 for 10c. and win the BEAUTY BRACELET and also a couple of FLASHING GEM SET PINS, and we are going to make every one of our successful agents a present of a MAGNIFICENT WATCH, GENTS' OR LADIES' size, stem wind or set, according to our big advertising plan, which will be sent to you the same day we receive the $3.00. Write to-day and we will send you the cards. Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Dept. B 64 Toronto, Ont.

decoration and we may expect very shortly a revival of colored embroidery on white towels, however, the all white effect is still fashionable and desirable.



No. 8013 Guest Towel .....$ .50
No. 8017 Large Towel ..... .75

Any information regarding the embroidering of articles shown in our Art Needlework Column will be cheerfully furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope addressed as below.

Articles illustrated in this column will be found on sale at all the up to date Art Needlework Departments of the city stores, but if they cannot be obtained in this manner they will be sent post paid on receipt of the prices quoted.

When ordering kindly mention the design, number and article, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake, allow at least three days from the time the order is received for filling. Belding Paul Corticelli Limited, Needlecraft Department, Montreal.

Night Schools in the Country

The night school has as important a place to fill in the rural community and permits of as wide development and adaptation there as in the city. There is no reason why it should be an exclusive privilege of an urban population. Fatigue on the part of the farm laborer is no excuse to be urged for the lack of provision for him of night-school advantages. The factory laborer and the foreign vendor are acquainted with physical weariness; yet in them it has proved no barrier to mental exertion or literary attainments.

The rural school plant is not used extensively enough. It represents too great an investment to remain so much of the time in disuse. Night schools may be established in any rural community with profit and enjoyment to the people, and may be adapted entirely to the needs and conditions of the people surrounding such schools. Four evenings each week, with a session of two hours each evening, would probably suffice for most purposes and would not be burdensome to either pupils or teacher. The work may be made to cover not only the subjects embraced in the elementary school course and the high school, but may also include college work, vocational training and various other lines of study according to the particular demand.

The night school, however, which would offer itself in the most practical and useful form to farmers and farmers' wives would be the one that embraced a course of instruction dealing strictly with the problems of rural life. Every subject usually touched upon at farmers' institutes could be thoroughly taught and demonstrated in the evening school, and thus the opportunities enjoyed by the more up-to-date farmer could be brought to the very door of the ones who had been skeptical or tardy in the testing and application of new and improved farm methods. Conservation, rotation of crops, seed selection, restoration of soil, and every vital subject bearing on the improvement of the farm or the welfare of the farmer could be presented and learned in a practical way.

The farmers' wives and daughters could with equal profit and enjoyment receive instruction in domestic science, sanitation, dairying, poultry-raising and every industry or subject that engages their attention. Such schools might profitably supply at intervals lectures on country life, debates and addresses on agricultural subjects, reports fron returned district delegates to farmers' institutes, and such pleasurable and entertaining features as would add dignity and variety to the course of instruction.

A recent experiment made by the writer in rural night-school work among farmers in the schools of Rowan County, Kentucky, of which she is superintendent, resulted in such eager, enthusiastic acceptance of the opportunity, and such marvelous progress on the part of the adult students, as to convert to the plan all who saw the results or who have been informed as to the outcome. These schools were first conceived as a remedy for illiteracy, which exists in some of these rural districts in an alarming degree. "Moonlight schools" they were designated, not with any reference to the far-famed popular moonshine of Kentucky, but because the sessions were held on moonlight nights of the month, in order that the moonbeams might light the students over the rugged roads to school.

The rural school-teachers volunteered their services and joined enthusiastically in the movement, even campaigning their districts, explaining the movement and soliciting students prior to the opening of the schools.

When the first sessions of the schools opened in September, instead of an enrolment of small classes of illiterate persons, there were twelve hundred adults enrolled. Not illiterates only, but persons of various stages of educational advancement availed themselves of the opportunity to attend school again. Some came to master for the first time the intricacies of the English alphabet, to learn to read and write, and to secure at least the rudiments of an education. Others came to renew their acquaintance with such old friends as Ray and Harvey, and to receive an introduction to the newer text-book authors. Even in the beginning classes, current events were correlated with reading, the text being a newspaper prepared especially for and adapted to the needs and enjoyment of these students. There was an almost childish eagerness and delight manifested by both beginners and advanced students in the reading of this simple text. Equally great was their interest and enjoyment in solving the problems of the corn-crib, the field and the forest.

Men engaged in lumbering at different backwoods camps availed themselves of the opportunity to review and to learn better methods of making their calculations and writing business communications. Country merchants sought to become more proficient in penmanship, bookkeeping, mathematics and all that pertains to the mercantile business.

The rural night school has already been endorsed by the Southern Educational Association, composed of educators of twelve different states, as practical for adaptation to the Southern rural people. The state of Kentucky, through the Department of Education, will adopt it this year as a feature of its rural school work.

Mrs. C. W. Stewart

Alfalfa Means Money

In speaking of his experience in the growing of alfalfa, the Hon. A. P. Grout, of Winchester, Ill., one of the largest alfalfa growers in the state, has this to say:

"My success at first in growing alfalfa was not startling, but on the contrary I met with many discouragements. Had it not been for the doddies (sheep and hogs) that seemed so fond of it, and thrived so well on the small quantities I was able to furnish them, it is doubtful if I would have kept up the struggle. A knowledge of its wonderful feeding value gained by experience was the incentive that urged me on.

"The time has come in my experience and I believe in the experience of every alfalfa grower, when just as certain and favorable results are expected from seeding to alfalfa as from any other crop.

"It is not so much the soil, the climate or the location, as in knowing how. That fact has been clearly demonstrated.

"I do not know of any greater or more valuable service that the few successful alfalfa growers, who have learned the lesson, can render their state than to spread far and wide a knowledge of alfalfa, and encourage its cultivation and use by the farmers of Illinois. To be instrumental in bringing into general use a plant which will add untold wealth, not only to the farm, but to every other interest, will be far more creditable and more deserving of honor than that usually accorded for any public service."

CURE YOUR Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE

JOHN A. SMITH
Discoverer of The Great Rheumatic Remedy, Gloria Tonic.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called "GLORIA TONIC," and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 1654 Laing Building, Windsor, Ontario, and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready for use.

Earn $1,000 to $5,000 a Year

hundreds of good positions now open. We will teach you to be a high grade Salesman by mail in eight weeks and assure you a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning. No experience required. Write today for particulars and list of good openings. Address Dept. 146

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco

THE DRINK HABIT CAN BE CURED

Those who are sincerely desirous of curing themselves or to have friends cured should communicate with

The Keeley Institute

Corner Hugo and Jessie
WINNIPEG, Man.

Grain Stacks on a Manitoba Farm.

Temperance Talk

Bishop McIntyre's Experience

In the back of my head lies an ancient story of Sam Johnson, the bluff, bearish, brainy scholar of Britain. In the height of his fame he was found standing on the open road of an English village, in a downpour of rain. When asked his reason for this queer procedure, the dripping Ursa replied:

"I was making atonement on the spot where I disobeyed my father forty years ago."

I recently returned to my boyhood neighborhood. Full of gratitude, I rolled four decades from my shoulders and stood up therein to praise the memory of a good man, whose advice I accepted and whose dictum I obeyed with undeniable advantage to myself and others. In the pulpit of the church to which he belonged I stood and called his name, remembered by few, for he died long ago and all his kin are scattered. I told the folks that he was my boss during the Civil War, in a factory where I toiled as a boy, how he showed interest in his underlings, and stirred them to join the society now forgotten, called "The Cadets of Temperance," an offspring of "The Sons of Temperance." I recited the dim scene, where in the lodge room I took the vow of total abstinence, with uplifted hand in solemn mood, how I signed the roster, drank the pledge of fealty in cold water, sang the ode, received the password, and went out girded for the fray against King Alcohol.

As I walked home alone that summer night across the fields, with frogs calling "knee deep," and fireflies weaving their mystic dance around me, I paused at a stile to repeat my obligation and renew my youthful resolve to abstain from all intoxicants.

Half a lifetime after, in a state asylum for feeble-minded children, when I heard the matron say that three-fourths of the imbecile inmates were the progeny of drunken parents, I dug up my oath against rum, and deep in my soul registered once more my undying hatred of this fell destroyer.

A short time after my adolescent initiation I was sternly tested on this matter. I was apprenticed to the bricklayer's trade.

My employer knew his business well, was a skilful craftsman, but much given to drink, as were all his employees. At noon of my first day he bade me pour the water from the pail, go to a near-by tavern and get it filled with ale for dinner. I brought it as ordered, took my place at the end of the line, seated like the rest in the shadow of the wall, and saw the bucket with tin cup therein come slowly toward me. I trembled inwardly as I saw every bricklayer, every hodcarrier, every mortar mixer, every apprentice drink the beer. From my master down each took a share, and I realized that I, a poor, weak lad, on my first day in a new crew, must offend the whole gang, censure their customs, stand their sneers, endure their scoffs or surrender my principles.

When the booze reached me I whispered a refusal to the one who passed it; but the "Gaffer," thinking I was merely timid in new company, cried out in hearty old country style: "Take it, Robert, don't be shy; I pay for it; you are one of us; have your sip of it." I said with faltering voice while all eyes burned on me: "Excuse me, Mr. George, I never drank liquor and cannot begin now." He laughed uproariously, as did the others, and shouted, "Ho ho, lad! you'll never be a bricklayer till you learn to drink!"

I put back the untouched meal in my basket, arose slowly, shaking like an aspen tree, and walking down the row of scornful workmen, I paused before the leader and said: "Mr. George, if that is true, sir, I will go home and tell my father I am discharged, for drink liquor I will not! now or ever, I will not."

I think I had mysterious help that day, unseen of all. To my amazement the boss leaped up, took my hand and said, "God bless you, boy, stand fast and you will be a man some day." Then to the wage earners he said, "If any man of you ever asks him to drink he will suffer for it."

The first step is the hardest, and I had won the heaviest battle. I worked four years with him and saw the ruin drink made. One of my early friends has become through it a murderer; another a madman; another an outcast; another a thief. I have seen wives crushed, homes destroyed, children disgraced, babies diseased, families divided, mothers bereft, brothers estranged, firms bankrupted, lawyers degraded, doctors degenerated and ministers debauched. And all who are in prisons, insane asylums, or incurable hospitals, who rot in lazarettos or sleep in potter's fields through this treacherous foe of God and man, began as moderate drinkers.

My words will not reach or shake the inhuman parasites, who are fattened by the gains of this awful traffic, but to the boys I cry: Swear eternal enmity to rum. And enlist for this holy war till America is free from it forever.—American Issue.

The Result of Late Closing

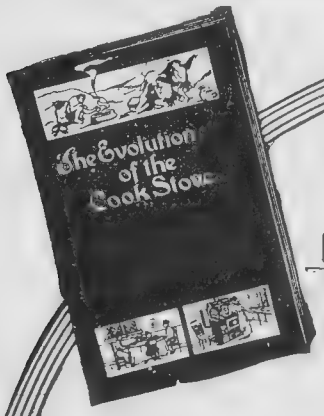
Recently a certain husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his firstborn and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife, who had retired some time before.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse, "and you had better come, too."

Miller's Worm Powders can do no injury to the most delicate child. Any child, infant or in the state of adolescence, who is infested with worms can take this preparation without a qualm of the stomach, and will find in it a sure relief and a full protection from these destructive pests, which are responsible for much sickness and great suffering to legions of little ones.



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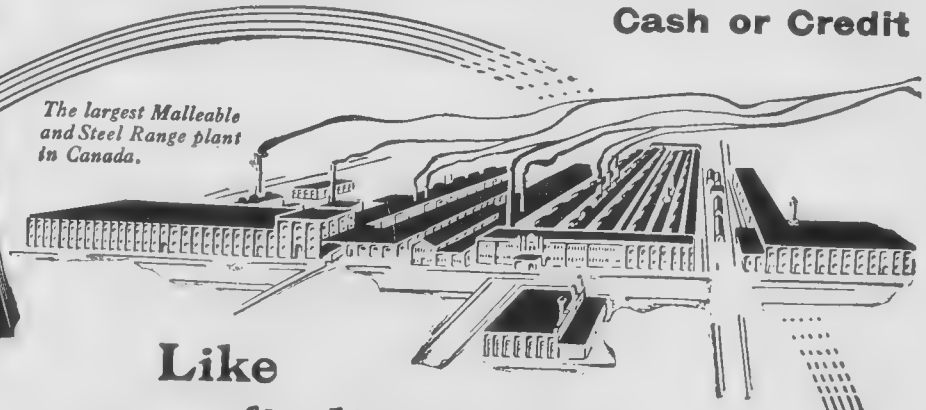

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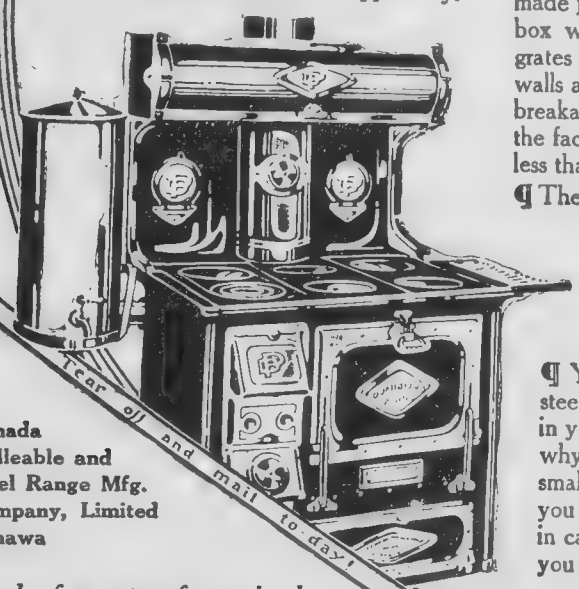
Like finding money

Let us show you the range in our booklet. Every part is described clearly so that you can see just what you are getting. In addition the book tells an interesting story of cooking that you will enjoy reading. Send for a copy to-day.

GETTING a Dominion Pride Range at the factory price puts about $20 in your purse. That's a clear saving to you.

¶ It's hard to compare prices because no other range is made just like the Dominion Pride. For instance, our fire-box weighs over 100 lbs., and with ordinary care the grates and fire-box linings will last a lifetime. The steel walls are three-ply—the tops and doors are made of unbreakable malleable iron. ¶ Even so, buying this range from the factory will land it at your station, freight paid, for 30% less than the next best range you could buy.

¶ The Dominion Pride range is unconditionally guaranteed.



Dominion Pride Range

54

¶ You would like to have a beautiful steel range like the Dominion Pride in your kitchen, and there is no reason why you should not have one. A small cash payment will secure it and you can pay the balance either in cash or on easy terms, as you choose.

Buy from the Factory

Tear off and mail to-day!

Canada Malleable and Steel Range Mfg. Company, Limited Oshawa

Send a free copy of your book.

Name

Address

We pay freight

Liquor Traffic is Not Business

No extended argument is needed to convince any thoughtful person of the difference between the liquor traffic and business. That the traffic and those engaged in it live parasitically instead of usefully is manifest. This fact naturally impresses the community, so that there is a general contempt for those whose activities do evil to others for the sake of personal gain to the doer. Even wealth and high social position cannot protect the distiller and brewer from this inevitable scorn of useful citizens. The situation is very forcibly set out in the New Hampshire "Issue" which says:

There are two essential factors necessary to constitute any transaction between men, a morally legitimate business.

1. Profit to the dealer.
2. Service to the purchaser

Every respectable, honorable business established in a community must give profit to the one who conducts it. On the other hand, the one who conducts it must give service to the community.

The men who sell dry goods, groceries, clothing, boots and shoes, hardware, and so on, must have a reasonable profit for themselves. Their transactions are also a necessary service to the community. They supply which helps make the community prosperous and happy.

The one who enders service to the community in cases of distress in supplying what is needed, without profit to himself, is performing a work of sweet Christian charity. That is not business, but charity. That is service without profit.

Gambling and lotteries are crimes because they are of this character.

The gambler takes the people's money. He renders no helpful service to the community in return. His transaction is crime, not business.

The lottery promoter takes the people's money. He does not give corresponding value in helpful needed service to the community. His transactions are not business, but crime. It is profit without service.

The highway robber takes the people's money. He gives no service in return. He is thereby a criminal. It is profit without service.

The liquor dealer takes the money of the community—all he can get of it. He makes profit for himself. He gives no helpful service to the community that adds to its happiness or prosperity.

He Had Made the Barrel Lighter

A college student once had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the head of the college, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and, not wishing to go to the various places where the beverage is retailed, I thought I would have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

Gaining Strength

At an evangelistic meeting in Scotland a carter, when giving his testimony, said: "No' very lang since I was passin' the pub I used to gang to wi' a shooin' machine on my back. The publican was staunin' at the door, an' he says to me: 'Man, Tam, ye're gettin' awfu' strong since you got converted.' That's the truth," says I, "for when I had ony dealin' wi' you I could na' cary a threepenny-bit past yer door."

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Pat's Mistake

Pat Milligan, much under the influence of liquor, went to pay his rent, and as times were hard, he appealed to his landlord to let him down "aisy" until better times came.

He had just a £5 note, half the rent, and not another penny did he own in the wide world, he said. The landlord was agreeable to take it, in the circumstances, in full of the year's rent, whereupon Pat handed him the note, and smiled, and looked at his tenant and remarked:

"This is a £10 note, Pat, and you are not so badly off after all."

"Bad luck!" Pat exclaimed. "Sure, I have given you the wrong one."

Note: If Pat kept on drinking he would not have £10 notes to give in mistake.

Is GOD Dead?

In the great struggle for the abolition of slavery in America there came a time when it seemed as if the movement had been crushed and slavery had triumphed. Even Frederick Douglass, himself an ex-slave, gave up for the moment his faith and courage. Speaking in a large hall to a great gathering of colored people in one of the states, he declared his conviction that the movement had failed, and that there was nothing before his dusky brethren in the Southern States but to bear bravely the terrible burden of slavery. But as he thus spoke a woman jumped to her feet, and stretching forth her hand, and pointing at Douglass, she cried: "Fred Douglass! Fred Douglass! Is God dead? Is God dead?" The cry rang like a trumpet-blast through the hall. To Douglass it came as the voice and call of God. He was seen to pull himself together, a new light flashed from his eye, and with head erect and outstretched arm he answered: "Nay, mother; God is not dead. He lives, and in His name and strength we shall triumph."

The Ghost that Failed

Brown is a very good fellow, but alas! he has one bad habit. It is that of never reaching home until the small hours of the morning through being addicted to drink. But one day last week Mrs. Brown hit upon a plan. If she could not persuade him out of the habit, perhaps she could frighten him out of it. And, consequently, when he reached home that night he was confronted by a tall, white-shrouded figure, which glided towards him. "Wh-wh-w-what's that," gasped poor Brown. "I am the family ghost," replied a sepulchral voice. Brown heaved a sigh of relief. "Great Scott!" he said. "How you frightened me. I thought it was the missus."

He Got a Fright

A man went home a little more than half seas over, and, feeling thirsty, procured a jug of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the jug, but the end caught in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end. The ball, of course, started to unroll. He soon had several yards in his hands, and still there was no end to the thread. Terrified, he shouted to his sleeping wife, "For guidsakes, Mary, rin' for the doctor. There's somethin far wrang wi' my inside. I'm all unravellin'!"

Cromwell Summarised

The class was given "Oliver Cromwell" as the subject for a short essay, and one of the efforts contained the following sentence: "Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose; but underneath were deep religious feelings." There are many red noses which do not cover "deep religious feelings."

Clothes Like New At Little Cost

You don't need to be always spending good money for new things—DYE the old ones with

Maypole Soap

The Clean, Fast, Easy Home Dye

There's plenty of wear left in those soiled and faded dresses, blouses, sweater coats and winter wraps, and Maypole Soap will make them as fresh and pretty as new, at a cost of only a few cents.

Maypole Soap gives fast, even, lustrous colors, with the least possible trouble and none of the mess connected with powder dyes, because Maypole Soap is in cake form and does not stain hands or kettles.

24 Colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c.—black 15c.—at your dealer's or postpaid, with booklet, "How to Dye," from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & Co., Montreal

BIG CARTAGE COMPANY RECOMMENDS

MOLASSINE MEAL

Made in England

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY:

THE SHEDDEN FORWARDING CO. LIMITED
Cartage Agents for
THE GRAND TRUNK RY. SYSTEM. THE INTERCOLONIAL RY. SYSTEM, Etc.

Messrs. The MOLASSINE Co. of Canada, Limited Montreal, June 9th, 1913
402 Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs—I have much pleasure in recommending your "MOLASSINE MEAL," which has been used by this Company for several years with good results.

Yours truly, (Signed) G. E. BELCOURT, General Manager

ROYAL WARRANT

After supplying the Royal Stables for several years, His Majesty King George V has granted a Royal Warrant to the makers of MOLASSINE MEAL

This Company owns and uses such a large number of Horses that the feeding becomes a very important feature with them. "MOLASSINE MEAL" will do as much for your horses—try it.

Put up in bags containing 100 lbs. Get it at your Dealers or write us directly.

Look for this Trade Mark

on every bag

MOLASSINE Co. OF CANADA, LIMITED ST. JOHN, N.B. MONTREAL TORONTO

930

WESTERN DISTRIBUTERS

The A. McDonald Co., Winnipeg and all Branches.
Crown Feed and Produce Co., Calgary, Alta.
A. S. Gavin and Co., Vancouver, B. C.

Special Winter Offer

Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg	$1.00
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg - -	1.00
Regular Price - - - -	$2.00

SNAP OFFER

Both For One Year

$1.00

This offer does not apply to those living within the City of Winnipeg limits or in the United States of America. It holds good, however, to Great Britain.

.....1913

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

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SAVE-THE-HORSE

(Trade Mark Registered.)

Do not waste time talking to neighbors, lamenting hard luck and listening to a lot of contradictory advice that in the end does not amount to anything. Just go right at it and cure the horse as quickly as possible; get him in a condition to work and earn again.

WE ORIGINATED the treatment of horses Under Signed Contract to Return Money if Remedy fails.

But write and we will send our—BOOK—Sample Contract and Advice—ALL FREE to (Horse Owners and Managers—Only).

Troy Chemical Co., 148 Van Horn St., Toronto, Ont. (Also Binghampton N.Y.)

Druggists everywhere sell Save-the-Horse With Contract or we send by Parcel Post or Express prepaid.

Write for my Complete HARNESS CATALOGUE "SQUARE DEAL" Harness direct from MAKER TO USER THOS. McKNIGHT WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Trade Marks and Designs
Write for booklet and circular, terms, etc.

Featherstonhaugh & Co.

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Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. Sc.

209-10 Bank of Nova Scotia, Portage Ave.
(Corner of Garry)

WINNIPEG

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

About the Farm

Watering Horses

Give Them Drink First is Best Plan

Healthy animals should have all the water they desire The ideal condition would be to have it at their disposal all the time, but as this is impossible while at work, certain restrictions should be exercised in the case of working animals. This is especially necessary in the case of the horse. The stomach of the horse is smaller in proportion to his size than that of any of the other domestic animals, and as a consequence he is more liable to suffer from digestive troubles than are the ruminants. It is not wise to allow a thirsty horse all the water he will drink either before or after severe work nor after feeding. In order that a horse might have the best possible chance of digesting his food thoroughly he should always have the water first and his solid meal afterwards.

Horses should be watered before breakfast in the morning. It will probably take some time and trouble to educate a horse to this, as most animals refuse to drink until after being fed. A little perseverance, however, will accomplish it all right, and horses treated in this way will make a better use of their food, keep in better condition, and will be less liable to suffer from stomach trouble. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, the water a horse drinks remains only a very short time in the stomach. It quickly passes back into the intestines. As a consequence, if the stomach is fairly full of chewed-up hay and oats, and the horse takes a big drink of water the stomach is very full and more or less of the solid portion of the breakfast will be washed back into the intestines with the water, thus depriving the animal of the nourishment contained in the portions of undigested food washed out of the stomach. Secondly, not only is the horse deprived of any nourishment from part of his breakfast, but those particles of undigested matter in the intestines act as irritants, and are liable to set up scouring and collicky pains. In case the horse has his water first, by the time he has eaten only a small part of his breakfast the water will have all left the stomach, no solids will have been washed out, and the digestive fluids will have a much better chance to perform their functions than if diluted with large quantities of water.

Precautions in Other Cases

If a horse has done some very heavy work and is excessively tired he should not be allowed all the water he wants until he has rested a while, give him some water, then, after an hour or two of rest, let him drink all he wants. It is also bad practice to put a horse to any severe exercise, such as fast driving or moving heavy loads immediately after taking a hearty drink, because the overloaded stomach and intestines press forward into the lung space and prevent the lungs from properly performing their functions. This is very noticeable in the case of a horse with the heaves.

Such an animal should (if at all possible) be watered often, and only a little at a time, of course, a full drink could always be allowed at night.

Cabbage Culture

Experimental Farm Has Issued Useful Pamphlet

There is perhaps no vegetable grown in Canada that is more easily raised than the cabbage. It does well in almost any soil provided with a reasonable quantity of moisture and manure; it thrives from the most southerly part of the Province of Ontario to Dawson City in the north and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. The cabbage does best in a moist, cool soil, and responds well to heavy fertilizing and good tillage. Market gardeners have learned not only this, but also that there are great differences in the value of different varieties. It has been found by actual experiment that it is possible to have more than $200 per acre difference in the value of the crop of a poor and good strain.

For twenty-four years the Horticultural Division of the Central Experimental Farm has carried on variety and cultural experiments with cabbage, and has learned much of value on the subject. This work has been carried on for the benefit of the public who are fully entitled to the lessons gathered during this long period. Year after year, results of this work have been published in the annual report of the experimental farms, but such references have necessarily been of a fragmentary nature In order to treat the subject of cabbage growing fully in a single publication, the Dominion Horticulturist, Mr. W. T. Macoun, has brought out Pamphlet No. 11 of the Central Experimental Farm, which takes the subject up under the heads of the soil and its preparation, varieties, sowing the seed and raising the plants, planting, cultivation, harvesting and control of insects and fungus diseases. A section is also devoted to the culture of the cauliflower, which is stated to be more difficult to grow than the cabbage.

Early cabbage is said to be usually more profitable to grow than late cabbage, but requires more skill to get a satisfactory crop. Good early sorts are Early Jersey Wakefield, Paris Market Very Early and Copenhagen Market. Popular late varieties are Danish Ballhead and Late Flat Dutch, while Red Dutch is one of the best red kinds.

In cauliflowers Early Dwarf Erfurt and Early Snowball are favorites, while Large Algiers and Walcheren are excellent late sorts.

The pamphlet points out that with all these varieties it is important to get he best strains that can be procured.

As only a limited edition of this work has been printed, it will not be sent out to the regular mailing list, but copies will be sent free to all who apply for them to the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Sources of Plant Ills

By O. A. Pratt, assistant plant pathologist, Idaho Experiment Station

Plant diseases of an infectious character are caused by microscopic organisms, either fungous or bacterial. These organisms are present everywhere in the air, water and soil, waiting for an opportunity to establish themselves in the tissues of our growing plants. Only constant warfare against them can prevent their entrance and consequent disease.

To successfully combat disease, it is essential to know the sources of infection. This is just as true of plant disease as it is of human disease, since both are caused by organisms of the same class. Our cultivated plants may "catch" disease from the (1) soil; (2) from other cultivated plants; (3) from weeds growing along the roadsides and in our fields.

Soil infections are the hardest to control, and crop rotation alone can accomplish it. Such diseases as dry rot and blight of potatoes and roots rots in general, are caused by organisms which live in the soil and attack the growing plant whenever conditions are right. Potato diseases require from two to four years to eliminate from the soil. Once a field is infected, crop rotation should be practised for several years.

Diseases coming to our plants from other cultivated plants should not be tolerated, for when spraying is not effective, the pruning knife and the fire are. Foliage and fruit diseases are usually controlled with little difficulty by spraying. Disease caused by bacteria, such as the fire and twig blight of pears and apples, must be pruned out and burned. Bacteria in herbaceous plants, such as cabbage rot and bacterial rot of potatoes, must of course be eliminated by crop rotation.

One important source of disease and one which is commonly overlooked is the weeds. Weeds are just as subject to disease as are cultivated plants.

CO-OPERATION ASSURES SUCCESS

$16,777.00 earned by 4 Co-Operative Representatives

"What Others Are Doing, I May Do"

As a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd., I hereby state that I earned in 1911 the sum of $6,009.25, by selling Real Estate.
(Sgd.) D. T. Theall, Newton, Mass.

"I am of the opinion that your instructions are absolutely necessary for any one engaged in the Real Estate or any other business, and I consider the first two lessons worth the price of the whole course."
J. F. M., Winnipeg, Man.

"Without these lessons I could never have had an idea of the importance of the subject."
N. S. C., Brockville, Ont.

We very much regret the death of Mr. H. S. Percival, about November 1, 1911, who, as our representative, earned $5,887.00 by selling Real Estate in 1911.

"These first two lessons contain an amount of pointers and information that in my estimation is of great value, not only for a Real Estate Dealer, but for any man of whatever calling."
G. A. DeB., Stavely, Alta.

Co-Operation helped me to earn $1,250.00 during my university vacation, 1911, as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
(Sgd.) O. L. Clipperton, Toronto.

"I have been fifteen years in the Insurance and Real Estate business, and notwithstanding my experience I feel that I will derive substantial benefit from your excellent system of business instruction."
R. H. L., Maple Creek, Sask.

I hereby state that I earned $3,681.00 in less than six months by selling Real Estate as a representative of The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.
(Sgd.) A. F. Bragdon, Seattle, Wash.

The Dominion Co-Operative Realty Co., Ltd.

114 9th AVE., EAST CALGARY, ALTA.

It must be borne in mind that a disease of a given plant is usually capable of infecting all other plants belonging to the same family as the given plant. For example, bacterial blight and rot of potato is capable of infecting all other members of the nightshade family, to which the potato belongs, such as the tomato, egg plant and tobacco. The wilt of the cucurbits affects all of the cucumber or melon family. Many cultivated plants have relatives growing wild, and the farmer should carefully rid his fields of all weeds, especially those related to the crops he wishes to grow. Wild grasses harbor ergot. Wild oats often transmit smut to the outfields. Many diseases have different stages of growth. Some of these stages may develop weeds, as for example the wild barberry, which bears one stage of the wheat rust. Wild roses are often infected with crown gall. Crown gall in orchards is often traced to this source.

It behoves the farmer to study his soils carefully and keep close watch for diseases which may be lying dormant there, to spray his fruit trees and apply the knife when necessary and to get rid of his weeds of all sorts.

The lady of the house takes her full share in the pioneering work of the West.

A Little on us Every Day

God broke our years to hours and days that
Hour by hour,
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife
With woe and struggle meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go:
Our feet would stop: and so
God lays a little on us every day
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep
Or pathways lie so steep
But we can go if, by God's power,
We only bear the burdens of the hour.

—George Klingle.

Green Manuring

The manuring of land with a green clover or other suitable crop tends materially to increase the productivity and fertility of that soil. Years ago the practice of growing such a crop and ploughing it in as manure was very popular indeed, but it is less extensively practised now-a-days, the usual method being to feed the green crop off the ground. There are, of course, certain leguminous plants which enrich the soil to a considerable extent; as, for example, clover ploughed in just at the time when it has come fully in flower. One of the greatest advantages of green manuring, says a writer in the "Farm and Stockbreeder," Eng., is that the decaying organic matter or humus helps to retain and conserve the moisture and the valuable fertilizing properties of the soil; in this respect, it is especially useful in dry, sandy soils, with permeable subsoils, that occasion a great waste of the manurial properties of dung.

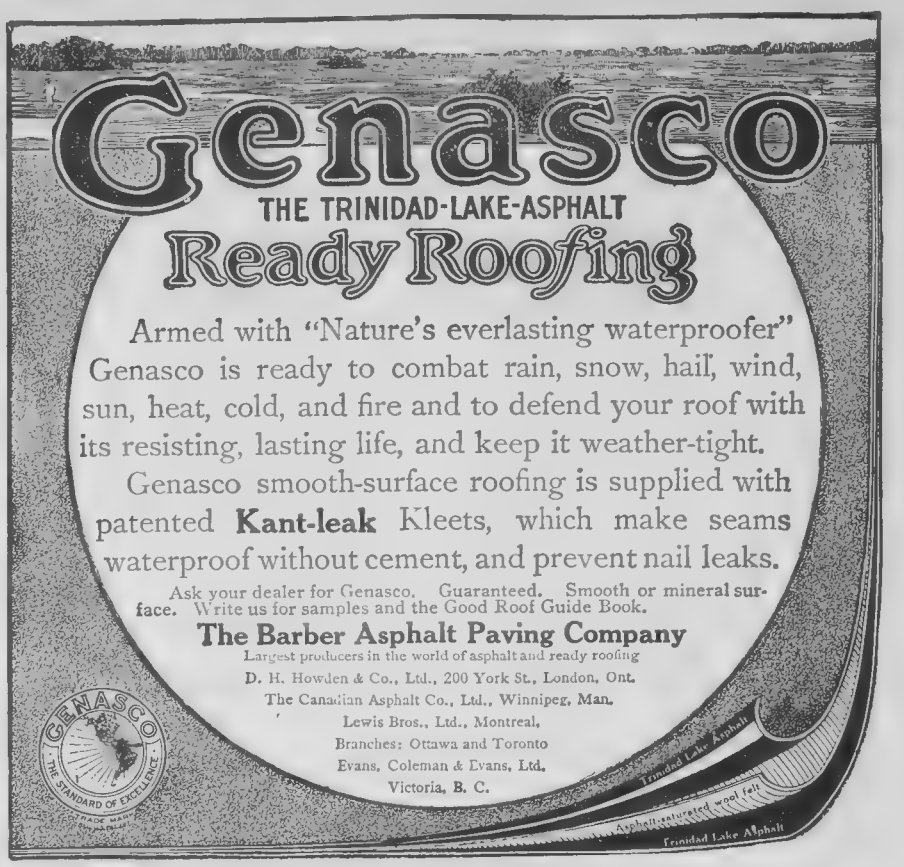
As a rule, plants of very rapid growth are used for green manuring, but perennials are generally better suited for the purpose than annual plants. At any rate, a crop should be chosen which will decompose readily and be most quickly affected by the winter frosts. Clover is most generally used, and a variety should be selected which grows the highest and comes on most quickly. The crop should be ploughed in when it is in full flower and the stalk is turning brown.

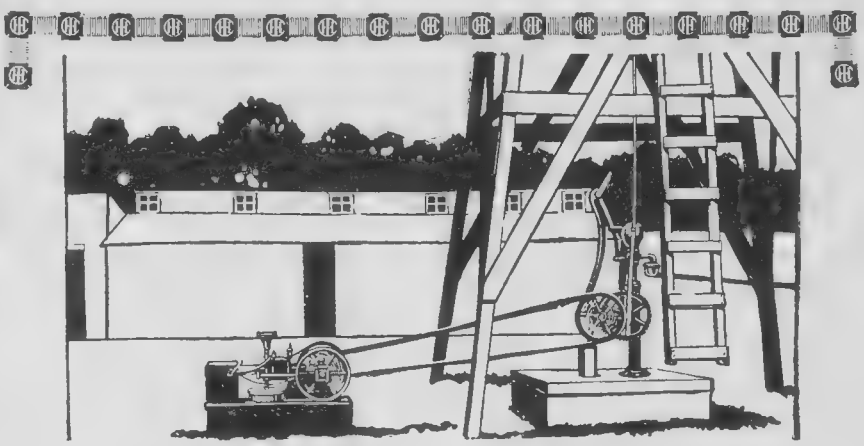
A crop of clover of say two tons to the acre, removes from the soil approximately 102 lbs. of nitrogen, 26 lbs. of phosphate of lime, and 83 lbs. of potash. When the green plant is incorporated with the soil, therefore, it is evident that the latter must benefit to a considerable exent as regards its store of available fertilizing material. Not only that, but the clover plant is distinguished by its deep rooting habit of growth, which points to the fact that mineral plant food has been brought up from the lowest depths of the soil, where in the ordinary way a wheat crop, for example, would be unable to reach it. When the clover stems are ploughed in, however, they help to distribute this food material more regularly throughout the whole depth of the soil. Naturally, clover being a leguminous plant, obtains a large store of nitrogen from the atmosphere, and it has been estimated that the manurial value of this atmospheric nitrogen, when the green crop is ploughed in, amounts to no less than $10 per acre.

The benefit derived from this method of manuring is not of a temporary character; it lasts for several seasons, and the effects are appreciated by second or third crops that are taken on the same plot of ground. Moreover, a decided improvement is effected in the mechanical condition of the soil, both as regards light porous soils and heavy retentive soils. In the former case, green manuring has the effect of enriching the ground in humus, and so increasing its retentiveness, while in the latter case the porosity of the soil is increased and air and moisture are able to circulate more freely amongst the soil particles.

Mode of Administering Remedies to the Horse

The most common form in which medicine is given to the horse is by means of the ball, an oblong mass of rather soft consistence, yet tough enough to retain its shape, and wrapped up in thin paper for that purpose. The usual weight of the ball is from half an ounce to an ounce, but they may be given of a larger size, if they are made longer but not wider. Every groom should know how to give a ball, which is managed either with or without a balling-iron, an instrument which is seldom wanted, and which sometimes occasions considerable mischief to the roof of the horse's mouth. Occasionally





Once Upon a Time

ONCE there was really no way out of it for the farmer. Plodding home from the field with his team at close of day, he saw before him the waiting small jobs about the house, barn, and yard, jobs that took time and labor, and never seemed to end. There was water to be pumped, wood to be sawed, various machines to be run by hand. But that was once upon a time. Today he lets the engine do the work.

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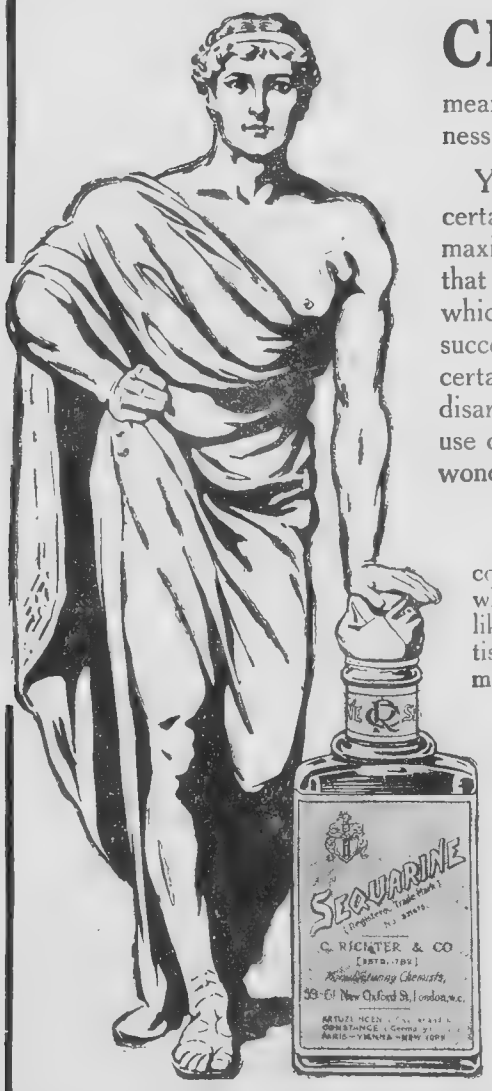

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a horse cannot be managed by any other means; but, generally speaking, they are only an excuse for bad management. In giving a ball in the ordinary way, the horse's tongue is drawn out of his mouth on the off or right side, and held there firmly with the left hand grasping it as near the root as possible, but to a certain extent yielding to the movement of the horse's head, so as not absolutely to tear it out. While the tongue is thus held, the ball is placed between the fingers and thumb of right hand, extended in a wedge-like or conical form so as to pass as far down the swallow as possible, and the hand in this form, with the arm bared to the shoulder, is carried over the root of the tongue till it feels the impediment caused by the contraction of the swallow, when the fingers leave the ball there, and the hand is withdrawn quickly yet smoothly, while at the same moment the tongue is released, and the head is held up till the ball is seen to pass down the gullet on the left side of the neck, after which the head may be released. When the balling-iron is used, the oval ring of which it is composed is passed into the mouth, so as to keep it open, being first well guarded with tow or cloths wrapped round it; the handle is then held in the left hand, together with the halter, so as to steady the head, and yet to keep the horse from biting; and while thus held the hand can freely be carried over the tongue, and the ball be deposited in the pharynx. When a horse is very determined, it is sometimes necessary to keep the iron in the mouth by means of the cheek-pieces of an ordinary bridle buckled to the sides of the oval ring; but this expedient is seldom required if the halter is firmly grasped with the handle of the iron. In the usual way the horse to be balled is turned round in his stall, which prevents his backing away from the groom; and if the latter is not tall enough, he may stand upon a sound stable-bucket turned upside down. Balls should be recently made, as they soon spoil by keeping; not only losing their strength, but also becoming so hard as to be almost insoluble in the stomach, and frequently passing through the bowels nearly as they went into the mouth. When hard they are also liable to stick in the horse's gullet. If ammonia or any other strong stimulant is given in this way, the horse should not have his stomach quite empty, but should have a little gruel or water just before, for if this is put off till afterwards the nauseous taste of the ball almost always prevents his drinking. When arsenic forms the principal ingredient of the ball it should be given soon after a feed of corn; or a quart or two of gruel should be given instead just before the ball.

The administration of a drench is a much more troublesome affair than the giving of a ball; and in almost all cases more or less of the dose is wasted. Sometimes, however, a liquid medicine is to be preferred, as in colic gripes, when the urgent nature of the symptoms demands a rapidly-acting remedy, which a ball, from its requiring time to dissolve, is r· ; and besides this, a ball cannot contain any of the spiritous cordials. The best instrument for giving a drench is the horn of the ox, cut obliquely, so as to form a spout. Bottles are sometimes used in an emergency but their fragile nature always renders them dangerous. In giving a drench, the tongue is held in the same way as for the delivery of a ball, but the head must be more elevated; the drench is then carefully poured into the throat, after which the tongue is let go, but the head still kept up until it is all swallowed. Allowance should always be made for some waste in giving a drench.

Physicking, or the giving of opening physic, is necessary in many diseases, which will be specified as they severally come under observation. The mode of managing all horses while "in physic" is that which I shall here describe. In all cases, if possible, the horse should be prepared by bran mashes, given for two or three nights, so as to make the bowels rather loose than otherwise, and thus allow the dose to act without undue forcing of the impacted faeces backward. If physic is given without this softening process, the stomach and bowels pour out a large secretion of fluid, which is forced back upon the rectum, and met by a solid obstacle which it takes a long time to overcome, and during that interval the irritating purge is acting upon the lining membrane, and often produces excessive inflammation of it. Purging physic should generally be given in the middle of the day, after which the horse should remain in the stable, and have chilled water as often as he will drink it, with bran mashes. By the next morning he will be ready to be walked out for an hour, which will set the bowels to act if they have not already begun. It is usual to tie up the tail with a tape or string, so as to keep it clean. The horse should be warmly clothed, and if the physic does not act with an hour's walk he may be gently trotted for a short distance, and then taken home; and, if still obstinate, he may be exercised again in the afternoon. As soon as the physic operates pretty freely the horse is to be taken into his stable, and not stirred out again, under any pretence whatever, for forty-eight hours after it has "set," or, in common language, stopped acting. When the purging has ceased, the mashes may be continued for twenty-four hours, with a little corn added to them, and a moderate quantity of hay. The water, during the whole time, should be in small quantities, and chilled; and the clothing should be rather warmer than usual, taking great care to avoid draughts of cold air. Every horse requires at least three days' rest for a dose of physic, in order to avoid risk of mischief.

Prison Villa, St. Vital, Man., where prisoners working on roads were housed during summer months. The surroundings are uplifting and were appreciated by the men.

Shoeing

The anatomy of the foot should be carefully studied by every one who attempts to superintend a smith in his work; and, in fact, even the smith himself should know something of the formation of this important organ. The foot is composed of three parts—first, of the bones, cartilages, tendons, etc., by which the general shape is maintained, and the limb m ed; secondly, of a delicate membrane, by which the last bone is covered, and which serves to secrete the horn of the hoof; and thirdly,

of the hoof itself, a dead mass, or shell of horny matter, which, in a state of nature, is intended to protect the foot from the friction of the ground, but, in our treatment of the horse, serves chiefly to receive the shoe which we nail to it, in order to guard against the excessive hardness of our roads, and very often the sharp flints with which they are mended.

The bones, etc., consist of the coffin-bone, at the extreme end, which is nearly the shape of the foot, but smaller. This is attached to the lower or smaller pastern-bone, which also is partly covered by the upper part of the horn. It is very light and spongy, and is perforated by numerous small holes for the blood-vessels, which supply the laminae on plates, with which it is covered. It is moved by a tendon inserted before, and another behind, by which the foot itself is raised and lowered again upon the ground. Around the exterior of this bone is a series of folds of membrane, of a half-horny character, but full of blood-vessels, and constituting not only a glandular apparatus for the secretion of the horn, but also an elastic bond of connection with the horn itself. It is supposed that, in the usual way, these plates, by their attachment to the horn of the hoof, support the weight by a kind of suspension, and that the sole takes little or none of it; and it is only in work that the sole descends upon the ground, and then receives some considerable pressure from it. At all events, there is no doubt that the laminae take a very great amount of pressure off the sole and frog.

Beneath the coffin-bone is the sensible sole, formed in its upper part by an elastic substance, and below of a vascular one, which somewhat resembles the skin. It is placed between the coffin-bone and the insensible sole, as a means of diminishing the shock, and also acting as a species of gland in secreting the horny sole.

Behind and between the two divisions of the sole is the sensible frog which is a soft mass, of a spongy nature, partly also ligamentous in its character. In shape it corresponds with the frog, as seen from below, and it is attached to the coffin-bone and cartilages of the heels by numerous vessels and nerves and cellular membranes.

The navicular bone is placed behind and between the lower pastern and coffin-bones, forming a joint with both, and materially strengthening their union. It also receives some of the weight which is thrown on the lower pastern, and acts as a lever for the flexor tendon.

The cartilages of the foot project beyond and behind the coffin-bone, and add to its surface for the attachment of the laminated plates, and also of the horny matter.

The hoof itself, is, as it were, a case or cast of the parts within it, and it consists of the wall or crust of the sole and of the frog.

The crust or wall is that part which is uncovered by hair, and which is seen when the foot is on the ground. It is deepest in front, and should in a sound foot form an angle there with the ground of about forty-five degrees. If flatter than this, it constitutes the "oyster shell" foot; and if more upright the foot has always a tendency to contract. This crust is in front about half an inch in thickness, gradually becoming thinner toward the heel, especially the inner one, and thicker toward the ground. The inner heel is also a little higher than the outer, and wears away more rapidly, from the friction of the road being greater there than on the outer side. Where the crust joins the skin at the coronet, it becomes rapidly thin; and this is called the coronary ring, which covers an expansion of the skin, called the coronary ligament. This is really no ligament, but is the glandular organ which secretes the crust, or the greater part of it, the inner layer being formed by the laminae on the coffin-bone A knowledge of this office leads to the application of remedies to the coronary ligament when there is a deficiency of horn, and not to the horn itself, which is dead matter, and incapable of doing anything to alter its own qualities. The inside of the crust is marked by deep grooves, being horny plates or projections, which fit into the corresponding laminae on the coffin-bone already described.

The sole is a concave surface of horn attached to the sensible sole above, and containing between its two portions the frog, to which it is connected by the bars at the hinder part. The bars are continuations of the crust, which bend inwards and forward and then lose themselves upon the frog itself. In the angle between these two portions is the place usually occupied by corns.

The frog is a elastic and insensible substance, of a wedge-like form, with the point forward, which is intended to give the horse secure foothold, and also to diminish the concussion with the ground. In the middle is a cleft, in which offensive matter is apt to accumulate, and thereby cause thrush.

The practice of shoeing, for its due performance, depends upon several conditions, one of which is that the smith shall have some knowledge of the common laws of mechanics, and shall be able to adapt to his particular purpose the various expedients into which his materials are capable of being combined. This constitutes the chief difficulty of shoeing; for on a healthy foot almost any rude artizan can manage to nail a shoe.

The first thing to be done is to remove the old shoe, and carefully examine whether any alteration from the usual mode will be of service. The nails should first all be punched out, after raising their clenches, and then the shoe will always readily leave the foot, without the exertion of any improper violence The next thing is to pare down the horn, if it is redundant, and to clear it out from the corn places, as well as to smooth off any ragged portions of the frog. When the foot is pared out (in doing which the smith should carefully leave the bars), the shoe is next fitted on; here the smith may take advantage of its heat to ascertain its bearing, but not to let it form its own seat by the burning down the hoof, as careless smiths too often do. The slightest touch is enough for the smith to see what horn is required to come off, which he easily does with his knife; and in this way the shoe is soon lifted. I have already dilated upon the absurd system of shoeing the foot with a shoe wider at the heels than the foot, and I can only return to the subject here by way of a reminder, the reader being referred to the article "Contraction," under Diseases of the Foot, for further information. When the shoe is nicely fitted it is next nailed on, and for this purpose three nails are generally used on the inside, and four on the outside. The nails are turned down, and then they are twisted off with the pincers, and hammered down in their places, letting them into little notches, which are formed for them with the rasp.

A city man who rented a secluded farmhouse for his family during the summer found one old servant with his pet dog living in the tenant-house on the place. The city man had brought with him a high-bred setter dog, and one day out in the fields the two owners of these sagacious animals were telling about their wonderful intelligence.

Although nothing more than a "yaller dog," Sam thought his pet was wiser than many a dog of a higher class.

"It's all very well, Sambo," said the city man, "but here's one your dog can't beat. One day before I came out here I had occasion to go into the country, and, the rest of the family being absent, I shut up the house and unconsciously locked Rover in. When I had gone he ran around a while, and then finding an open window he jumped into the yard and started off to hunt me. I had gone about seven or eight miles into the country, and would you believe it, Sam, that dog followed me up and traced me to my destination—merely by scent, merely by scent. Now, what do you think of that?"

"What does Ah think of it, Massa?" said the old negro, slowly; "whv. Ah thinks you needed a bath."

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This letter tells of relief from the suffering of varicose veins by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Many suffer from this trouble not knowing the comfort to be obtained by the use of this great soothing ointment.

Mrs. R. J. Evans, 187 Munro street, Toronto, writes: "We have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for years. I have been troubled with varicose veins, and find it the only thing that gives relief. For every purpose when a soothing, healing ointment is needed there is nothing so good as Dr. Chase's Ointment." 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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To lie deep in the grass and hear the song
Of Peakland in the heat of summer noon.
To watch the sunfire wreathe the moor's maroon
With mist of gold when noon has passed along.
To sip sweet water from the shining streams
That steal their music from the hills of mirth,
To feel the throb of honey-breathing earth.
And feast my heart with lovely thoughts and dreams . . .

And still to lie when sundown shores and seas
Slip from the western sky behind the veil
Which evening gently draws round earth's dear face;
This is my Paradise, my tired heart's ease.
And, while the eyes of friends who never fail
Smile through the dusk, I'll seek none other place.

Thomas Moult.

Thanksgiving in the Country

By W. A. McIntyre, L.L.D.

How pleasantly the words fall on the tired ears of the world-worn city man and woman, and what entrancing memories they conjure up. It brings back memories of the old farm home, of the fields and meadows and orchards, of the hills and groves and rivers that were familiar haunts in days long gone. It brings back the old kitchen where the fire leaped and glowed and where mother moved about from table to pantry and from store room to cellar, busy with her preparations for the coming feast. Hardly ever is there a lack of plenty in the farm home, and how the pantry shelves fairly seemed to groan under the load of pies and puddings, cakes and crullers, doughnuts and savory roast meats, and how the spicy smell seems now to steal into the stuffy office and tantalize the senses, and create a heart hunger harder to satisfy than any physical appetite. There never was or never could be any Thanksgiving like that in the old farm home and under the old roof tree. No table ever groaned under such delicious viands as mother prepared. No turkey was quite so brown and crispy, no dressing quite so satisfying. There never were any mince and pumpkin pies quite like those that mother used to make. And the doughnuts and the apple butter and the spiced pears and the maple syrup and the nuts and apples and all the other good things of those dear, delightful days, how they all have a place in this vision of Thanksgiving in the old home. And there are father and mother, their kindly faces glowing with contentment and happiness as they look around t these other faces gathered around the old table in the homely dining room. What other eyes have ever looked so kindly and lovingly into our own, and what other faces have ever beamed with such unalloyed pleasures because of our presence at their board? And what worldly success, what gratified ambition, fame or fortune has ever brought us the real satisfaction that was ours when in that old farm home with father and mother, brothers and sisters, an unbroken family circle we gathered around the well filled board and with care-free hearts and healthy appetites, partook of mother's Thanksgiving feast.

The Art of Seeing the Right Side of Things

To look ever on the bright side of things, to find a silver lining to every cloud, to see the seeds of good in things evil and a pledge of life in seeming death—this is a most potent help to the adventurer in the great business of life. Let a man but have this as his heritage—his fairy-godmother's gift of a pair of rose-colored spectacles—and he will be saved as by a miracle where others are overwhelmed. In the rough and tumble of existence there are many things to sadden and disillusionise all of us—the falseness of our friends, the fickleness of our loved ones, the ill-success of our undertakings. Happy indeed is that man who does not meet all this again and again in his journeying through life, and, perhaps, happier still is he who, meeting it, can, by the grace of optimism that is in him, come through it all with his faith in his fellows undimmed and his trust in human nature unshaken. "By grace are ye saved through faith," saith the Scriptures; but "by optimism are ye saved through cheerfulness" might almost be said of many of us in the more secular activities of our daily lives.

Moral Reflections

Making a friend laugh is often the best help we can give him.

The greatest aid in overcoming mistakes is acknowledging them.

Want is a growing giant, whom the Coat of Have was never large enough to cover.

Happiness is a condition in ourselves, the outcome of devotion to something better than ourselves.

The worst penalty of evil-doing is to grow into likeness with the bad; for each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or for worse.

One would think it should be obvious to any one that, when in company with superiors in age, knowledge, or experience, when subjects are discussed which they cannot bear a part in, then is the time for silence.

We cannot afford not to believe in ourselves, our own power of moral recuperation and influence. Out of this lower human trust will grow a higher one. Out of duty well and cheerfully performed the spirit of worship and praise will grow. We gain happiness, here or hereafter, only as we create it here on the way.

"But He answered Her not a Word"

Was Jesus unresponsive to the passionate cry of a anguished soul? Did He turn a deaf ear to a call for help? Does He now leave prayer unanswered? If that were true, then, indeed, man is helpless and hopeless amid the forces which press him and crush him. Verily, it seems to be true, or my prayers bring me no help. For me the silence goes unbroken, and my heart breaks!

Yet it is but the trial of my faith.

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Your *power* to make money by getting as *much* profit from your farm as you *should* get---depends upon how much you *know*. The owner of a Telephone knows---when the other fellow has to *guess* and probably guess wrong. That's why a Northern Electric Telephone will add power to your farm---power to make more money.

Facts That Speak For Themselves

Supposing you had produce to sell—butter, eggs, poultry, fruit or livestock—and you could *know* when to sell so as to get the *highest* prices, that would be a good power to have—wouldn't it? And supposing you could know in advance whether there was going to be frost- or rain—or snow—in time to save your crops, that would also be a great power, wouldn't it? Then supposing that you had the power to talk to the town—right from your own home—the doctor, the veterinary, the mill, the farm machinery factory, the forge, or that son or daughter in the city,—at any time you wanted to, that would be great—wouldn't it?

A Northern Electric Telephone Will Give You This Power

You And Your Friends

Can build, own and operate your own Rural Telephone System at a *cost* to each of about the *value of 20 bushels of wheat.*

Our Free Book

Tells you how to form a company among your neighbors and how to build the system from start to finish by your own labor.

It Explains Everything

In simple, straightforward language that even a child could understand. It makes the work of construction as easy as building a fence.

We Will Help You

The Northern Electric & Mfg. Co., Limited—the oldest and largest Telephone manufacturers in Canada—will back you up and guide you and advise you in every step of the work until success is assured.

When You Are Ready

To purchase the equipment write to our nearest house and our experts will place their knowledge at your disposal. And remember that Northern Electric equipment costs no more than many inferior makes, and is the best Telephone equipment money can buy.

MORE THAN 95 PER CENT. OF THE TELEPHONES IN CANADA ARE : NORTHERN ELECTRIC TELEPHONES

BETTER MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

THE Northern-Electric AND MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED

Manufacturer of Telephone and Fire Alarm Apparatus and Distributor of Electrical Supplies for every possible need.

MONTREAL HALIFAX TORONTO
WINNIPEG REGINA CALGARY
EDMONTON VANCOUVER

Yes, Mr. Brown, we sold that carload of cheese and butter alright. Glad we were able to Telephone you about that rise in prices. Good-bye

Yes, dad, I'll be up home on Saturday. Send a rig to the station. The train gets in at 5 o'clock. Good-bye.

THE NORTHERN ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

W. H. M. 406

Gentlemen:

Please send me FREE, one copy of your 100-page bound and illustrated book, on "How to Build Rural Telephone Lines."

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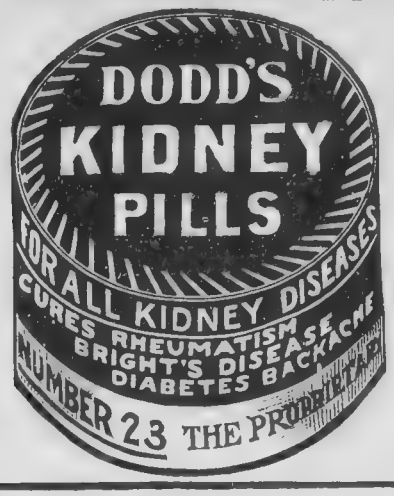

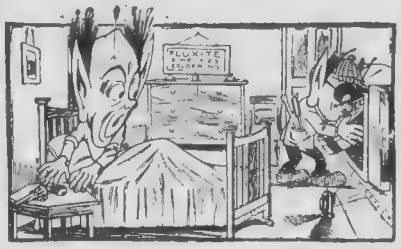

The Cunning Crime
He's had a fright;
But still there's time
To save Fluxite.

It's easy to do Soldering work with

FLUXITE

The paste flux that

Simplifies Soldering

And LEAD-JOINTING

Anyone can use it. Repair your pots and pans and other metal articles at home in a few moments. Mechanics WILL have FLUXITE.

Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

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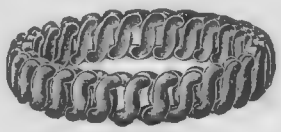

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6 Exposures 10 Cents

Ten and twelve exposures 20c. Brownie Prints 35c a doz. 2½ x 4¼, 3¼ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼ 40c a doz. 3¼ x 5½ and 4 x 5, 50c a doz. Post Cards 60c a doz. Money or Post Office Order to accompany. Promptest delivery guaranteed.

MANITOBA HALL STUDIO
Room 2, 291½ Portage Ave., WINNIPEG

Christ's silence does not argue Christ's indifference. Bless be God for the unanswered prayers which have made me realise more keenly my need, poverty, helplessness, which have forced my unwilling soul to a more ardent asking. Till He answers, let me cry. "Then He answered" (ver. 28).

Toward the Perfect Life

Education, if it is to be worthy of its true meaning, must be a process of "leading out" something from within. It has practically nothing whatever in common with those methods whose main purpose is to "drive in" a certain number of facts. Education implies learning by our own experience, by observation, by surrounding influences of climate and conditions, by the love and suggestion of those with whom we come in contact. And such learning is ten thousand times more valuable to us in life than all the facts that we are taught; because, though those facts may serve some temporal purpose, they can do but little to add to the eternal part of us, the light within us.

Education must have as its basis spiritual truths, must rest upon universal laws. From birth we must be encouraged to rely upon ourselves and higher guidance, and not upon our human fellows. We must often be left alone, so that we may learn to be happy without needing people or toys to amuse us. Then from the outset we shall look for the kingdom of Heaven within; and, finding joy in doing so, will never need those pleasures which can be bought and sold, and which give but some transient entertainment at most. We shall then never lose that attitude of receptivity, which is our natural dower. Christ said that a man must be born again, and become as a little child, if he would enter the kingdom of Heaven. And that is still true for most of us adults; but if from birth we were allowed to develop as simply as the wild flowers and animals do, we should never lose sight of the kingdom of Heaven within, for even when grown-up we should preserve the child in us, and, doing so, would preserve our wonder, faith, trust, simplicity, enthusiasm, and receptivity. If we were nourished with our mother's milk, and then weaned gradually on to fruits and nuts and herbs; if we were fed on love before and after our birth; if we were given the freedom of pure air, pure earth; if we were allowed to roll naked on the dewy grass and sleep beneath the pines; if our parents were to take care that we were born in the spring, beneath the most powerful planets, and with the coming of the flowers and birds and blue skies; if we were surrounded by people whose home was pervaded with peace and love; then, indeed, we should have around us all those influences which make for true education.

Quetico Lake. Rainy River Lake District, C.N.R.
This lake, the gem of ten thousand lakes gives its name to the National Park and Game Preserve and Forest Reservation. Quetico National Park comprises 1,000,000 acres of summering country, sand beaches, calm lakes, roaring rapids and primeval forests.

An Invocation

O Master of the Great White Lodge,
Lord of the religions of the world,
Come down again to the earth that needs Thee.
And help the nations that are longing for Thy presence.
Speak the Word of Peace,
Which shall make the peoples to cease from their quarrellings;
Speak the Word of Brotherhood,
Which shall make the warring classes know themselves as one.
Come with the might of Thy Love;
Come in the splendor of Thy power,
And save the world which is longing for Thy coming.
O Thou who art the Teacher alike of Angels and of men.

A Scotch paper says Miss Mary Minty, who emigrated to Toronto from Aberdeen two years ago, has been appointed the first policewoman in Canada—to deal with female prisoners. She is nearly 6 feet tall.

DID NOT KNOW WHAT IT WAS TO BE RID OF BOILS.

When the blood becomes impure, it is only natural that boils, pimples, or some other indication of bad blood should break out of the system. There is only one thing to do, and that is to purify the blood by using a thorough blood cleansing medicine such as BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

MR. ANDREW E. COLLIER, River Glade, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with Boils. I did not know what it was to be rid of them until I began to use BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. I only used two bottles of it, and it is now over ten years, and I can honestly say that I have never had any boils since. I can always recommend B.B.B."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is a remedy indicated for the purification of the blood, and has been used by thousands during the past 39 years.

It is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. Evans
BRANDON - - - MAN.

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RUBBER
We Have It.
Write us and mention your wants.
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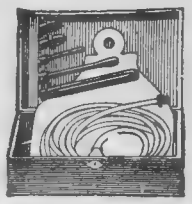

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So we have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this:—Interstate Remedy Co., 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but we send it entirely free.

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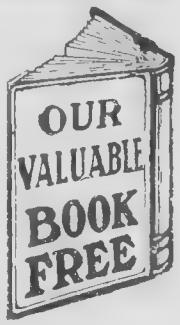
Without Drugs or Doctors - -

A message for the sick man, woman and child; for everyone who is out of sorts; a message, too, to all who are well, and would keep well.

25 years ago, an eminent Quebec physician, Dr. H. Sanche, made a marvellous discovery which is embodied in the device named "OXYDONOR." This little instrument causes its users to absorb from the air a plentiful supply of oxygen with its remarkable vitalizing power.

By the use of **"OXYDONOR"**

the human system becomes wonderfully invigorated, and diseases of the blood, skin, lungs and nerves swiftly and surely disappear. "OXYDONOR"
—revitalizes the human organism by Nature's own process
—eliminates disease without the use of drugs or medicines
—can be safely, quickly, and easily applied, and can be taken sleeping or waking
—is always ready for use by grown persons or children.



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Write today for book of spontaneous testimony. Send also for our valuable book on health, and which describes fully the Oxydonor—a tried and true agent which has blessed thousands upon thousands of persons during the past 25 years.

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Let us send you an English paper, and "The Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will be gladly furnished on application.

"The Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for $2.35; any two for $3.50.

Overseas Daily Mail, The London Magazine, The Strand Magazine
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Quotations on other periodicals on request.

Address **The Western Home Monthly** Winnipeg, Man.

In Lighter Vein

Francis Wilson's Idea of a Play

"What I want," said Francis Wilson to an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, short play."

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson; "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination.

"It is in one act.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

Something Had to be Done

The visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church, where he was to preach that day, when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"

"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy; "why, I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner today and we ain't got any meat."

Really Amazing

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appalled at the grandeur of the sight.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed; "it reminds me of Hades."

"Gad, how you Americans do travel!" replied his English friend, who stood near by.

Stern Facts

A man of wealth, who hates the sight of an automobile, bought, the other day, a handsome brown mare to match up a pair. A day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's certainly a fine-lookin' 'oss, sir," was the reply, "but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the owner.

"She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a day or two. I don't think there is anything wrong with her temper."

"I didn't at first, sir," said the groom, "but you see she kicked me out o' the box twice, and, when you comes to think about it, that's sort o' convincin'."

Cutting Both Ways

A company promoter who advertised for an office boy received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, who were asked to call at the office for a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright-looking youth. "My boy," said the promoter, "I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I can go home and get it."

"Very well; come back tomorrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you."

Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours—an' I ain't coming!"

One of Lincoln's Little Notes

President Lincoln once wrote to General McClellan, when the latter was in command of the army. General McClellan, as is well known, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter:

"My Dear McClellan: If you don't want to use the army I should like to borrow it for a while.

"Yours respectfully,
"A. Lincoln."

What the "Grip" Is

Asked what made him look so ill, an Irishman replied, "Faith, I had the grip last winter." To draw him out the questioner asked, "What is the grip, Patrick?"

"The grip!" he says. "Don't you know what the grip is? It's a disease that makes you sick six months after you get well."

Got Out of That, All Right

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "do you realize that you have forgotten that this is my birthday?"

"Yes, dearie, I did forget it," replied the husband. "Isn't it natural that I should? There isn't really anything about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

And This in Boston!

A man who has just returned from Boston is "chortling" over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads:

"Only Low Conversation Permitted Here."

What Surprised Him

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for the burial at sea, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully:

"Well, Pat, I always knew ye were goin' there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make ye bring yer own coal."

What He Used the Milk For

A clergyman had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

New Prices for Summer Laundering

The wife of a prominent Judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now, the Judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at some three hundred pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I'se gwine ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"Why, what is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents, I sho' do."

One Button was in Use

A school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent,"

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member:

"Now, Johnnie, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."

Still Waiting for the Good Samaritan

This is a negro preacher's version of the parable of the Good Samaritan: There was a traveler on a lonely road, said the preacher, who was set upon by thieves, robbed, and left wounded and helpless by the wayside. As he lay there various persons passed him, but none offered to assist him. Presently, however, a poor Samaritan came by, and taking pity on the wounded man's plight, helped him on his mule and took him to an inn, where he ordered food and drink and raiment for the man, directing the innkeeper to send the bill to him. "And dis am a true story, brethren," concluded the preacher, "for de inn am standin' dere yet, and in de do'way am standin' de skel'ton ob de innkeeper, waitin' fer de Good Samaritan to come back an' pay de bill."

An old lady and gentleman were taking their first trip on the steam cars. She held her breath while crossing a trestle, and then, turning to her husband, exclaimed in a high voice:

"Thank God, Ezra, we have lit!"

MEN CURED IN EVERY TOWN

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of somebody you know that I've cured.

You can talk with the men and women, who have been cured by my treatment, and that's worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments, but when I tell you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. A. Smith, or your old friend, Mr. Johnston, and you can go and ask them about me, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim. And I want you to give me credit for what I prove. There's nothing surer than the word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I have cured them, you know that I can cure you.

My way is different from all others. It is my own plan, and it is as simple as anything can be. I find a man suffering from a stomach trouble, arising from a weakness of the organs of digestion and assimilation. Now, what is the use of pouring drugs into that poor stomach? It does not want drugs to force an action. It wants strength.

You know there is not an organ in the body which will not do its work well if it has the strength. You will never feel a pain or moment of distress unless some part of your body is weak. Remember that, and don't paralyze your poor stomach with poisons. My plan is to give strength to the part that is ailing. I do that, and the trouble is gone before you understand why.

If you live in Deloraine, Man., you may know John A. Beaton, who recently took up my treatment, and who to-day is praising my Belt as the best thing he ever tried for any trouble. He states what my treatment has done for him. See what he says:

Dr. McLaughlin,—Dear Sir: Since I got your Belt, in May, I have been a much better man. My health and appetite are good, and I sleep fine. One of my best friends has worn the Belt for some time, and it has helped him very much too. The Belt has been very satisfactory to me, on the whole, and you are welcome to use this if you wish. Yours respectfully,
FRANK HABKIRK, Deloraine, Man.

I don't think there is any case of weakness, failure of vitality, or any trouble resulting from the imperfect action of any organ of the body that I can't cure. Of course, I do not cure all cases, but I have such confidence in my treatment, and know what it will cure.

My strongest arguments are the letters from prominent people whom I have cured. Every man or woman who comes into my office gets a practical illustration of my method of cure, and goes away convinced that the claims I make for my ELECTRIC BELT are TRUE. After seeing original letters from the cured (letters which I am permitted to exhibit), their doubts are dispelled. They know that I have not only proven that electricity is the substance of life and organic vitality, but I have perfected the best known appliance in the world for replenishing that force in the body when it is lost. My Electric Belt is the result of years of scientific study, coupled with experience and mechanical skill.

I am an enthusiast, you say. Why should I not be? I have the gratitude of thousands of people who have been cured by my Electric Belt after the failure of the best physicians. I am enthusiastic because I know that I offer suffering humanity the surest cure for the least expenditure of money that is known to-day. I have gained my success by learning how to treat my patients and then curing them. I understand the action of the current on the human system. My years of experience have taught me how to apply electricity. I charge nothing for my knowledge, knowing that it helps me. My patients are my friends. They are advertising my business.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt Cures where others fail and here is evidence of it:

Dr. M. A. McLaughlin,—Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, would say that my health is as good as ever. None of my old troubles have returned. I had the sciatica with all the rest of the troubles and my case was a very severe one. I tried a great many things before I got your Belt. At first when I wore it I did not think it was doing me any good, but I kept on until I began to feel better and it cured me and I am still cured. That is the trouble with a good many; they get discouraged because they don't get better in a few days. Yours truly, M. Haig, 36 By-Ward Market Square., Ottawa, Ont.

Dr. McLaughlin,—Dear Sir: I got sick and tired of medicines during the winter, and quit them. That was about the time I wrote to you. Shortly after writing you, I met an acquaintance who had one of your Belts. He recommended it to me, and said it would cure me. I read the directions and started in with them and the Belt immediately. Well, since I have quit drugs and have followed your directions, I have only had one attack, and that was after a hard day's ride. I have kept off horses for nearly six weeks until the last few days, and I feel more like a man than I have for years. I have been expecting my trouble to break loose again after these few days' hard riding but since it hasn't, I honestly believe I am all right. I have found out for sure that medicines are a failure, and you can depend on an order from me, if I do not continue to be as well physically as I think I am at present. Believing my present good spirits due to your directions and treatment I am, Yours respectfully, P. J. Ryckman, Macleod, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin,—Dear Sir: I am pleased to see you inquiring about the result of your Belt. I must say that it has done me a lot of good—my back is cured and I feel well. I must state that I have not taken medicine of any kind since using your Belt. Before I had the Belt I was under the care of a doctor; I could not eat, I could not sleep, and I was sure my end had come. Since I am using your Belt I sleep well, have a good appetite, and have gained thirty pounds, so you see that I have got the benefit of the Belt. I would strongly recommend anyone who is suffering to use your Electric Belt, it is exactly what you recommend it to be. If you wish you may use this letter as a recommend for your Belt. Yours very truly, Mrs. Jesse Lavigne, Aylmer, Que.

I could cite thousands of similar cases. My office contains thousands of letters from just such cases.

My treatment is a success in any case where strength is lacking, whether in the nerves, stomach, heart, kidneys, liver or any other part. My appliance gives a soothing, constant electric glow, which is taken by the body just as a sponge takes up water. It cures weakness in any guise, as well as any other form of pain. My cures prove the truth of my arguments.

Free Book Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon receipt of this coupon. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Dear Sir—Please forward me one of your books, as advertised.

Name.....

Address.....

Had Leaking Valves Of The Heart.

Thought Nothing But Death Would End Her Misery.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her.

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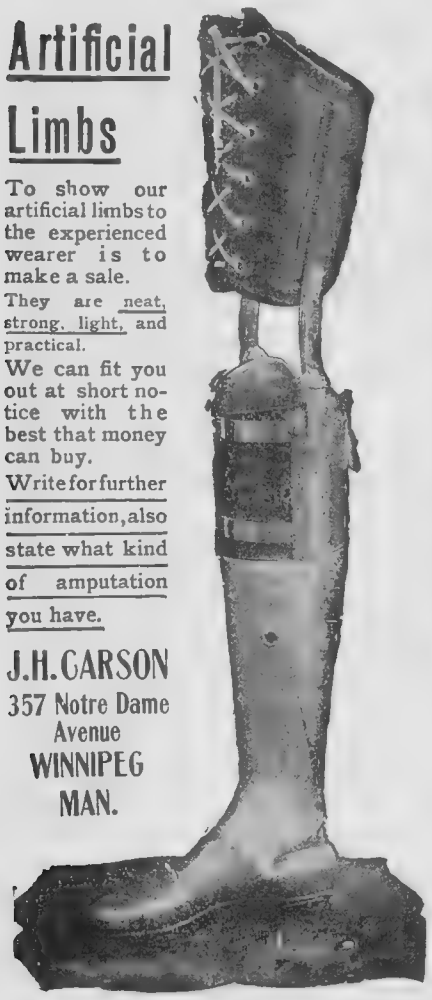
Artificial Limbs



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NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
5018 Elwood Building, Omaha, Neb.

Young People

Fine Feathers and Fine Birds

By Harriet Lummis Smith

"Shine 'em good, Reddy. Don't stop till you can see your freckles in 'em, same as if they were looking-glasses."

The small bootblack grinned. He did not resent the title by which Tom had addressed him, though his mother called him Jim, and on the whole he preferred the name. He bent the red head, which could hardly fail to attract attention, even if it passed without comment, over his kit, and set to work with a will.

Tom Alden was undergoing a transformation, which his mother and sisters found mystifying. Only a year or two before, it had been necessary to use frequent arguments and a mild form of force to induce him to pay sufficient attention to his toilet, to be presentable. He clung to shabby coats and patched shoes with the loyalty due friends old and tried. He sneered at those of his acquaintances who gave thought to neckties, and rebelled outright at the suggestion of wearing gloves to church. Now the change had come, and if Solomon, in all his glory, was more splendid than Tom, it was because Oriental styles gave that old-time ruler an advantage.

Tom stood with one hand in his pocket, while Jim, alias Reddy, polished hard at Tom's shoes, and his glance was complacent as he looked himself over. His new spring suit was of a delicate gray shade, which once he would have despised; and the bottoms of the trousers were turned up far enough to show the dots of violet silk on his socks. The silk handkerchief, which flaunted itself ostentatiously from his upper right-hand coat pocket, was bordered with violet. He carried a pair of light gloves in his hand. It was hard to believe that less than a year before his sister, Juliette, had been moved almost to tears on the subject of his finger-nails.

Jim had finished, and Tom looked the job over with care. At length he nodded in a manner that expressed himself satisfied, and drew a handful of change from his pocket. Then, as he fumbled for a nickel, he cried sharply, "Say, look out! Where did that go to?"

"Where did what go to?" Jim inquired. He was still on his knees, and he looked up with a puzzled stare.

"That five-dollar gold piece. It slipped through my fingers just this second. You must be kneeling on it."

Jim got to his feet. Together they examined the cement sidewalk, without discovering the missing coin. Tom's face lost its smile.

"See here, Reddy," he remarked, after they had consumed five minutes in profitless search, "if you've got that in your pockets, you might as well hand it over this minute, as later; because that didn't sink into the sidewalk, you know."

"Honest, mister," Jim protested, "I hain't touched your money; I hain't seen it. You may look in my pockets if you like, but you won't find nothin'."

After another five minutes' hunting, Tom accepted the offer. The tattered pockets were turned inside out, displaying the miscellaneous collection to be expected, but no glittering gold piece appeared. The search was still in progress when a big policeman walked upon the scene. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's this?"

Tom explained. Jim looked up at the officer, and he was very pale under his fiery thatch of hair. "Never seen his money. Didn't hear it fall, nor nothin'."

The case was puzzling. Jim's facilities for the concealment of stolen property seemed inadequate. He wore no shoes; a shirt and a pair of ragged trousers were his sole garments. Yet the gold piece had disappeared. The smooth cement of the sidewalk sloped to the asphalt of the street. There was no crack in which a coin might disappear, no tuft of grass behind which it might hide.

"Swallowed it, like enough," frowned the policeman; "they're up to all tricks of that kind." He turned to Tom, "Sure you had it when you took out your money, are you?"

"I'm as sure as I am that I'm standing here. It is one of the new kind, and when I pulled out my change I saw the eagle, first thing, and I meant to put it in another pocket; it slipped through my fingers, and that was the last of it, as far as I know."

"And I don't know nothin'," said the bootblack, doggedly.

The policeman paid no attention to his disclaimer. He discussed the question with Tom a few minutes, then turned on Jim with a forbidding frown, "Get out of this," he exclaimed, "and stay off my beat if you don't want to get into trouble."

Tom went home in disgust. He told his story at the dinner table, and received the sympathy of the family. Then he went upstairs to dress. There was to be a party that evening, and the hostess, one of his school friends, had asked him to come early to assist her with some arrangements which were to be kept a secret from the others. The occasion was accordingly of double importance, and Tom's toilet was bound to be a slow process.

Something tinkled at his feet, as he brushed his gray trousers, preparatory to hanging them away. He looked down and saw a golden disk staring up at him from the carpet. It was a moment before he understood what had happened.

In turning up the bottoms of his trousers he had formed pockets, into one of which his coin had dropped when it had slipped through his fingers. And there it might have remained indefinitely, had not his newly-formed habit aided in its discovery.

A moment later an excited boy was at the telephone. "It's me—Tom." It was no time for grammatical accuracy. "I'm sorry, Mabel, but I can't come early tonight. I don't know when I can come. I've got something to do first."

"Why, Tom Alden, what do you mean?" Mabel's voice sounded as if she might be pouting.

Tom plunged into the story of the afternoon. "And now, you see, I've got to find him," was his conclusion. "I've got to hunt up the policeman and tell him it was a mistake, and I don't know how long it will take me. But I'll come as soon as I can."

Playing Horse.

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Upper Lahave, N. S., Can.,—"I wish to thank you for the benefit I received by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles from which I was a great sufferer, so that I was completely run down in health. Other medicine did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong. I now have a big, hearty baby boy, and praise your medicine for the wonderful lot of good it has done me."—MRS. ISRAEL BECK, JR., Upper Lahave, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Canada.

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and lonely old age.

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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS

Prompt and reliable, *for Ladies.* The only genuine. *AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition 1891. 100 Years' Reputation.* Ordered by Specialists for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in Bottles 40c and 90c. Agents: *THE GORDON-MITCHELL DRUG CO., Main St., Winnipeg.* Mfrs.: C. & G. Kearsley, 42 Waterloo Road, London, Eng.

"But, Tom," Mabel's tone was now rather coaxing, than displeased; "why can't you wait till to-morrow?"

"Wait!" repeated Tom. In his excitement his voice rose till it rang through the house. "Why, I've told a fellow that he was a thief, and got him driven off the corner where he works for his living, and all the time he wasn't a bit to blame. I guess it can't wait, not for parties or anything else." His manner was wrathful, and Mabel at the other end of the line capitulated. "Very well, Tom," she said sweetly; "but come as early as you can."

The rapidity of Tom's toilet that evening reminded his mother of the old days. He went down the stairs three steps at a time, and the slamming of the front door shook the house. Juliette, his sister, dressed for the party, and went off smiling, under the escort of her father.

When she reached home, her father and mother were sitting up for her, and they looked surprised at seeing her alone. "Where is Tom?" exclaimed her mother.

"He didn't come. But there was quite a crowd coming this way, so I didn't mind."

"But what can it mean," her mother exclaimed. "Do you think anything can have happened?" Mr. Alden promptly negatived such an idea, but he looked nervous. It was not impossible that the search for a missing bootblack might have taken Tom into some questionable sections of the city. Perhaps it would have been better to have waited till daylight.

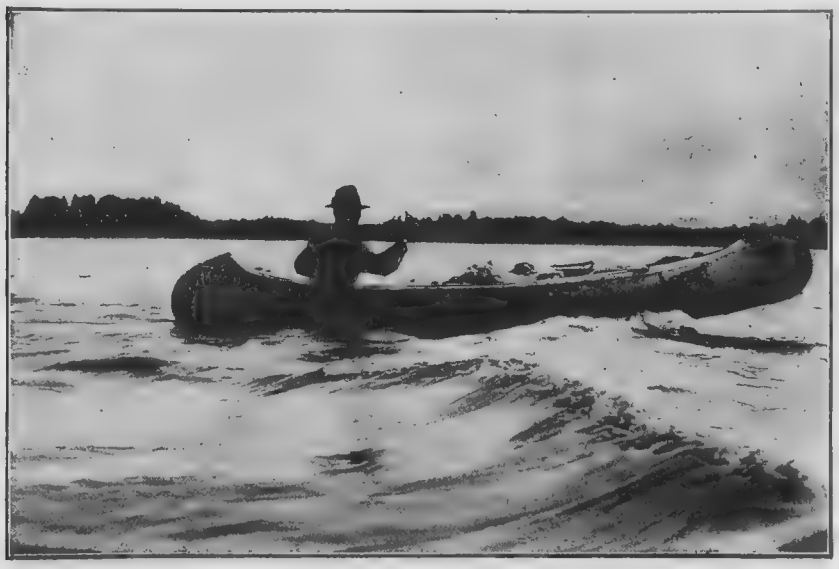
Three-quarters of an hour later, when Mr. Alden was on the point of starting out to search for his son, the front door opened, and Tom entered. He marched up the stairs whistling, and stared amazed when his mother threw herself into his arms. "O, my son," she gasped, "we were afraid something had happened."

"Happened! What could have happened? But it took me a long time to find him. I found the policeman first, and then a little chap named Jake something or other, showed me where Jim lived. It was clear over on the south side, and in the shabbiest old house you ever saw. And—and Jim had been crying and his mother, too," confessed Tom, a shadow on his bright face. "And they acted just as grateful to me for coming as if it wasn't all my mistake to begin with. I gave Jim the gold piece," he added. "I told him I'd got used to the idea of losing it, so he might as well have it." He turned to his sister. "Have a good time, Jule?"

"Yes, lovely. And everybody was sorry that you weren't there."

Tom permitted himself a sigh. "Well, I guess I was sorrier than anybody. But there are some things a fellow can't put off, and this was one of them."

"Fine feathers can't spoil fine birds," said Mr. Alden to his wife, after the young folks had gone upstairs. "Under this foppishness, which is only a phase of his development and will pass, our Tom has the making of a man."



A Fallowing Sea. Rainy Lake.

Harmony

Get in Tune!

We learn our greatest lessons from nature. At any hour glance at her wonders—her grass, flowers, trees, birds, rocks. What is the most impressive thing about all these things? This—silent harmony.

Nature wastes nothing. She quarrels with no one. She dissipates not. Her team work is perfect. All her laws mesh in perfect harmony. There are no discords.

Get in Tune.

Where there is no harmony, there is no progress. Elbert Hubbard gave some great advice when he said: 'Get in line or else get out!" This ought to be the motto of this old world to every one of its men and women.

Get in Tune.

There is not a man or business that cannot increase its efficiency over and over again by the application of this simple rule of harmony—cutting out the discords—getting back into accord with the purpose at hand.

Get in Tune.

Think of the lost energy and lost life through your failure to keep in harmony with your best thinking or with the concern that honors you by employing you. Do you realize that what you are carelessly discarding can never be secured again? Stop—this very minute—the leaking of smiles, high purposes, big resolves. Rebellious thinking cuts into the heart of your life force and drizzles it away.

Wake up! There are no dreary days to the alert—the masterful. To you who determine to win, the story of the stars and the planets that do their work in perfect harmony, is the inspiration that makes every working minute of your day wonderful and livable!

Encouragement

If you would step into some great seat of power and plenty, some day, just get into the habit of patting people on the back—with a real pat of encouragement.

Give away your own success.

There is nothing in all the world so stimulating as to feel the thrill of hope coloring the cheek of some fellow to whom you have just given the grip of grit.

Give away your own success.

Even a racehorse goes better after a pat on the nose. The bootblack gives you a better polish if you remember to smile while he shines. Half the wrecks of life are strewn along the gutter of failure for no other reason than this—starved for want of encouragement.

Give away your own success.

There are no "Favored of destiny" successes. The only winners are the favored of encouragement. The smile, the hearty hand clasp, the sterling cheer—the cup of crystal water—these are the things that make men, mould commerce and start to humming cities and nations. If you like to whistle, teach the art to somebody else who doesn't know how.

Give away your own success.

And, by the way, it is the greatest fun in all the world! The next fellow to you right now, whoever you are and wherever you are, is just as human as you are. Turn your pockets of encouragement inside out. Keep them empty by giving their contents away—for they will always be full. And, if these little talks help you from day to day, get the knowledge to the fellow who writes them. It will encourage him.

Give away your own success.

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Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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ARE YOU A

Strong, Vital Man?

Believe me, reader, when I say to you, it is not a matter of stature which makes a man strong and vigorous. A tall man may be weak and unmanly, or a small man may be a giant of power in his community. No matter whether you are small or large, no matter whether you are young or elderly, no matter what past indiscretion or act of folly may have sapped your courage and left you weak, nervous, unstrung, unmanly, I say to you in all seriousness, if I can be sure that you will help yourself and help me by following the dictates of Nature's laws—that is if you really WANT to become strong again and will thus cease now and forever the practice of any excesses or indiscretions which you may be indulging; in other words, if you will lead a decent, manly man's life, be true to yourself, then under these fine conditions I promise you as man to man that I can resupply your system with an abundant VITALITY or VITAL VIGOR, you should build up and develop into a strong, virile human being, with the same force and manly vigor that you see displayed in other full-blooded fellows about you. Vitality is the greatest single power in the world, and without it debility and weakness must prevail. Take my word for it, my friend for I know whereof I speak. Over 200,000 debilitated men have written to me of their ailments during the past twenty years.

My little book, which I send free to men, goes into this matter of vitality thoroughly, and should be read by all men, single or married. It fully describes my HEALTH BELT with suspensory attachment, a light, inexpensive appliance which you place comfortably around your waist upon going to bed and wear until morning. Thus while you sleep, it is continually sending a great, soft, potent stream of real VITALITY and MANLY STRENGTH into your nerves, organs and blood night after night, while you sleep. It often takes the pain or weakness out of your back in one application—then before you realize that time is passing you commence to feel better, stronger, more ambitious, more manly, and will answer "never felt better in my life" to your friends' greetings, while they in turn will secretly marvel at the great change in your appearance. I have seen this work out in thousands upon thousands of cases before you. Remember, I am not asking you to buy a HEALTH BELT now, but merely want you to send for the book, then when you have thought the matter over, I will gladly make some proposition whereby you can use a HEALTH BELT if you want to, but first get the book.

ALL men and women are naturally drawn to and fascinated by the truly VITAL man, because he radiates his power and vigor, as you know if you have observed the bright men in any assemblage. The weakling must stand aside. There are no drugs or medicines to take in connection with my HEALTH BELT. Simply wear it and absorb its wonderful health giving power. With special attachments it is a fine treatment for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders and general ill-health.

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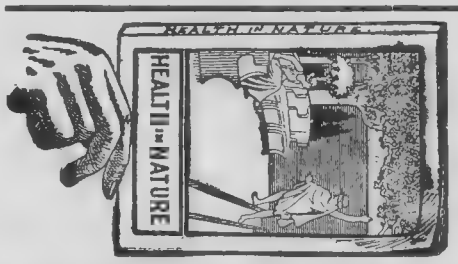
Fill in the coupon; let me send you at once my free booklet in plain sealed envelope; it is profusely illustrated with half-tone photos; keep it in your pocket for easy reference; read the chapter on Vitality; read the chapter on Debility; read the chapter on those subjects which interest every man, young or old, who would be strong in manly vigor. It is a word of hope, a carefully written, interesting book, which should be in everyone's possession. Therefore send today. If in or near this city call at my office. Hours, nine to six.



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I know woman's sufferings.
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I will mail, **free** of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell **all** women about this cure — **you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand women's sufferings. What we women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea** or **Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths**, also **pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar** to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely** free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and **I will send you the treatment** for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. **I will also send you free of cost**, my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself**. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. **It cures all, old or young.** To Mothers of **Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment** which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and **Painful or Irregular** Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, **I** can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will **gladly** tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment really cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the **book**. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same pharaseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

In Sunny Alberta

Excel, Alta., Aug. 21, 1913.

Dear Sir:—We have been interested readers of your ideally "general" paper for several years. We are newcomers in Western Alberta, but find the surroundings delightful, and the climate truly "sunny." This part of the country was at one time an Indian encampment ground, and the land is covered with tepee and camp markings. Buffaloes once ranged here and the trails and wallows are abundant. Evidently this region was the bottom of some great waters for it is not uncommon to find petrified fish and shells deeply embedded in brown clay rocks. We are interested in your columns and would like to correspond with any readers who care to write. We are interested in music, books, scenery, camping and athletics.

Prairie Rose and Mountain Lass.

Freedom on the Plains

Sask., Sept., 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been reading with interest for some time your wonderful paper. I do not subscribe to it myself, but my uncle with whom I live does, and when I leave his home I intend having The W.H.M. follow me. The Correspondence columns are very interesting, in fact everything between cover and cover. One thing I wish is that it came every week instead of every month. I am very fond of these extensive plains that stretch as far as the eye can see. To me they spell "freedom." There are great possibilities out here for young men, and I almost wish I had been one. I am very fond of outdoor work and would rather stook grain than wash dishes. I stooked about 80 acres of wheat this fall. Of course it is not very heavy or that would have been too much like hard work for a girl of 16. I am fond of dancing. I will leave my address with the Editor and I would be pleased to hear from B. C. Tillikum or Alberta Homesteader. Wishing The W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself, Nellie.

From the Surrey Hills

Hambledon, England.

Dear Editor:—I thought I must write and tell you how much we like The Western Home Monthly. A friend of mine sends the paper to us every month from Edmonton, and I confess we were surprised to read such an interesting paper. I pass it on when I have read it to my fellow teachers, (I am a junior mistress in a school here) and they think it simply fine. We were greatly taken up with the Correspondence columns. I wonder if any of your readers would like to correspond with me? I am sure there must be many people who would like to receive letters and papers, etc., from England. I'm looking forward to the September issue. I think it is a splendid magazine. I will leave my name and address with the Editor and ascribe myself,

Twenty.

Wants Criticism

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Dear Editor:—Can you spare me a little space in the columns again. "Well-wisher" has a subject that wants a little discussion, so I thought I would give my opinion on the matter. "Is the theatre beneficial or detrimental to the community?" Well, now there are several kinds of plays produced—dramas, musical comedy, vaudeville shows, also picture palaces. My opinion is that the theatre on a whole is a good pastime. After a strenuous day's work one goes to the theatre, not to see the play so much as it is a great relief to the brain and mind generally, and you forget the hard day's work you have done and get pleasure instead. In some of the Shakespearean dramas you get scenes that happen very often in every-day life, although you do not hear about them. Musical comedy is my favorite, and of all the plays I have seen, I think "The Girl from Kays" has got them beat. Of course, I have not seen them all, and I don't remember many of them now, except that particular one which took my fancy. I daresay it is six years now since I was in a theatre, but when I was in the Eastern States some nine years ago I was a regular attendant at such. The comedy, as a rule, produces some real good fun, which the majority of people I think heartily appreciate. Now, vaudeville shows are too common, and lots of them are low class shows and not fit morally for the younger class to see. Picture palaces are interesting, and

Quetico Lake. The gem of ten thousand lakes. Rainy River district, C.N.R.

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

you can see some pictures that are stories in themselves; you also get pictures of celebrated towns and resorts, possibly that you have visited at some time or other, and which bring back memories of days gone by, also you get pictures of celebrated people. I have been in the amateur theatrical line a little, and was interested in it. It was generally a short dialogue that I took part in. I used to be able to sing a good song, but now I have lost all that, although I could now reel off half a dozen. I was nine years a chorister in the Old Country. Well, that is all on this subject, but someone else pull it to pieces. For the Christmas issue I think I will write a letter on the "Votes for Women" question, but there are not too many critics among our readers. I wish someone would get busy and criticize me to make the subject interesting. Well, so long everybody and keep smiling readers.

Dido.

Who is to Blame?

Youngtown, Alta.

Dear Editor:—Will you admit another person into your happy circle. We take The Western Home Monthly and I think it is the best magazine published. I always turn to the Correspondence column first of all. I enjoyed "Dumpy" and "Ontario Girl's" letters very much, both appearing in the August number. I agree with "Ontario Girl" when she says that marriage should not be a failure. Why should it be? When a young girl marries a man she expects him to be perfect, and when she gets disappointed she is unhappy. A great many girls expect too much from the men they marry. They forget that they should do their share to make their married life happy. If young girls would think seriously about the step they are taking before entering into marriage there would not be so many unhappy marriages. I think I have said enough for the first time so I will sign myself,

Charming Bessie.

A Jolly Elf

Reston, Man.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have een taking The Western Home Monthly for nearly five years, and think it is a very interesting paper. I would like to correspond with some of the Western bachelors as they are so lonely. I can do anything in the house such as housework, also outdoor work. I can drive a horse that goes three miles in twenty minutes. I live on a farm seven miles from town. My father is a big farmer, he has a section and half of land. Would like some correspondents, so everybody get busy. I will sign myself,

Belles-a-Bub.

Too Strict

England.

Dear Mr. Editor:—As I read the July number of your paper—which I very much appreciated—I was painfully struck by the letter from a "Young Sufferer" on the above title "Too Strict." I say painfully because speaking generally I realize that, West or East, new country or old, it is still the same story of no sensible, useful or sympathetic guidance from parents to their children over love and marriage only—prohibition. This is confined neither to poverty nor comparative affluence, the parent in the case of "who is to blame" and a "young sufferer" are alike in the treatment of their daughters. Personally, I blame the parents—mother and father alike—and why? Because they possess in themselves full and entire knowledge of their daughter's position since they have experienced attraction, liking, love, engagement, marriage and parenthood. Not one single step of the way is strange to them. Surely as they have had full personal experience they ought to be able to give a full, dignified and ennobling guidance on matters of love and marriage to their children, but no, the parents are nearly all a dead failure in this respect. Why is it that whenever "love" or "sweetheart" is mentioned either chaff, a sneer or a giggle goes round? Because love has not been, and is not dignified by those who practice it, viz., parents and grown-ups. Just consider the attitude towards "love" as between man and woman as compared with other loves. When we talk of the love to God, this is dealt with reverently; when of the love of parent to child, child to parents or brother or sister this is treated with respect, but when love as between man and woman—the most sacred and wonderful thing on earth, I take it—this is generally received with chaff, if not worse, and the whole attitude is frivolous or contemptuous and utterly unworthy of the treatment due to the most divine thing on earth—the wonderful and beautiful love between men and women. This matter is deplorable. I sometimes think if ministers would cease for a space talking about the love of God—not through irreverence or ingratitude—and instead devote their enthusiasm to making the love between man and woman sacred and holy, a great deal would be accomplished towards the regeneration of humanity. The position becomes tragic when you think of it. Parents have not the personal experience to assist their children as teachers, lawyers, etc., because they have never lived through these things, but they, as parents, have been through all the stages which led up to marriage, on this they are fully qualified by experience to guide and advise their children, but on this to their lasting shame be it said they are absolutely useless. Young people are rarely helped, it is a case of learning by bitter experience all through. As far as guiding, ennobling, inspiring ideals or help is concerned all the parents since Adam and Eve seem utterly lacking. Yet parents expect their daughters to marry. Where, when and how this is to come about should be the parents responsi-

Pithers Point. Rainy Lake. Just below the point the first "Jack Knife" bridge ever built in Canada was erected.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

Don't Neglect Catarrh!

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, (formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.)

Take it in hand at once! Drive it out of your system before it ruins your health—your happiness—your very life's welfare itself!

Don't be blind to its dangers, because it works so quietly. Catarrh wrecks more lives than we realize.

Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling ailment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer. Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. **Worse still—Catarrh may get down to your lungs.**

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption comes from neglected Catarrh, and over two million people die every year from Consumption.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW—don't let it run on another day. Write to me at once and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on Catarrh. It shall not cost you a cent, and it's bound to be a wonderful aid to you.

For twenty-five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh. Now I offer you, without any expense whatever, free consultation and advice on curing your trouble—the benefit of my wide knowledge and experience.

Don't let this chance go by—accept my assistance to-day! It's promised in genuine sincerity and friendliness. People all over North America, who've already received my advice, gladly testify to what it has done for them. I'll cheerfully send you names and addresses of those who have sought my aid. Now they are cured of Catarrh, as they willingly bear witness.

Write to me and see if you can be freed from Catarrh.

Simply answer my questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the free medical advice coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

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Don't waste any time—delays are dangerous Do it NOW

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh
Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

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$50 GOLD PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF $10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT "PROVERB" IS REPRESENTED by the above Sketches, will receive a $50 GOLD WATCH or .. .. ..

$50 IN GOLD MONEY! as stated in the certificate of entry, and in the event of a tie between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character and value with that tied for will be given to each person tied. Try at once. It may be you. Use your Brains. Send no Money. Write your answer on a Postcard or letter, giving name and address plainly.

BRITISH WATCH CO., Dept. 24 Montreal, Canada

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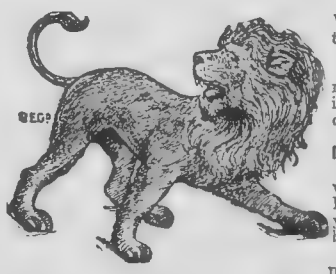

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES

It is Time for You to Stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

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DOCTORS SAID COULD NOT GET CURED

THREE VIALS OF Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills CURED HIM.

Could Hardly Eat on Account of Indigestion.

MR. DAVID BERRIDGE, Claremont, N.S., writes:—"I have had indigestion for some years, and could hardly eat. It then turned into a sour stomach, and the doctors said I could not get cured. I used a lot of medicine until at last one of my friends told me to use MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, and after I had used three vials, I was completely cured, and I always keep them in the house now."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS are a wonderful remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver, and have been universally used during the twenty odd years they have been on the market.

Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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W. W. CORY
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it
If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.
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All the agony and torture of bunions will soon be forgotten if you use
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It straightens the crooked toe—removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint permanently. Gives instant relief. Guaranteed or money back. 50c each. Write for Dr. Scholl's great book on "Bunions."
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Does Your Graniteware or Hot Water Bag Leak?
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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted.
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Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

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bility, since marriage makes or mars for life, but we all know how this is shirked. What tends so much to make wrecks of so many marriages is that young men and women do not see enough of each other to get so thoroughly acquainted that they would have a chance to discriminate between the desirable and undesirable; to meet and mix freely as friendly humans is what is fundamentally necessary, this, coupled with parental guidance in the respect for, and idealisation of love, would work wonders towards happiness. To say the least of it it looks very much like parental selfishness to take all the happiness which has come their way and prohibit their daughters from participating in the same. Surely if engagement and marriage are all right—and they seem to be from the congratulations which are poured upon the lovers—that which in an ennobling way leads up to it cannot be wrong, and the environment of which this is the outcome is the parents duty to provide and by conversation, guidance and conduct show that their love, that between man and woman, can be and is refining, sacred and holy. This has assumed already too lengthy proportions, else I should like to have suggested how, beginning with childhood a foundation could be laid which would be a background out of which a truer, a more refined chance might be given for the evolution of love, and thus some chance for girls referred to in "Who is to Blame" and "A Young Sufferer."

Jane Craig.

P.S. It would be intensely interesting to hear the parents' point of view.

More Recipes Wanted

Sask., Sept. 24th, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Having been a reader of your grand paper The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, and a subscriber for nearly two years, have often thought I would like to write a letter to the Correspondence column so have at last gotten up enough courage to do so. I see a number of correspondents are down on dancing. Well, where I have been living for the past five years we surely have done a lot of it, as it is a newly settled part and all of us are homesteading, what with hardly any crop one year and a big prairie fire as well we needed something to take our minds off if only for a short time. "Busy Body" asked the question: "How much influence has a woman in a man's life?" I would think that the better the woman the more her influence for good ought to be or vice versa. I think that "The Young Man and His Problem" are as good a page as any in the whole of the magazine. I generally turn to that first and then to the Correspondence column. I prefer the prairie to the mountains of B.C., as the climate there is not all they claim for it, and here is a better place for a poor man to get a start than there. Have packed apples in the famous Okanagan and Woods Lake. If some of the girls would send in some recipes for making simple dishes it would help some of us old cranky bachelors, as fried eggs three times a day, seven days a week gets kind of monotonous before the end of the summer. If anyone cares to write me I will try and answer all letters. My address will be with the Editor. Yours

A Bach.

In Closer Union

Man., Sept. 23rd, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber for your Western Home Monthly, but I am a very interested reader, as the people with whom I board get the book right along. I must say I find the letters in the Correspondence column very helpful and interesting. I think that letters from so many different parts of our Dominion are a great aid to The W.H.M. and also bring the people of vast glorious Canada into closer union. I was raised and educated in a small town, but for two years I have been teaching in the country. I like the farm life very much, it is certainly, as one of the correspondents said, a very independent life, but also a very busy one from what I have seen of it. I am in southern Manitoba, where the garden of Eden is, and where all the farmers are wealthy and the farms old and valuable. Still, I am very much interested in homesteading and homesteaders, and would be very glad to hear from some of the Western homesteaders. I know they must be lonely at times, and although I am not, yet I long for a change. Nothing would please me better than the wild, free life on the Western prairie. Dancing, card playing, etc., has been discussed, I notice, in the Correspondence column. Of course, everyone has a perfect right to their own opinions on that line. For my part I see no harm in dances that are not public. I dance a great deal myself and play cards some. As for gambling and other card playing for money, I think it is one of the lowest things in human habits. Marriage is another common topic, I believe with "A Manitoba Girl," that there is not enough serious thought given to most marriages. It is one of the most sacred changes in life that either a young man or young woman can enter into. But live up to the teachings of your conscience, all my fellow correspondents, and be sure and wait for the right one. A happy loving home is certainly the most desirable thing in the world for the ordinary dreamer. A "Wellwisher" asks if a theatre is beneficial or detrimental to the community. I believe—to express my own opinions—that some of them are beneficial, but the ordinary moving picture theatre is decidedly detrimental to the lives of the young boys in the community. They see too much of shooting and Indian life to be satisfied with civilized play. I certainly hope the Editor will give my letter room in The W.H.M. I will sign myself,

A Rural Pedagogue.

A Good Resolution

Alberta, September, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber of your valuable paper yet, but am thinking seriously of taking it next year, so I hope you will find a corner for me in your Correspondence column. I, like "A Manitoba Girl," am interested in the new topic on marriage. I have seen quite a few unhappy homes because young people got married just for the sake of getting married so it seemed. Perhaps I am too particular, but I would like to have my partner better than myself. I have none of what they call "the bachelor habits," not having tasted tobacco in any form, have no use for dancing or card playing, and never even "looked upon the wine when it is red." I am living with my father and mother, on a farm, but am mechanically inclined, and expect to go to the city soon to learn my trade, but in the meantime am very lonesome, so if any of the girls should find it in their hearts to write to me, I should be very grateful. Again, like "A Manitoba Girl," I am fond of music and innocent amusements, and should be especially pleased to correspond with her, if "Black Knight" and "Confirmed Bachelor" do not command all her attention. My address will be with the Editor. Wishing your paper all success, I will sign myself,

Mechanical Farmer.

The Doctor Once Again

Miridian P.O., Sask., Aug. 25th, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—How wonderfully The W.H.M. is improving! So also is the Correspondence column. The topics now under discussion are indeed very good, and worthy of attention by young and old. "Dorothy" writes a good essay on "Fault Finding." Criticising and finding fault with others is a fault that re-acts dangerously. To doubt others' motives and to blame their actions is to lose belief in good, little by little. It is generally the way that those who lose belief in good, lose their own goodness in exactly the same measure. The gossip, the cynic, the censor and the one who sits in judgment are seldom good. Oh, you "Nursie," you certainly have a bad opinion of me. But you have, indeed, chosen a worthy profession. In no occupation in the world is there such examples of self-sacrifice and true nobleness as is to be seen in the medical world. For the true nurse does not work for what money there is in it, but rather, through her skill and ability, others may be returned to health and happiness and enjoyment of this world while here. I notice one

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Prominent People Proud To Testify For "Fruit-a-tives"

Mr Timothy McGrath.

130 Atlantic Ave., Montreal,
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"For years, I suffered from Rheumatism, being unable to work for weeks at a time and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors' medicines, besides receiving treatment at Notre Dame Hospital where I was informed that I was incurable. I was discouraged when a friend advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives." After using three packages, I felt relieved and continued until I had used five packages when a complete cure was the result after years of doctoring failed. I consider "Fruit-a-tives" a wonderful remedy. You are at liberty to use this testimonial to prove to others the good that "Fruit-a-tives" has done me."

TIMOTHY McGRATH,

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W.86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.

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STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are the wonderful new treatment for rupture which has enabled thousands to successfully treat themselves in the privacy of the home, at slight expense. Not made to be used forever, like the truss, but are intended to cure and thus do away with trusses. **No straps, buckles or springs attached.** Soft as velvet—easy to apply. **PLAPAO LABORATORIES,** Block 493 St. Louis, Mo., is sending free Trial Plapao to all who apply. Send Postal Card TODAY.

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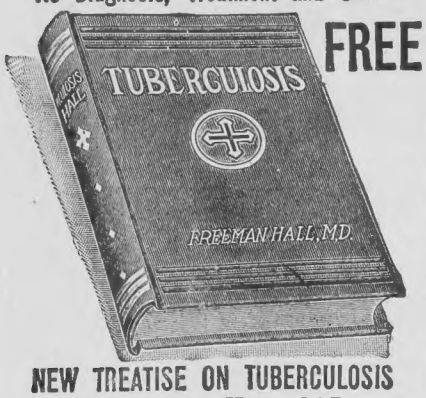


NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M.D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 1742 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write to-day. It may mean the saving of your life.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 29, Gurney Bldg.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr Jackson is responsible. Above statement true. —Pub.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

The acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENG

writer who claims that her parents are too strict. Perhaps it is so. Of late years, more liberal views have come into vogue concerning the attitude of children towards their parents. They now assume the position of companions to their parents, where as formerly young folks held their parents in respect and gave due heed to their advice. The result is, the clashing of wills, the parent's wishes being at times disregarded and their views of life and conduct being held in a light esteem. Some young folks feel themselves competent to decide who their companions shall be; which of them they shall give or accept attention from, and which they shall accept as their future partner in life. So very often young people meet and ultimately marry those whose conduct is of the lowest degree, with the consequence that their lives become ones of untold misery. So, my lady friend, "beware!" Take the advice and gentle persuasions of those who have passed through the war without getting hurt. Am still an interested reader.

Doctor.

How Marjorie Found Fairyland

By Zella Margaret Walters

"I know it's just stories," said Marjorie firmly to herself as she closed her book, "but I wish things like that did happen. I wish a funny fairy godmother would take me away to a beautiful palace or a mysterious white bird would fly before me to an enchanted forest, or something."

She had been reading in the meadow and leaned back against the oak tree to think about it. Just then the saucy east wind snatched up her hat and sent it careering through the air at a great rate. At first she did not move, but as the hat sailed on and on a sudden hope took possession of her. Suppose the wind was carrying her hat to fairyland? In that case all that was necessary was to follow it.

It really did seem as if the hat was bewitched. It would settle to the ground and lie until she had almost reached it, and then it was up and away again. Across the field, across the road, down the lane, it went, and at last it whisked suddenly over the high fence that shut in the little cottage that she had often seen. Wih a beating heart she climbed up and looked over. There was no one in sight, but a little lame girl sitting in her chair under the big elm tree.

"Please, may I come and get my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" said the lame girl, smiling brightly. "I would get it for you if could."

But Marjorie did not see the bright smile nor the wistful look that followed her. She got her hat quickly and went out. She felt cross and disappointed because no adventure had been found by following the runaway hat. She went straight home and told her mother about it.

"Of course, I didn't expect to get to fairyland," she concluded, "but I thought something might happen besides just common everyday things."

"Still, you might have got to fairyland if you had known how, and, better yet, you might have taken some one with you," said her mother.

"What do you mean," cried Marjorie.

"That little lame girl—her name is Laura Randal—has just moved here. She doesn't know anyone; her parents are poor, and she has few books or games. If a girl of her own age would visit her, think how perfectly happy she might be made by a little attention and sharing of treasures."

"I see, mama," said Marjorie, and half an hour later she was ready to start on a visit to Laura. Now Marjorie never did things by halves, and she had her brother's wagon piled full of things out of which to construct her fairyland. She went down the lane to the cottage, looked over the fence again, and said:

"May I come in, please?"

And again the little lame girl smiled, and Marjorie drew her little wagon in through the gate.

"I've come to stay with you this afternoon, if I may. We will read my storybooks and have some fun, and after a while we will have a little picnic. My brother Harold is coming to help us eat. He's good at eating up everything that's left; and besides, he's a jolly boy, he's just as much fun as a girl."

With this introduction Marjorie began unpacking her wares.

"We'll play I'm a peddler," she said, "and you're a lady. Please, madam, may I come in and show my goods?"

"Yes," said Laura, "if you're a nice polite peddler, and take off your hat, and scrape your shoes at the door."

Laura bought all of the books at fabulous prices, and seemed so eager to read them that Marjorie declared she would leave them there until every one had been through. Then they made a comical scrap-book, cutting out all the pictures of people and animals, fitting new heads and bodies together, and what funny effects were produced!

Harold was on hand to take his share in the picnic, and, as the sun was setting he and Marjorie said bood-bye, with many promises to come again.

"I had a beautiful time to-day," said Marjorie to her mother.

"Yes," said her mother, "the way to fairyland is very easy; You just enter the little gate of kindness and go straight on."—S.S. Times.

In Memory's Glass

Do you remember, Love—can you forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
Our horses' hoofs with glimmering dews were wet;
We stood a moment still.

There was a bar of crimson in the West
Wherein a great star palpitating hung,
So close, so close to earth, it seemed to rest
Our own dear haunts among.

And higher, as if shrinking from that glow
Where yet we knew she must be drawn full soon,
Reluctant in her maiden silver, lo,
The slim and virgin moon.

And underneath those heavenly ones we saw
The lights of home beyond the darkening plain;
Fair, shining beacons, set to softly draw
Us to themselves again.

Sweet sounds familiar filled the hour with peace;
Lowing of kine, faint chirp of nested birds,
Voices of children, tender minstrelsies
That had no need for words.

When mothers hushed their babes upon the knee;
Somewhere a dog barked; then silence fell,
And we could only hear the ancient sea,
Murmuring the ancient spell.

There at our feet it lay; and purple Night
Clothed it with her dim broideries, and its breast
Heaved with the thousand secrets none may write
Save who know Sorrow best.

But you and I lightly took hands and turned
From the unmated, sad, complaining strand,
To where the fires of love and home still burned
Across the shadowy land.

We had no thought to bid the moment stay,
Because it seemed that all would follow so;
—But I forget if it were yesterday,
Or ages long ago!

Do you remember—O could I forget!—
How the sky looked when we had climbed the hill?
The night has long since fall'n; the star has set;
But Time for me stands still.

Praises this Asthma Remedy. A grateful user of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy finds it the only remedy that will give relief, though for thirteen years he had sought other help. Years of needless suffering may be prevented by using this wonderful remedy at the first warning of trouble. Its use is simple, its cost is slight and it can be purchased almost anywhere.

Face To Face WITH A Serious Problem.

BAD WATER WAS THE CAUSE.

MRS. EDWARD KINGSTON, Mirror, Alta., writes:—"Coming to the Northwest from B.C., in the summer of 1910, we were face to face with the serious problem of being able to secure good drinking water; this we could not get, so were obliged to drink water containing a great deal of alkali, with the result that we were all troubled with Diarrhœa. Fortunately, we had a bottle of DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY in the house which soon relieved our sufferings. I have always kept a bottle in the house since obtaining such beneficial results from its use when my boy as a baby was similarly troubled. 'It has always proved a friend in need.'"

There are many imitations of "DR. FOWLER'S". When you ask for the well-known article, insist on being given it. It has been on the market for over sixty-five years, and has always given the greatest of satisfaction. It cures when all others fail.

See that the name of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, appears on the yellow wrapper.

Price, 35 cents.

MENTHOLATUM

Quickly relieves SMARTING and CUTS

At all Druggists 25 and 50¢ a jar

FREE OFFER—To any one who has not used Mentholatum we will send a sample on request, or for ten-cents in coin a large trial size package.

The Mentholatum Co.
Dept. D. Bridgeburg, Ont.

Don't Wear a Truss!

C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today. **C. E. BROOKS, 1705 State St., Marshall, Mich.**

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Household Suggestions

Look Up! Sing On!

A little laugh between the tears.
The golden, quiet joy that cheers,
A little song between the sighs,
Forgetting shadows in the skies.
A little hope between the care—
The love of God is everywhere.
A little faith, amid the dust,
That life and time and love are just,
That somewhere we will find our own,
That life is more than toil alone,
And more than grief and care and loss—
Look up, sing on, and bear the cross.

A Pleasant Meal-Time Assured

Small Benny's conduct at meals was not all that could be desired. His high chair was comfortable and he was well nevertheless he had acquired the disagreeable habit of fussing during a short illness of his mother's, when she had of necessity been absent from the family board.

No matter how happy he was before meals the coming to the table was a signal for storms. His table manners showed that he did not profit by the well-bred example of the rest of the family. If Benny got what food he wanted, it plainly made little difference how much went on the floor or his person.

His mother watched him through a couple of meals and was troubled by the thought that the child lacked self-control and observation. The result was that the meals were becoming periods to be dreaded. Conversation was impossible. She reasoned that Benny must be helped to see that unless his conduct warranted it, he could not expect to be tolerated in the society of the family.

His two and a half years enabled him to understand perfectly her brief explanation that unless he was pleasant at his meals and tried to eat properly he must expect to take his food by himself in the kitchen. He was shown the spot where he would eat and where his chair would stand.

That was all. Benny understood. For a day matters improved and then he relapsed into wails upon the slightest provocation.

There was not a word of reproof. Mother simply said to Father, with a smile: "Please take Benny away by himself, he spoils our good time."

Kicking and protesting, Benny was borne away and for three meals he ate in solitary state. Then he was allowed to return on probation. There never was a word of scolding or between-time reference. Benny knew his return was conditional upon his own conduct and so he plainly tried very hard. A second fall from grace resulted in an equally prompt exile and a longer one by two meals.

That settled it. Benny saw the point —that to enjoy the mealtime society of his family he must be pleasant and endeavor to conform to accepted manners. Henceforth meals in Benny's home were what they should be—pleasant family gatherings.

Sandwiches

It is a good plan to make sandwiches overnight, they will keep quite fresh, provided they are wrapped in greaseproof paper, and shut in an airtight tin.

In preparing bread for sandwiches choose that which is a day old, cream the butter before spreading and cut the bread thin.

Date Fruit Sandwiches.—Stone some dates and mash them with a silver fork. Then cut some slices of bread and spread them with a thick layer of the fruit paste, fold the bread together, and cut into convenient size.

Tomato Sandwiches.—This is a delicious sandwich. Slice up some ripe red tomatoes and lay them, after removing the seeds, in a simple dressing of oil, vinegar and pepper. Then press them between thin slices of bread and butter.

Cream Cheese Sandwich.—For this spread some thin slices of bread with a generous layer of cream cheese, then cut some olives into small pieces, and add a thin layer of these, pressing a slice of bread firmly over each one.

Cucumber Sandwich.—Spread some bread and butter with very thin slices of cucumber and a little thick cream mixed with salad dressing.

Egg Sandwich.—The following is a delicious filling for sandwiches: Mix together the yolk of an egg, hard boiled, with an equal quantity of butter, about one tablespoonful of cream, just a little shrimp or bloater paste, with lemon juice to taste. Spread some thick slices of bread and butter with a liberal layer of this filling, sprinkle it with a little chopped mustard and cress. Lay on this a few slices of chicken, or any kind of game, cut thinly, and press a piece of bread and butter on top.

Substitute for Meat

Cook one pound of macaroni in boiling water until tender. Then place in a buttered baking dish, first a layer of macaroni, then cheese, seasoning with salt, pepper and butter. Take two eggs well-beaten, add a cupful of sweet milk, then pour over top of macaroni. Bake for about one-half hour or until a nice brown.

Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie

If you are fortunate enough to have been born upon a New England farm, you need no reminder that the pumpkin pie season is at hand. "When the frost is on the punkin," and Thanksgiving approaches, the farmer's wife bakes whole rows of this savory, delicious tit-bit and stows them in the cellar for the big day of thankfulness and feasting. Here is a trusted and tried New England recipe for pumpkin pie, which is vouched for by The Farmer's Wife:

For each pie take two tablespoonfuls of pumpkin well stewed and mashed, one-half cup of sugar, one-half pint of rich milk (a little cream will improve it) a little salt, one egg, yellow and white beaten separately. Season with nutmeg and cinnamon, beat thoroughly, fill the pie pan in which the crust has been placed and bake in a hot oven.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

FILLING

¾ cupful cream — 1 egg
2 teaspoonfuls cornstarch — 6 tablespoonfuls sugar
Vanilla
Cook 15 minutes, or until thick and creamy.

COFFEE CAKE

2 eggs — 1 cupful butter and lard mixed
1 cupful brown sugar — 1 cupful raisins
1 cupful cold coffee — 1 teaspoonful each nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon
1 cupful molasses
1 teaspoonful soda
Flour enough to make a batter of the usual thickness

BIRTHDAY CAKE

1 cupful sugar — ¾ teaspoonful soda
1 teaspoonful butter — 2 cupfuls flour
2 eggs — 1 teaspoonful baking powder
1 cupful sour cream — 1 cupful raisins (chopped fine)
Mix in order given and bake in layer tins. Ice after putting in.

SCOTCH CURRANT BUN

Line a round cake tin with a plain, short crust, which has been rolled out very thin. Mix in basin:

½ lb. flour — 1 teaspoonful ginger
1 lb. raisins — ½ teaspoonful cinnamon
1 lb. currants — 1 teaspoonful allspice
¼ lb. sugar — ¼ teaspoonful black pepper
2 ozs. almonds — ½ teaspoonful soda
2 ozs. orange peel — ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar

Mix all together with 1 cupful milk; put mixture into lined tin; cover with paste; brush over with milk and prick with a fork. Bake from 2 to 3 hours.

Favorite Recipes

Stuffed Filet of Veal Roasted.—Remove the bone from the filet of veal. Fill the space with a dressing made of equal parts of breadcrumbs and chopped ham, add chopped parsley, a teaspoon of made mustard and one egg or of breadcrumbs seasoned with thyme and summer savory. Salt and pepper and moisten with melted butter or pork dripping. Skewer the fillet and bind it with tape into a nice round. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, tie a buttered paper over the top. Put it into a baking pan with a little sweet drippings or butter, and a very little boiling water. Let the fire be intensely hot at first, then after 20 to 30 minutes slack it off to a very moderate heat. Baste very often. Just before it is done remove the paper, dredge with flour: dot with butter, and let brown. Allow 18 minutes a pound, if covered with another pan 20 minutes, as it must be well cooked. When done remove from the pan; set pan on top of range; add lemon juice, pepper and salt, and if necessary, some boiling water. Boil it down briskly; skim; strain some over veal and serve the rest in a sauce boat.

Fish Stuffed and Baked.—Trim the fins of a fish weighing four or five pounds and wipe clean and dry, inside and out. Fill the fish with dressing and sew up with coarse thread. For the dressing take dried breadcrumbs enough to fill the fish; put a large lump of butter into the frying pan; let it melt, but not cook; lay the breadcrumbs in stirring around only long enough for the crumbs to absorb the butter. To this add half of one onion chopped very fine and fried also in butter; one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little lemon juice, a pinch of cayenne and salt. When the fish is ready, lay it in a washing pan; put bits of butter over the top, and two cups or a little more of boiling water in the pan. Season it. Bake for twenty minutes, basting frequently; then add two or three tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce, juice of half a lemon and bake until done basting frequently. This will take about 45 minutes in all, but will depend upon the size and thickness of the fish. When the flesh parts easily from the bone, remove it to a hot dish and garnish with lemon and parsley. Put the pan on top of the range, add a little more water if necessary. When boiling stir in about one teaspoonful of butter, in which two teaspoonfuls of flour have been rubbed smooth and blended with a little of the sauce. Boil up for two minutes and strain over the fish.

Plum Pudding

Beat five eggs very light and add to them a cup of sweet milk; stir in gradually one cup of dried bread crumbs, one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and a pound each of beef suet, chopped very fine, cleaned currants and seeded raisins. Mix well and add one cup of molasses, and another half cup of milk, also a heaping teaspoonful of salt, one of cassia and a grated nutmeg. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and stir it into the molasses. Boil in molds for five hours.

Tiny, toddling children, who need continual care, should have chairs provided for them low enough for their feet to rest on the floor when sitting down. It is injurious to their health, and very uncomfortable, for children to sit on high seats with dangling feet. There should also be low tables provided for these little ones, on which they can rest their playthings when they are old enough to take an interest in such matters. Neither a high table nor the floor is a suitable place for such things. A sewing table that the legs will fold up under, may have the legs sawed off to the right length, and then, when not in use, may be folded up and put out of the way.

Many times epsom salts are recommended for various poultry ills, principally sluggish liver (too fat) and crop-bound fowls, but with no hint as to how to give it. I have found that capsules filled with the dry powder and popped into biddy's beak, solve the problem, with little inconvenience either to fowl or owner. A two-grain capsule is sufficient for a dose for matured fowls.

In stringing beads, the small eye often necessitates a fine needle, which makes impossible the heavy thread desirable for safety. The needle may be dispensed with and the heaviest thread used, if first whittled to a point and stiffened with glue.

A cold or sore throat may often be checked at the appearance of the first symptoms by gargling the throat with cold salt water, and by spraying the nose with a solution of witch hazel.

Monday 11.00 a. m.

Tuesday 9.30 a. m.

Startling Change in Kitchens

$1.00 Will Work This Miracle in Your Home. Join the Hoosier Club At Once

Instead of cluttered, confused kitchen tables with everything out at once and no place to put it, these women are now enjoying the delightful order brought by the Hoosier Cabinet.

They joined the Hoosier Club, paid $1.00, and had a Hoosier delivered immediately. They now are *saving miles of steps* and hours of time and standing.

For the famous Hoosier not only makes work surprisingly easy, but it saves so much time that you are through before you know it.

These women are going to have plenty of time for pleasure, as do the other *half million Hoosier owners.*

And above all, each will be rested enough to enjoy this leisure and pleasure, as you will be, if you don't wait too long and find the last Hoosier membership taken.

All This Comfort for $1.00

By writing us early you may still be able to join the Hoosier Club we are forming.

This means that merely *$1 puts the Hoosier in your* kitchen, making it a comfortable, easy, pleasant place to work in.

The single dollar admits you to the Hoosier Club, and is applied on the price of your cabinet. We deliver at once all ready to use. Weekly membership dues of only $1.00 quickly pay the balance.

The low national cash price of your Hoosier is quoted everywhere by the Hoosier Company, who supervises this entire club.

You pay not a penny extra to get your cabinet on this celebrated plan.

Club Terms Apply Only During This Sale After That, Our Regular Terms Will Prevail

Licensed Agency

HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinet

"Saves Miles of Steps"

You are a *Happy Hoosier Owner* without ever missing the money.

Only Complete Cabinet

Every modern labor-saving machine for the kitchen has been tested by the Hoosier Company to bring the Hoosier Cabinet to its present perfection. It is the only scientifically built cabinet, and the only one that is a complete kitchen machine. Every cabinet offered to Hoosier Club members is the newest model fully equipped.

Grasp Your Opportunity

Over half of our limited allotment is sold already. All we have left will be taken by a handful of lucky women, and luck in this case means "write early."

When these few are taken we shall have to close the club simply because we have no more cabinets to offer. With 4,000 Hoosier agents all conducting Hoosier Clubs, and every one of the 4,000 clamoring for cabinets, the Hoosier Company strictly limits our allotment which is far less than we need.

You women who wait, we are afraid will delay too long, as this is your final chance this year. A few more women get these remarkable labor savers for $1.00—and then the last club this year is closed. Be one of the fortunate few.

We pay the freight.

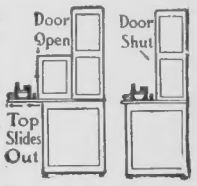
EXCLUSIVE HOOSIER FEATURES

1. You *can clean* the metal flour bin without inconvenience of removing. No other bin has this feature. Easily filled, because the top is low. Holds *15 pounds more* than any other. Best and fastest sifter.

2. *Can't-break, can't-leak,* metal, dust-proof sugar bin.

3. *Pure aluminum table* at no extra charge; only acid-proof metal; costs manufacturers ten times as much as zinc. Enormous output keeps sale prices less.

4. *You can open all doors* freely, no matter what you pile on the table, because it *slides out.*



5. *Crumbs can't stick* in the new metal self-closing bread and cake box.

6. Flavoring extract bottles have special shelf.

7. *You can't* lose the new swing lids on the *twelve* crystal glass spice, coffee, tea, salt and cereal jars.

8. Sixteen inches extension over the base when you slide out the table. Plenty of knee room for sitting.

9. Comes apart to clean; closes tightly when not used.

10. *Pick your choice* of white or plain inside upper section. All-metal table, or oak side arms.

11. Interior construction that is not equalled anywhere—will last a lifetime.

12. And among the minor details—big cupboards; sliding shelf; drawers for linen, cutlery; pan racks; meat board; rolling pin rack; hooks; want list, and scores of practical conveniences.

You can't begin to appreciate them all until you see them.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet Makes an Ideal Christmas Gift

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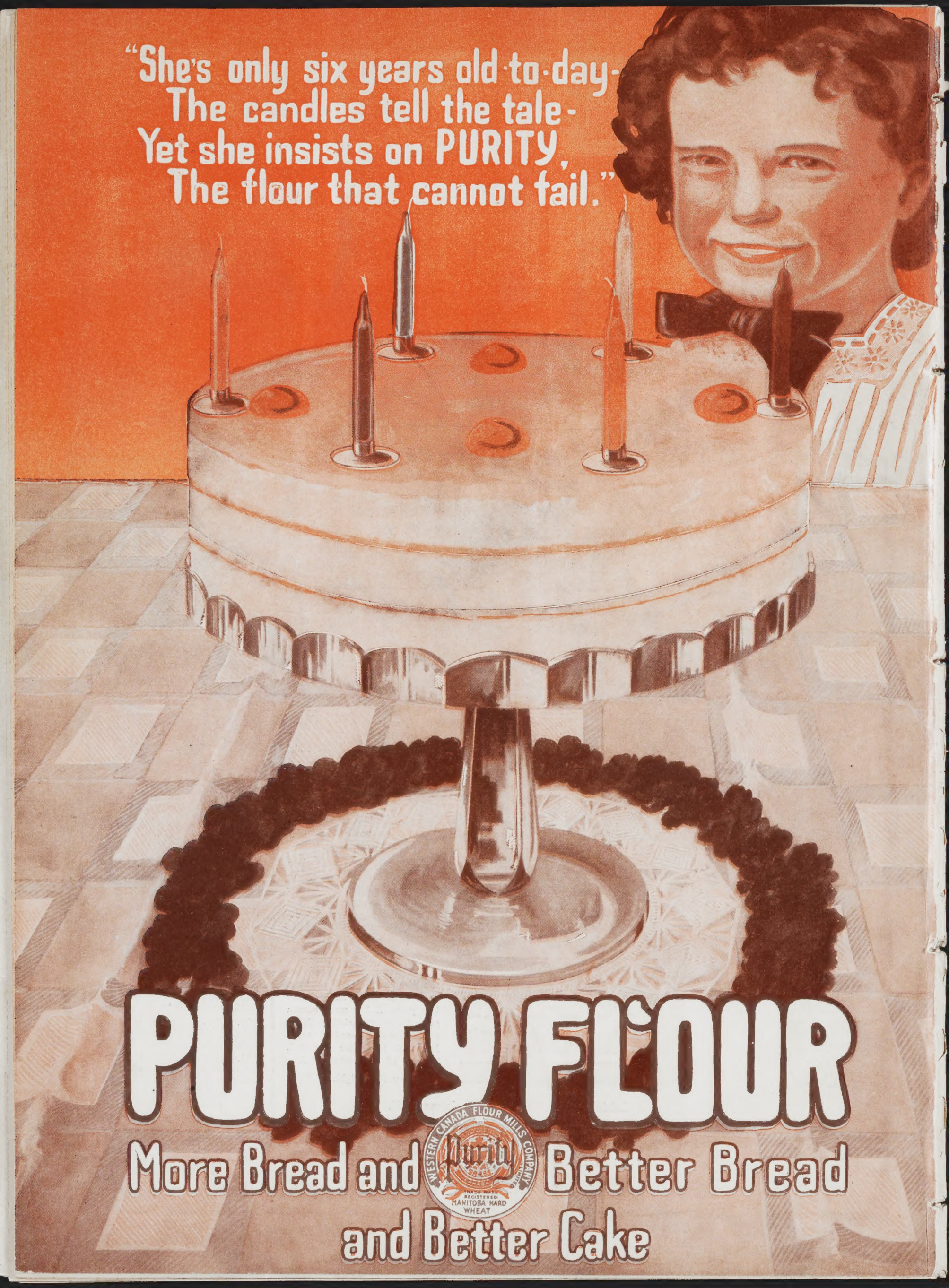
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The flour that cannot fail."
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